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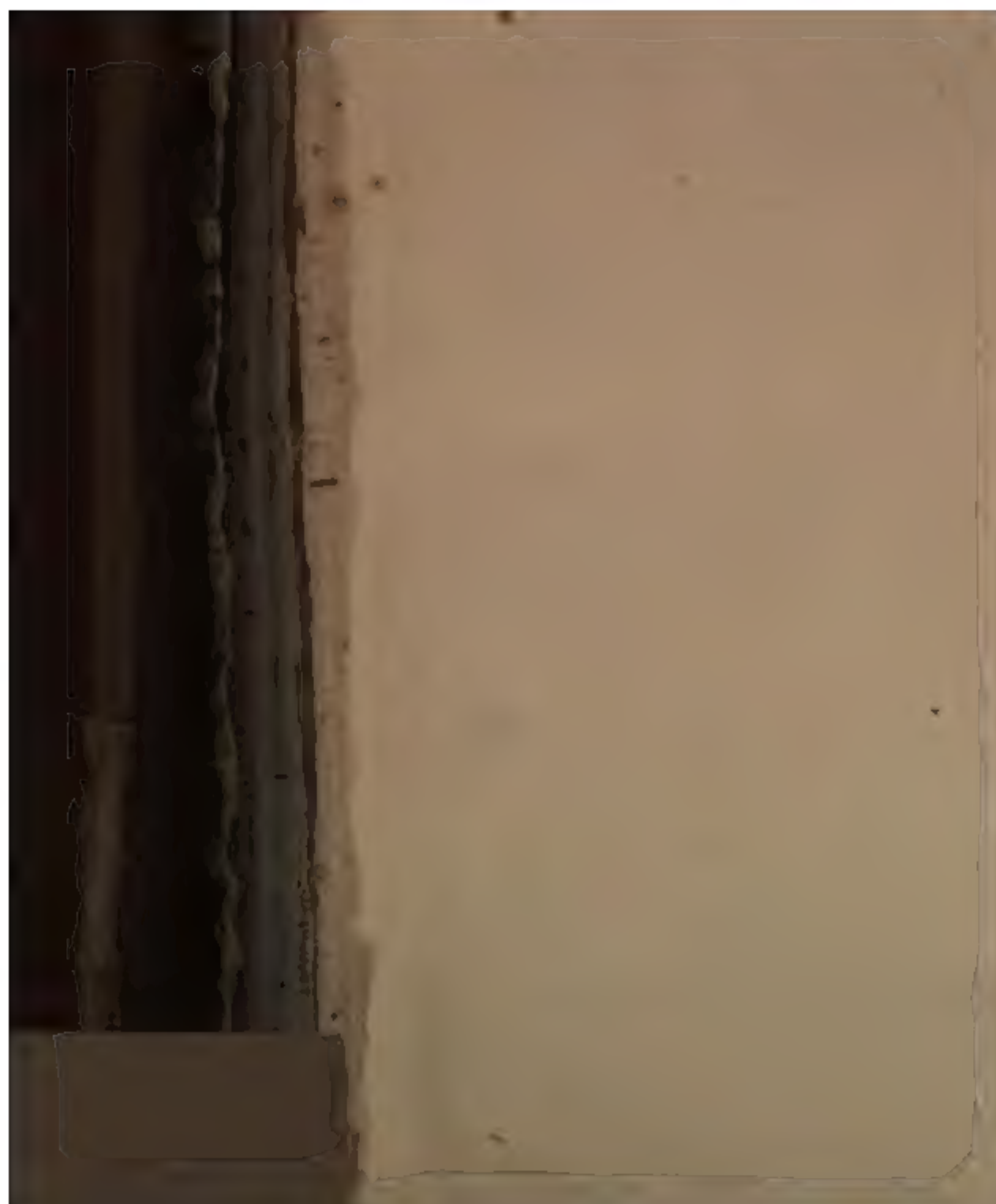
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DOUGLAS JERROLD'S



SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Does it live in the memory of the reader that Snipeton, only a chapter since, spoke of a handmaid on her way from Kent to make acquaintance with his fire-side divinities? That human flower, with a freshness of soul like the dews of Paradise upon her is, reader, at this very moment in Fleet-street. Her face is beaming with happiness—her half-opened mouth is swallowing wonders—and her eyes twinkle, as though the London pavement she at length treads upon was really and truly the very best of gold, and dazzled her with its glorifying brightness. She looks upon the beauty and wealth about her gaily, innocently, as a little child would look upon a state coffin; the velvet is so rich, and the plates and nails so glittering. She has not the wit to read the true meaning of the splendour; cannot, for a moment, dream of what it covers. Indeed, she is so delighted, dazzled by what she sees, that she scarcely hears the praises of the exceeding beauty of her features, the wondrous symmetry of her form; praises vehemently, industriously uttered by a youthful swain who walks at her side, glancing at her fairness with the libertine's felonious look. He eyes her innocence, as any minor thief would eye a brooch or chain; or, to give the youth his due, he now and then ventures a bolder stare; for he has the fine intelligence to know that he

* Continued from page 506.—Vol. III.

may rob that country wench of herself, and no Bridewell — no Newgate — will punish the larceny. Now, even the bow of a penny riband on her bonnet is protected by a statute. Besides, Master Ralph Gum knows the privileges of certain people in a certain condition of life. Young gentlemen born and bred in London, and serving the nobility, are born and educated the natural protectors of rustic girls. The pretty country things — it was the bigoted belief of the young footman — might be worn, like hampsters on a birth day. — And the wench at his side is a home-gay expressly sent by fortune from the country for his passing felicity and adornment. True it is, that Master Ralph Gum is scarcely leaving out of boyhood; but there is a sort of genius that soars far beyond the parish register. Ralph's age is not to be counted by the common counters, years; but by the rarer marks of precocious intelligence. He is a liveried prodigy; one of those terribly clever animals that, knowing everything, too often confound simple people with their fatal knowledge. Therefore was it specially unfortunate for the damsel that of all the crowd that streamed through Fleet Street, she should have asked Ralph Gum to indicate her way to St. Mary Axe. At the time, she was sitting down eastward; when the faithless vassal assured her that she was going clean wrong; and, as happily he himself had particular business towards her destination, it would give him a pleasure he could never have hoped for, to guide her virgin steps to St. Mary Axe. And she — poor maid! — believed and turned her unconscious face towards Temple Bar. The young man, though dark, had such bright black eyes — and such very large, white teeth, — and wore so very fine a livery, that it was been flying in the face of truth to doubt him. Often at first she had she listened to the narrated wickedness of the city, and again and again had she pre-armed her soul with eagerness to meet and confound the deception that in so many guises the city streets, for the robbery and destruction of the stranger. She felt herself invincible until the very moment when Ralph gave smiling, courteous answer to her, and the look and voice of a charmer, the Amazonian breast, over many years, she had buckled on, melted like the wax, and left her all unprepared, because believing that she was safe.

"Why, and what's them?" cried the girl, looking at the two men who were standing by the side of the meridian, and the two wooden giants, meekly

striking their clubs upon the bell, gave warning note of noon. Those giants have passed away ; those two great ligneous heroes of the good old times have been displaced and banished ; and we have submitted to learn the hour from an ordinary dial. There was a grim dignity in their bearing—a might in their action—that enhanced the value of the time they noted : their clubs fell upon the senses of parishioners and way-farers, with a power and impressiveness not compassable by a round, pale-faced clock. It was, we say, to give a worth and solemnity to time, to have time counted by such grave tellers. If the parishioners of St. Dunstan and the frequent passengers of Fleet-street have, of late years, contributed more than their fair quota to the stock of national wickedness, may not the evil be philosophically traced to the deposition of their wooden monitors ? This very valuable surmise of ours ought to be quoted in parliament—that is, if lawmakers properly prepared themselves for their solemn tasks, by duly conning histories like the present—quoted in opposition to the revolutionary movement of the time. For we have little doubt that a motion for the return of the number of felonies and misdemeanours — to say nothing of the social offences that may be the more grave because not named in the statutes—committed in the parish of St. Dunstan's, would show an alarming increase since the departure of St. Dunstan's wooden genii. A triumphant argument this— we modestly conceive—for the conservation of wooden things in high places. “ *La ! and what's them ?* ” again cried the girl, twelve o'clock being told by the strikers.

“ Why, my tulip, them's a couple of cruel churchwardens turned into wood hundreds of years ago, for their sins to the poor. But you are a beauty, that you are ! ” added Ralph, with burning gallantry.

“ It can't be ; and you never mean it,” said the maiden, really forgetting her own loveliness in her wonder of the giants. “ Turned into wood ? Unpossible ! Who did it ? ”

“ Why, Providence,—or, something of the kind, you know,” replied the audacious footman. “ You've heard of Whittington, I should think, my marigold, eh ? He made a fortune in the Indies, where he let out his cat to kill all the vermin in all the courts—and a nice job I should think puss must have had of it. Well, them giants was churchwardens in his time : men with flesh and blood in their hearts, though now they'd bleed nothing but saw-dust.”

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"You don't say so! Poor souls! And what did they asked the innocent damsel.

Mr. Ralph Gum scratched his head for inspiration; and made answer: "You see, there was a poor woman—a wife—with three twins in her arms. And she went to one churchwarden, and said as how she was a starving; and that her babbies couldn't cry for weakness. And he told her to come tomorrow, for it wasn't the time to relieve paupers: and she went to the other churchwarden, and he sent out word that she must come again in two days, and not afore."

"Two days!" cried the maiden. "The cruel creatures! they know what time was to the starving?"

"Why, no; they didn't; and for that reason, both the churchwardens fell sick, all their limbs everyday a turning into stone. And then they died; and they was going to bury 'em, when in the morning their coffins was found empty; and they was seen where they now stand. And there was a Act of Parliament made that churchwardens shouldn't touch 'em, but let 'em stand to strike the people as a warning to all wicked churchwardens to know what how to folks with hungry bellies."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the girl, innocent as a bleating lamb. "And now, young man, you're sure this is the way to the Axe?"

"Didn't I tell you, my sunflower, I was born there? I carry your bundle for you, only you see, his lordship, the noble I serve, is very particular. Livery's livery;—he'd discharge of us that demeaned himself to carry a bundle. Bless you; there are young fellows in our square—only I'm not proud I wouldn't speak to you with such a thing as a bundle on my back, wouldn't, my wild rose. But then, you're such a beauty!"

"No; I am not. I know what I am, young man. I'm the worst of the worst, but a good way from the best. Besides, be as they say, is only skin-deep; is it?" asked the maiden, not willing to dwell upon the theme.

"Well, you're deep enough for me anyhow," replied the young man, and he fixed his eyes as though he thought them burnt on the guileless stranger. "And now, here you are, Temple Bar."

"Mercy! what a big gate! and what 's it for," cried the wondering girl.

"Why, I once heard it said in our hall that T

built on purpose to keep the scum of the city from running over into the West End. Now, this I don't believe," averred Ralph.

"Nor I, neither," cried the ingenuous wench, "else, doesn't it stand to reason they 'd keep the gate shut?"

"My 'pimon is what I once heard,—that Temple Bar was really built at the time of the Great Plague of London, to keep the disease from the king and queen, the rest of the royal family, with all the nobility, spiritual and temperal." And Ralph coughed.

"Well, if you don't talk like a prayer-book!" exclaimed the maiden, full of admiration.

"I ought by this time; I was born to it, my dear. Bless your heart, when I was no higher nor that, I was in our house. I learnt my letters from the plate; yes, real gold and silver; none of your horn books. And as for pictures, I didn't go to books for them neither; no, I used to study the coach panels. There wasn't a griffin, nor a cockatrice, nor a tiger, nor a viper of any sort upon town I wasn't acquainted with. That's knowing life, I think. It isn't for me to talk, my bed of violets; but you wouldn't think the Latin I know; and all from coaches."

"Wonderful! But are you sure this is the way to Mary Axe?" and with the question the maiden crossed the city's barrier, and with her lettered deceiver trod the Strand.

"If you ask me that again," answered the slightly-wounded Ralph, "I don't know that I'll answer you.—Come along. As the carriage says, '*Hora et semper.*'"

"Now, if you go on in that way, I won't believe a word you say. English for me; acause then I can give you as good as you send. No; wholesome English, or I won't step another step;" and it was plain that the timid rustic felt some slight alarm—was a little oppressed by the mysterious knowledge of her first London acquaintance. She thought there was some *hocus pocus* associated with Latin: it was to her the natural utterance of a conjuror. With some emphasis she added, "All I want to know is—how far is it to Mary Axe?"

"Why, my carnation, next to nothing now. Step out; and you'll be there afore you know it. As I say, I only wish I could carry your bundle—I do, my daisy." Mr. Gum might have spared his regrets. Had his gracious majesty pulled up in his carriage, and offered to be the bearer of that bundle, its owner would have refused him the enjoyment; convinced that it was not the king of England who proposed the courtesy, but the father of all wicked-

ness, disguised as royal Brunswick, and driving about in a carriage of shadows, for the especial purpose of robbing rustic maids. As we have intimated, the damsel had, in the fastnesses of Kent, learned prudence against the iniquities of London. And so, believing that St. Mary Axe was close at hand, she hopefully jogged on.

"What a many churches!" she said, looking at St. Clement's.

"Well, the folks in London ought to be good."

"And so they are, my wallflower," rejoined the footman. "The best in the world; take 'em in the lump. And there, you see, is another church. And besides what we have, we're a going to have I don't know how many hundred more built, that everybody, as is at all anybody, may have a comfortable pew to his whole self, and not be mixed up—like people in the gallery of a playhouse—along of the lower orders. I dare say, now, your grandmother in the country"—

"Ain't got no grandmother," said the girl.

"Well, it's all the same: the old women where you come from—I dare say they talked to you about the wickedness of London, didn't they? And how all the handsome young men you d meet was nothing more than roaring lions, rolling their eyes about, and licking their mouths, to eat up anybody as come fresh from the daisies? Didn't they tell you this, eh, beauty?" cried Ralph.

"A little on it," said the girl, now pouting, now giggling.

"And you've seen nothing of the sort? Upon your word of honour now, have you?" and the footman tried to look win in the girl's eyes, and held forth, appealingly, his right hand.

"Nothing yet; that is, nothing that I knows on," a guarded answer of the damsel.

"To be sure not. Now my opinion is, there's more do wickedness—more roguery and sin of all sorts in an acre country than in any five mile of London streets: only, I kick up a noise about our virtue and all that sort of stuff quite to the contrary, the folks in the country do nothing about their innocence, and all such gammon, eh?"

"I can't hear innocence called gammon afore me, girl. "Innocence is innocence, and nothing else; it would alter it, ought to blush for themselves."

"To be sure they ought," answered Gum. "But because lambs don't run about London streets—hop on the pavement—and hawthorns and honeysuckles—"

grow in the gutters—London's a place of wickedness. Now, you know, my lily of the valley,—folks arn't a bit more like lambs for living among 'em, are they?"

"Is this the way to Mary Axe?" asked the girl, with growing impatience.

"Tell you, tisn't no distance whatever, only first"—and the deceiver turned with his victim out of the Strand—"first you must pass Drury-lane playhouse."

"The playhouse—really the playhouse!" exclaimed the wench, with an interest in the institution that in these times would have sufficiently attested her vulgarity. "I should like to see the playhouse."

"Well then, my double heartsease, here it is," and Ralph with his finger pointed to the tremendous temple. With curious, yet reverential looks, did the girl gaze upon the mysterious fabric. It was delicious to behold even the outside of that brick and mortar rareeshow. And staring, the girl's heart was stirred with the thought of the wonders, the mysteries, acted therein. She had seen plays. Three times at least she had sat in a wattle-built fane, and seen the dramatic priesthood in their hours of sacrifice. Pleasant, though confused, was her remembrance of the strange harmonies that filled her heart to overflowing—that took her away into another world—that brought sweet tears into her eyes—and made her think (she had never thought so before) that there was really something besides the drudgery of work in life; that men and women were made to have some holiday thoughts—thoughts that breathed strange, comforting music, even to creatures poor and low as she. Then recollections flowed afresh as she looked upon that mighty London mystery—that charmed place that in day-dreams she had thought of—that had revealed its glorious, fantastic wonders in her sleep. The London playhouse! She saw it—she could touch its walls. One great hope of her rustic life was consummated; and the greater would be accomplished. Yes: sure as her life, she would sit aloft in the gallery, would hear the music, and see the London players' spangles.

"And this is Drury-lane!" cried the wench, softened by the thought—"well! I never!"

"You like plays, do you? So do I. Well, when we know one another a little better—for I wouldn't be so bold as to ask it now—in course not—won't we go together?" said Ralph; and the girl was silent. She did not inquire about St. Mary Axe, but

trustingly followed her companion, her heart dancing to the fiddles of Drury lane ; the fiddles that she would hear. " And this is Bow-street, my jessamy," said Ralph.

" What's Bow-street ? " inquired the maiden. How happy in the ignorance of the question !

" Where they take up the thieves, and examine 'em, afore they send 'em to Newgate to be hanged. ' The wench shivered. " Never saw nobody hanged, I suppose ? Oh, it's nothing, after two or three times. We'll have a day of it, my sweet marjoram, some Monday. We'll go to the Old Bailey in the morning, and to the play at night : that's what I call seeing life,—eh, you precious pink ! But, I say, arn't you tired ? "

" Well, I just am. Where is Mary Axe ! " And the girl stared about her.

" Why, if I havn't taken the wrong turning, I'm blest, and that's lost us half a mile and more. I tell you what we'll do. This is a nice comfortable house." Ralph spoke of the Brown Bear ; at that day, the house of ease to felons, on their transit from the opposite police office to Newgate. " A quiet, respectable place. We'll just go in and rest ourselves, and have atween us half-a-pint of ale."

" Not a drop ; not for the blessed world," cried the girl.

" And then, I'll tell you all about the playhouse and the players. Bless you ! some of 'em come to our house, when the servants give a party. And we make 'em sing songs and stories, and when they go away, why, perhaps we put a bit of wine in their pockets—for, poor things ! they can't get such stuff at home,—and then they send us orders, and we go into the pit for nothing. And so, we'll just sit down and have half-a-pint of ale, won't we ? "

Silently the girl suffered herself to be led into the Brown Bear. The voice of the charmer had entered her heart, and now she was to hear about plays and players was to hear sweet music : ten to one who knew—who had spoken to the glorious actors—who, perhaps, with his own hand had put wine in their pockets—was to gain a stride in the world. She would not delay her above half-an-hour from St. Mary's. What wonders would repay her for the lingering ! Besides, she was tired—and the young man was very kind—very ready—nothing at all like what she had heard of London young men, and, after all, what was half-an-hour, sooner or later !

Mr. Ralph Gum intonated his orders like a lord.

brought, and Ralph drank to the maiden with both eyes and lips. Liquor made him musical : and with a delicate compliment to the rustic taste of his fair companion, he warbled of birds and flowers. One couplet he trolled over again and again. "Like what they call sentiment, don't you?" said Ralph.

"How can I tell?" answered the girl; "it's some of your fine London stuff, I suppose."

"Not a bit on it; sentiment's sentiment all over the world. Don't you know what sentiment is? Well, sentiment's words that's put together to sound nicely as it were—to make you feel inclined to clap your hands, you know. And that's a sentiment that I've been singing"—and he repeated the burden, bawling:

'Oh the cuckoo's a fine bird as ever you did hear,
And he sucks little birds' eggs, to make his voice clear.'

"There! don't you see the sentiment now?" The maiden shook her head. "Why, sucking the little birds' eggs—that's the sentiment. Precious clever birds, them cuckoos, eh? They're what I call birds of quality. They've no trouble of hatching, they haven't; no trouble of going about in the fields, picking up worms and grubs for their nestlings: they places 'em out to wet-nurse; makes other birds bring 'em up; while they do nothing themselves but sit in a tree, and cry cuckoo all day long. Now, that's what I call being a bird of quality. How should you like to be a cuckoo, my buttercup?"

"There, now, I don't want to hear your nonsense. What's a cuckoo to do with a Christian?"—asked the damsel.

"Nothing, my passion-flower—to be sure not; just wait a minute," said Ralph—"I only want to speak to my aunt that lives a little way off; and I'll be back with you in a minute. I've got a message for the old woman: and she's such a dear creetur—so foud of me. And atween ourselves, whenever she should be made a angel of—and when a angel's wanted, I hope she'll not be forgotten—shan't I have a lot of money! Not that I care for money; no, give me the girl of my heart, and all the gold in the world, as I once heard a parson say, is nothing but yellow dirt. And now I won't be a minute, my precious periwinkle."

And with this, Mr. Ralph Gum quitted the room, leaving the fair stranger, as he thought, in profoundest admiration of the disinterestedness of footmen.

NEVER FEAR.

Though the clouds are black as night,
 Never fear !
 Though the lightning 's deadly bright,
 Never fear !
 Though the thunderbolt is red,
 Though the shaft of death is sped,
 God is present overhead—
 Never fear !

Though the tyrant's axe is bright,
Never fear !
Though the black block is in sight,
Never fear !
Though a foeman is each knave,
Though a coward is each slave,
God is with the freeman brave—
Never fear !

Though the bigots' curses raise,
 Never fear !
Though the martyr's fagot blaze,
 Never fear !
Though they strive to cripple youth,
Though they treat good deeds with ruth,
God is ever with the Truth -
 Never fear !

Though the Storm-God flaps his wings,
Never fear
Though the tempest death-song sings,
Never fear
In the clouds are blue specks fair,
Through the dark boughs blows an air,
God is present everywhere—
Never fear

“MODERN PAINTERS.”*

FROM this second volume by the celebrated Graduate, which we have perused most carefully, we rise with a feeling of considerable doubt,—we will add, of painful doubt,—for we have such a high opinion of the talents and of the honest intentions of this remarkable writer, that we are anxious to know whether we shall find him in the ranks of our friends, or of our enemies,—whether he is one of the advocates of Progress, or, in the form of a lover of Art, is endeavouring to lead mankind back to mediæval superstition and priestcraft. Certain expressions which occur here and there have given us considerable uneasiness.

Let it be distinctly understood, that when any great question concerning the social condition of man arises, we are not impartial. “Progress” is the word written on our banner,—Progress is the article of our faith, which we cannot resign—the advocacy of Progress is the object of this periodical, from which it may not depart—we assume Progress not as an historical accident, but as an essential attribute of man, without which he does not fulfil the conditions of his being. To all exaltation of the middle ages, with their courage and their piety,—with their atrocity and their superstition,—with their virtues and their vices,—we are determined opponents, not only when it is openly brought forward, but when it is covertly insinuated. Therefore, when Mr Wordsworth wrote a Sonnet against the destruction of some piece of ground by a Railroad, we felt suspicious, not because we do not think the spoiling of a picturesque spot a very natural cause of lamentation, but because we thought it conveyed a regret at the advance of mankind, from that rude condition which approximates him most to unmodified nature. Therefore do we also feel suspicious, when our Graduate laments (p. 5) that “iron roads are tearing up the surface of Europe, as grape shot do the sea,” that “their great sagene is drawing and twitching the ancient frame and strength of England together, contracting all its various life, its rocky arms and rural heart, into a narrow, finite, calculating metropolis of

* Modern Painters, by a Graduate of Oxford. Vol. II. Smith and Elder. London.

manufacturers." What a world of feudalism, and anti cultivation may be in that one short expression, "rural heart!"

There are two points from which human progress may be attacked. We may hold up the beauties of mediæval institutions, we may awe the public with mailed knights, and painted gothic windows, or we may advocate a sort of worship of Nature, and tell mankind that she is destined to be his instructress, not his instrument. Either way may be effective. The crowd below may be hit from the summit of a cathedral, or from that of a rude mountain. But the Nature-doctrine is most insinuating. The laudation of the middle ages implies on the face of it a love of tyrannical form of rule, and would not be uttered by any one (without much qualification) who did not set his face against liberality in politics. The other course has been adopted, only by writers who are the professed advocates of an obscurantism, but by some who have desired to found the most extreme republicanism. Rousseau, weary of the chains which the conventionalities of the 18th century had imposed on mankind—sick of *petit-maitres* and encyclopædists—flew to an adoration of an uncultivated condition, not perceiving that he was plunging into a deeper state of servitude, than that from which he had hoped to have freed him. His "Dissertation against the Sciences" might have been written to please the men who had persecuted Galileo. Our cause is that of the progress of the mind; and an independence which would place man on the level of a North American Indian, is as alien from our cause as the dependence which would bring him under an oriental despot.

Now, the Graduate, both in this volume and the preface, lets fall several phrases, which seem contrary to the principle—on which all Progress must be founded—that of the highest of created beings. Let us take an instance. He speaks of the heathen writers, (p. 16.) "Her (exterior) beneficence they sought, and her power they shunned. Through both, they understood never." What is he? It does not here mean natural science. Indeed the idea is not by Nature, but is deduced from her various phenomena. It presents the riddle, and the scientific man solves it. He does not what is intended by the expression. All that is said about the "teaching of Nature," have contented themselves with moral instruction, which is given to man by the laws of nature, and with respect to this, our unfaith is most deplorable.

But may not the contemplation of Nature lead to the recognition of the divine idea, of which she is the manifestation? Most assuredly, but it is not the *teaching* of external Nature that gives us this divine idea. We do not sit in docility before the mountain, the tree, the water-fall, to have the divine idea stamped on the *tabula rasa* of our minds. With much labour do *we*—*we* mental beings—penetrate the phenomena, and read or inspect the region of laws, by which the whole is governed, and which Nature, while she gives indications of their working, actually strives to conceal. Nature does not fling her solar system into our eyes, but it is by zealous labour that *men* have discovered it; and though they see the indications of the system written in the heaven above them, the system itself exists more plainly in their own minds, and in their own books. An immensity of reflection must have passed through the human mind, (unless inspired—and inspiration is from within) before it could have regarded the world as the manifestation of the divine idea; and it is the greatest fallacy to ascribe the perception of the union between that idea and its externality, to the externality alone. The mind discerns the law, and afterwards surveys nature under the operation of that law, every moral that it deduces being its own moral.

Nevertheless, we do not by any means assert with confidence that the peculiar reverence for external Nature to which we so strongly object, is held by the Oxford Graduate. If some expressions say “yes,” there are others that apparently indicate “no.” We find different degrees of value ascribed to different phenomena—that Nature may have happier moods at one time than another—that in one case, she “has not had time to model.” Now, be it remarked, that mere external Nature never tells us when she is happy and when not; that she more frequently obtrudes upon us the large round clouds, which the Graduate thinks of minor importance, than the small fleecy “cirrus” clouds, which he so highly estimates; that she has, according to his own view, rare secrets, which can only be observed by the man of genius. Why not at once come to the truth, that Nature offers a vast store of materials, some possessing æsthetical value—others not; and that it is the mind that makes the work of selection, and produces that unity which is essential to the work of art? The Graduate is no friend to mere copying, though he has occasional leanings in that direction, or he would not consider the production of a Christian ideal as the summit of painting, but even—suppose for a moment we

advocated mere copying—what a work is still left for the mind! Out of the whole mass of surrounding objects, one only is to be selected, and it is the mind alone that directs the choice. The mere observer of nature, who has no pencil in his hand, chooses his point of view, and thus participates in the creation of the landscape, though (of course) not in that of the materials that compose the landscape. But when we leave mere copying—when we make a work, either of “composition” or “imagination” (to use two words of the Graduate’s)—what an influence of mind then commences,—what a grasp will be shown by the man of real power!

The hints which the Graduate has given in his first volume, for the imitation of natural objects—his observations on the phenomena of skies, foliage, water, &c., are exceedingly valuable,—they call the attention to objects which are too often unnoticed, and put to flight mere conventionality. Let us distinctly indicate the value we attach to such directions, or we may seem inconsistent. They give the artist new material,—the close observation of nature affords him a larger field for selection—he learns more facts, which he may æsthetically apply—but the combining (or penetrating) power is still his own. When we accuse an artist of conventionalism, we mean that he has reproduced the workings of other minds, rather than exercised his own. He has not gone into the world, and himself discovered what is fitting to his purpose, but has availed himself of the discoveries of other men. If these have committed blunders, they are thus perpetuated, and the treatment of the objects is likely to become feebler and feebler.

The chapters on “Imagination,” in the Graduate’s book, are highly instructive, and, if properly studied, will tend to dissipate a foolish popular fallacy about *fact* and *fiction*. His difference between Imagination and Fancy seems in a few words to be this: The latter is the power of association by which images, opposite or resemblant of whatever kind wanted, are called up quickly and in multitudes. The former (which has its subdivisions) seizes upon a necessary connection, and penetrates to the essence of things. We will make a short extract:—

“I have just said that Nature is always imaginative, but it does not follow that her imagination is always of high subject, or that the imagination of all the parts is of a like and sympathetic kind. * * * There are few natural scenes whose harmonies are not conceivably improvable either by banishment of some discordant point, or by addition of some sympathetic one; it constantly happens that there is

a pertuseness too great to be comprehended, or an inequality in the pitch, meaning, and intensity of different parts. The imagination will banish all that is extraneous, it will seize out of the many threads of different feeling, which nature has suffered to become entangled, one only, and when that seems thin and likely to break, it will spin it stouter, and in doing this, it never knots, but weaves in the new thread, so that all its work looks as pure and true as nature itself, and cannot be guessed from it, but by its exceeding simplicity, (*known from it, it cannot be*) ; so that herein we find another test of the imaginative work, that it looks always as if it had been gathered straight from nature, whereas the unimaginative shows its joints and knots, and is visibly composition."—P. 154.

Admirably put! The higher work of Art is organised—the lower work is not. In the former, part springs from part, and the whole is continuous. In the latter we see the cement. But our readers—we suspect—will ask, why, when the Graduate writes like this,—gives words that embody our very doctrine—have we, in somewhat a controversial spirit, argued against the "teaching of Nature?" Simply, however, the Graduate does not *always* write like this. If he had, we should have entertained no doubt about him. But the impression of one page, often jars inharmoniously with that of another,—and we lack the imaginative faculty, that would penetrate to the spiritual unity of the whole.

The definition of what the Graduate calls "Vital Beauty" as "the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things," may, we think, be accepted, and conjoined with that of imagination. To obtain that perfect organisation, that every part shall be subservient to a whole, is one of the grand objects of Art. In nature, the relations between various objects cross each other, and it is not easy to detect the unity amid such great variety. The artist, on the contrary, penetrates through the confusion, and in the case of living things, passes by the defects occasioned by disease or decrepitude, and arrives at the felicitous fulfilment of function. Many a single animal does not come up to the perfect conception of its kind. The artist steps in to the aid of the spectator, and for this conception finds a visible expression.

A certain sense of the word "true" has been acutely pointed out by Hegel. We not only use this word to signify that a proposition agrees with external facts, but we have such expressions as "he is a true man." This does not refer to the existence of the party mentioned, but means that he corresponds with the ideal of a man. That which does not correspond with such ideal

is, in such expressions, rejected as untrue. Of opinion may arise as to which is the true, which is not. The Greek would name the *heta* certain functions; the Graduate less healthiness, but a conformity to that unworldly *cha* belongs to the Christians of the early ages. We dispute with either. Both agree with us, that *th* to give a sensible form to a mental conception.

But in one point, we again differ from the *Gri* his ideal he seems to be guided by moral consid*er* it is our conviction, that the moral standard is a *ri*on of the merit of an artist. With that nobles*h* he exhibits throughout his book, he rejects wi*th* subservience to worldly utility; but he has not re*ce* ledgment of the highest artistical freedom, and a *u*tility is the goal to which he would still compel not let every artist write down his own concept*h* him down to certain moral theories, that may e*nd* the tool of an enslaving faction? Besides, in *th* thought, painting and sculpture will, at best, p*ro* teachers.

On this subject, however, we do not dwell promises to discuss it more at length in a third vo*l* to come. For the same reason, we do not so m*uch* his chapters concerning "Typical Beauty," wh*ich* mistaken reading of a profound truth; but we h*ave* author, from whose suggestions we have derived for whose talents we have the highest admirat*ion* tendencies, as we have said,—we have uneasy

JOE HUISTLY'S KIT
or,
THE MYTHOS OF PAN.

For shadows, Rembrandt might have stood
passions, Hogarth holds forth the pencil.

A huge blast furnace, sweltering heat, one re*vol*
wind; giant power of toil, wondrous influence
stubbornness; the primeval, welded bowels of

molten forth, and liquid, as from the freshest fountain of the eternal mother; grim shadows from rereward wall and iron-girded roof; broad glare now running with its greedy tongue across the granite floor, now coiling swiftly back again, in the pauses of each blast, as a serpent to its lair!

And here sit Flukes, and Jinkle, and Truckling Jim, and Bob the Brassy, and Drooping Mite, and Ben the Parson; swarthy, bare arm Titans for the work they have to do. But it's Whitsun's Eve; they are about to be jolly, and have a night of it! Flukes and Jinkle are laying down the coppers on a dog-match to come off on Monday—Grizzle, the under shot-jawed mastiff, looking on from his bed in the warm ash-heap, with outstretched nose and steadfast eye, as if odds were none against him! Jim and Bob are scoring a round of cribbage on a down turned keg, whilst Mite, who is somewhat senile and tear-dropping, cares not for amusements so strong, but has an ear whilst Ben halloos the last broadside murder from the "Sheers," not forgetting that on the reddest glow, which serves instead of a tablecloth, lie pipes and shag. It is as I say, Whitsun's Eve!

Well! Titans have been immemorially a thirsty crew, and here comes the Titan drop at last, in an especial Brown Tom, who, beside being astride on his barrel, has a wig on his head as crisp as an alderman's, though young Joe has come running with him the whole way from the "Hart," where the company keep score! But, bless you, Brown Tom wears his wig crisply when he has three XXX's in him! "Hallo!" cries Flukes, looking up as Joe sets down the gallon jug I very properly call Tom, from the brown, and comfortable, and pipe-smoking little gentleman depicted thereon; "be the mates a-coming—and what be the 'st afc—ter?"

"They be;" and then Joe hesitates. At last he says, "'Measter wur at the Hart, a-paying sum on 'em, and so I ak's for a holiday; and a' got it."

"Whew!" whistles Flukes; "where be 'st a-going?"

"To Lichfield," answers Joe, and as he speaks his eyes dilate, and the ragged smock heaves as from the throes of some deep inarticulate gladness.

"The 'st could get smock and ha' lows nearer wum, I reckon," says Jinkle, as he scores a new hieroglyphic on the keg.

"It in'na a smock," replies Joe, moving away; "but good night 'n."

"The'st dunna go dry-lipped," cries Flukes, as he fills a horn and holds it forth; for there is a something in the boy that has ever had a mastery over his coarse, hard nature. "Well, and what in'na, eh?—the'st bin on this holiday a while?"

They all press now with eager questions, even senile drooping eyes look up, till Joe, putting back Brown Tom's glory almost untasted on the keg, says, "Well, measters, it be to harken to the Minster-organ."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" roars round above the blast. But Joe is gone, and they have it to themselves till the other mates come, the pipes are lighted, and the business of the night fairly set on.

Joe is on with fleet steps beneath the clear June night,—for Nature has spread her beautiful mantle over the tired and shut-lidded Day—far away from those belching flames and lurid smoke, to where the serenity of heaven lies calm and still upon a cluster of forgermen's cottages beyond the swarth common. He lightly taps upon a door, lifts the latch, goes in: an old woman sits reading a very blackened book by the strong fire-blaze, for pits lie beneath the soil, and no inflated beadle steps out here to dole parish-given coals. This woman keeps a dame-school, and has soothed Joe's rugged orphanage with the music of a softened word, and many an ill-spared slice from the hard-won loaf! Blessings on such bread!—the manna of the world. She knows—ready even for the impulse of the natural heart—that Joe has got the holiday so without more ado, she lays aside the book, and dives her soiled hand into a ponderous leather pocket that is beneath her gown, and as she sits, touches the floor; wherefrom at last, a jingle that would be music to a baby's wondering ear, comes a little lump of papers, which a girl, hitherto in the corner, steps quickly near to see unwrapped. One by one papers fall into the dame's lap—the huckster's score, the scrap of copy, the packman's list of wares, the leaf of the spelling book, and, last, from a fragment of some ancient perhaps the one of the long-past marriage-May, comes forth like a jewel as it is, a minted sovereign, brighter for beaded drops of toil that stand upon it! The palace knows it is the hoarded thrift of years gathered up grain from the shore; and, if hoarding it in her heart, one jewel-drop, there she would hoard it, for Joe has weariness, and brightened up her fire, and said grace in such poor human speech as his coarse nature

withal she doesn't know Joe's big secret, and the grace of nature will not let her ask it. But there is a word of caution.

"It's hard-earned, Joe; and the folks in the towns be a pinching lot."

"They wun'na take we much in, gran'an," says Joe, "but I'll a' my sights on. Good night on thee!"

The aged creature blesses, and Joe is glad to get away for his secret riots to have vent; but Neil knows it, trust me; she comes to the door with something which Joe tucks under his smock pretty quickly, and then, with a nod, he is off, looking back, though his steps are eager.

Far away out in the woodlands the night is still more glorious; the moonlight sleeps upon the gnarled trunks, and flickers like a winged spirit on the gently-waving leaves; and Joe, freshened by the night, gets on bravely, though now and then stopping to satiate the large wonder that is upon him.

He rests as dawn comes; then gets on more slowly as day gathers up and life comes out with newer freshness. Men and women, villages and trees, lanes and brooks, each one is a book; for this is the first time Joe has been a traveller; so it is far noon before he comes within sight of Lichfield Minster. He waits for evening before he ventures nearer, for he is ashamed to meet the smart holiday-folks in his poor ragged smoke-discoloured smock. Yet is there not soul-eagerness to know if "the big organ" Scrape, the itinerant fiddler, has told him about, makes sweeter sounds than such as he has so long heard in the depth and articulateness of the mighty forge?

Evening has fallen. He steals into the Cathedral, gray, cold, silent. The verger is sleeping on a tomb-stone; the organ is there, yet has no tongue; nothing but the *Spirit of God* is above and around!

Black hands, timid feet, wonder-expressing gaze into the gathering shadows, and Joe reaches the choir; when lo! at his ear, the entrancing wonder bursts forth in its mighty articulateness! His ears seem filled; his heart to swell and throb; a laze, a sort of reeling film to gather on his eyes; that which in the forge-blast was a struggling power, blind, groping, flashes within the soul angel-winged; the swathement of genius is burst; the power to articulate and create is born; the forge-boy knows he is musician; and that in the forge-blast, the winter's wind,

the voice of man, one great universal spirit of NATURE'S HARMONY waits, but, for the recognising ear.

Joe is as rigid as the dead beneath his feet, when the verger's stick, cold as a coffin-nail, touches him on the face. With a sort of stupid stare, as one awakened from a sleep, very visible by the clear orthodox light of the verger, now uncovered, lantern Joe looks round, and beholds not only the little frigid icicle of the church's much-to-be-lamented leanness, but an odd, strange-looking man, that has just stepped down from the organ-loft. He is strangely dressed, and has a haggard, unnatural countenance, though marked and sensitive; a chorister's surplice twisted round his head for the nonce, he might pass for chief eunuch in the seventh heaven of Mahomet. He, whoever he be, recognises the power new-born, for the brotherhood alone know that the baptism of genius is by flowing tears; and Joe's flow; but just as this stranger speaks in a musical foreign tongue, the verger raises his stick again against infringing-implied-smock-frocked-pauper wickedness, and Joe is gone; his footfall lingering slowly though, on the faint echoes of the aisle.

Joe has a penny besides the minted-honesty; but this won't get a bed, so far in the green lane, where the evening sun had glinted on him, he finds one rent free, though without four-posts or curtains; and as certain larks and thrushes and fieldfares (it may be the womankind amongst them) are up by times on the duties of their little democratic commonwealths, and sing, and chirp, and twitter, like veritable human orators, Joe's up, too, and away to the town.

He lingers about the Minster till the shops are open, and he has a greedy eye for every window, passing by some more than others, till at last, in a little odd sort of bookseller's shop, and in the very furthest corner hangs—a—a—a (I must get out at last, Joe) a *kit*, a little dried-up skeleton of a fiddle, that had been played upon till it had become an anatomy, hangs there with a world of dust upon it, thicker than the few discoloured books that have stood so long open pages, that every parish boy and chorister know their heart, for even a friendly draught has never turned it. Well, having viewed it, and peeped at it as acutely as might with the mind's eye the three necessary propositions of a syllogism, Joe, like a mouse about to go into a hole,

closet, ducks his head in at the door, then out again, then in again, till at last, with a hesitating step and finger at his forelock, he gets fairly into the shop, and sees a little shrimp of an old fellow smoking his pipe behind the counter, who, being in the very middle of a lengthened puff, does not deign any answer to Joe's question as to price, till he brings forth the pound.

"That's it," says the laconic smoker, jerking his pipe in the direction of the coin. Joe sighs and turns away, but asks, as he reaches the door, if it cannot be less? A shake of the head is, however, the only answer; and Joe, sighing again, goes to the panes outside, nor seeing, that at an inn window opposite, the stranger from the organ loft is watching him. More than thrice he goes and comes to and from the Minster to these six window panes, like a hungry bee to a leaf-closed flower, sighing, asking, looking at his pound, debating, till at last at noon, putting his head in at the door, the little old fellow, who by this time seems soothed into complacency by his pipe, just laid down, says,—

"Ay, well, I suppose it's the doctrine of necessity? and so"—

"Please, sir," says Joe, whom nature teaches that poverty sits before him, "I only want a shilling off it, for gran'an would think so much of a little bit of backy, and Nell a thimble, that"—

Oh! divine chords of the human heart, how rich of impulse when the hand of genuine nature touches thee! Cynicism and cold poverty now is forgotten, for the little lean man moves to the window, takes down the dusty kit, proves himself a musician by drawing a bow over it with a rich effect, that shows it to have, like many a human anatomy, a wondrous soul in a pitiful, poor encasement, and then pushing it over the counter to Joe, remarks something again about the doctrine of necessity, and says it's his for sixteen shillings. Just as Joe's about to answer, a broad shadow darkens the door, a voice calls, and the bookseller goes out; first, however, taking the pound and laying four shillings on the counter. But Joe takes up only one, squeezes the melodious kit, first giving it a polish on his smock, into the green bag, Nell's secret and handiwork, and makes his way out, to see before him, a burly red-faced man on horseback.

"Ya-es, Mr. Melody, ya-es, the law's too lenient. We must have a little more hanging before we put down human vice. As my name's Justice Statute, (I may very properly remark it was a Statute at Large) five commitments, before breakfast this morning, for a drunken forge riot on Whitsun's Eve. A drunken riot, bro-

ken heads and bones : but I've settled 'em, off to and Jinkle, and two or three others, for it's only that can put human nature properly down, with the law, and this arm must be used strongly. I tell you ; but—but—what is this boy staring at looking up, for he has heard the name of Flukes, defender of the British Constitution likes paupers to feel the sword of justice, but by no means a bloated wielder. As Joe isn't abashed, however, the Statute in broadcloth goes on : " Look at you, boy, he-m ! and so go home and learn your catechism. Be off—it's likely we shall meet again, you then—I'm stringent against disrespect to the *Old Melody*,—he-m ! he-m ! he-m ! Now a word. In the latest edition of " Jinks and Tickle on Commitments

But Joe is gone ; so blessings with thee, human genius ! Hug thy *kit*, Joe ; press it to thee ; with the *of Harmony*, that universal Pan, or wondrous binder out humanity, by which rough latent nature may and the brutified satyr of ignorance gently led to mere sensual, to a recognisement of the spiritual. Better than Jinks and Tickle on Commitments ; nature has taught a little—can tell you, Joe !

Ten years gone by ! an unrecorded unit in the *except* for all injustice done, or human wisdom *une*

It is a glorious June morning ; the air cool and in from the country, seems like one breath of new cowslipped fields, when a stranger, on whose *ungh* the wealth of an Exchequer week, and who *as* before in Lichfield, in a Long Acre traveling *can* steps, from the town's most reputed inn, where *he* a little street hard by, before he has even *brea* waiter laid the cloth. He glances eagerly forward no longer dust upon the window-panes, or little books, but from the little quaint bookseller's *st* spirit, like the very sun itself, gleams out upon the *ment*. It's clear the doctrine of necessity has *st* of free-will, and that humble shag has mounted *up* bird's-eye. So it has ; and the little old cynic filled counter is not only working a cheerful *cro* early pipe, but is superintending the packing

hamper, by a veritable little Mrs. Melody, rosy and trim in satin bonnet and flowered shawl, and very white stockings, and very nice shoes, and looking altogether as rosy and fresh, as if she were the very queen of apples from a topmast orchard bough. If I mistake not, she and the hamper are both the result of free-will; the latter in an especial degree, for there's going into it a great plum cake, and a pound of tea, and a roll of bird's eye, and a good bottle of Jamaica—and folding up, so as to lie lightly on the top, a trim little frock, all pink, that's to suit some little sprite or another, that you may be very sure. Well, just too at this very minute, drives up to the door, a comfortable sort of shandrydan of a gig, so what with the diligent apprentice on duty, the little old man's best coat and hat, the little woman so trim, the hamper, and so on, it's clear they're going to make a holiday of it,—and so they are, for it's Whitsun Monday. Ten years that very day since Joe bought the kit; and the stranger's first word is of it.

"Why, bless you, sir," says Melody, speaking so out of himself that the little old lady lifts her hands, and the apprentice stops full short in carrying the hamper to the door,—“why, it was no other than Joe Huistly as we're a going to see. Why, he's as well known now over the counties as the Minster organ—ay, sir—and it's astonishing what he's brought out of the forge as I may say, rough and hissing and gusty as it is, and put it like an angel-spirit into the coarse natures about him. Bless you, sir, old Statute the justice has shut up his books, and hasn't signed a commitment these last eighteen months, and it's clear he's only in her blessed Majesty's commission just to pound a stray pig or donkey now and then. And so the flaming sword of justice, he once kept pretty bright by pulling out, is growing rusty in its scabbard, and 'll stick there, I hope. Well, sir, that kit was a blessed step from the doctrine of necessity, for Joe's made some scores of hearty songs for the people, and has put such a deal of the common heart of human nature in 'em, that they sell by scores, and so profit him and me too—but we're going to see him, and”—

“And I too,” said the gaunt, pale, haggard man, in his broken English, “but—”

“Ay, sir; I see you want, like many more, to hear Joe's story. Well, it's a cheerful one; but step in, sir, though I can't spare you long, for I wouldn't disappoint Joe, not even for the bishop himself!”

In the gorgeous evening sunlight of the same day, that same carriage reaches the green-tree-fringed boundary of the award common I have spoken of. The pale, laggard man within is the great Italian *maestro*, whom convention stoops to honour, whom convention has bought, whom convention glories for the day of fashion, to forget and pass into oblivion as soon as a newer "star" shall arise; yet he has come humbly, not scornfully, to see the genius, that earns its free but honest bread by labour of sinew and muscle, to leave it without one bond to be pure high priest and spiritually-growing natures of the many around.

Up to the very door of the once dame school cottago the great award comes, and the cottage now has a quaint wooden porch and a deal of ivy about it, and garden-palings near, with clustering roses and young trees over it; and now on chairs, on forms, on the smooth award itself, scores of happy holiday people, in white smocks and brightest gowns (not by Young England decorated any! and even gentry too, and old gray-haired clergymen and forge-masters, and, best of all, Mr. Statute the justice (Jinks and Tickle are shut up at home), are come on this blessed evening, in cool and shadow—work done, care forgotten, to hear *Joe and his matchless Kit*. Oh, God! what kingship has true genius!

And there, just as the *maestro* comes near, Joe takes his place at a long table before the door, and there is the kit, and there is that garnerer of the beaded gold, near Joe, as in her heart; and an old Melody, with an ear as wide as Orpheus',—and what best, one precious little womanhood of a flower, for a Titan like Joe to show forth to the world as his own; and on her arm, in the pin frock, a little Joe, all life, that puts its tiny gladdened hands forth and has a word that tells a pretty tale of the thimble and the great bag. It's clearly, "Dad, dad, da!" Well, Nell, thou art happy one!

The kit's ready; it begins; a score of forge-lads stand up and chime in with it and Joe's voice; and the songs that come are ready to every tongue, flow so freshly from the fountain of the heart, and are such a link of touching nature, graced with art, that he of convention bends drooping as a disciple, whilst round awart faces wonder earnestly, as if they never heard that matchless kit before; and the baby, too, has crept to Joe's knee, with little blue eyes uplifted at the dancing strings; and Nell has one gaze; it is for the face of the kit's dear master.

The last string hasn't done vibrating before that memoranda

Brown Tom and his wig come on the table, looking as crisp and as curling as ever ; for as Joe knows there is no need to stand and wait upon the soul of harmony with thirsty lips ; the *true spirit* once awakened, enjoyment stands erect, where sensuality crawled to bind and to debase !

Well, to his honour be it said, the *maestro* comes forward straight at once, and grasps Joe's horny hand ; ay, and isn't too proud, presently, to touch Tom's wig ; and that done, he tells all about his thoughts when that kit was bought, and then tries to tempt Joe from the forge to earn convention's gold.

"Why, thank'ye, no, sir," says Joe, straight out at once, without a minute's hesitation. "They're fine things you tell about, but they don't tempt me. No ; the bit of talent I have I'll keep for struggling human creatures ; for the souls of poor men only want awakening, so as to soften the despised, rough, latent spirit, and pave the way for truth and knowledge. This is what I try to do, sir, and hope to do, sir, from the hour I heard the Minster organ. Ay, sir, and I don't think I'm far wrong, when I tell you, poor scholar as I am, that *men of genius are God's natural priesthood, who only serve truly on humanity's GREAT ALTAR, when they make that genius free to ALL, as the light and air of heaven !* I think ye, sir, Nell and the kit, and these dear friends around, are quite enough for one man's happiness. Yes ; the kit, as Melody knows, has done wonders !"

What with songs and Brown Tom, and a dance as merry as the fairies beneath the stars, a precious ending to the holiday is made of it ; a very Whitsun's night to welcome in the blushing summer ; and so, better than bull-dog Grizzle matches (by the way, the old fellow frisks his tail, and courts the baby's steps) ; better than cribbage scorings on a down-turned keg ; better than roared murder from the "Sheers ;" better than "Jinks and Tickle on Commitments," is *this* — the spirit of advance that has thus crushed the coarse and sensual !

But long before the dance is over, the *maestro* is gone, alone ; worse than alone ; with no one that hangs upon *his* footstep ; with no heart but false ones, that feast upon and speculate for his gold ! Thus does Intellect's false worship of Mammon end ! The once-prized flower of convention's praise is at last cast rereward, as a weed down-trodden without a name !

Every grasping hand, every smile on this night, is the record, Joe, of *thy* worship of the *true* !

Blessings on thee, Joe ; blessings on thy kit ;
 every one like thee, that awakens the inner soul ;
 all true genius, that helps on its way the mighty vice
 that is abroad. For the so-called mythos of Pan
 intuition of the eternal truth ; *that one great soul*
of harmony had yet to spiritualise, and link together
 BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

MY HEART IS LIKE THE BEE.

Oh ! my Heart is like the Bee—
 For it danceth up and down
 O'er each happy thing it sees,
 In the country, in the town.

Oh ! my Heart is like the Bee—
 For 'tis ever murmuring
 A low tune of quiet joy
 O'er each fair and lovely thing.

Oh ! my Heart is like the Bee—
 For from every thing it meets,
 Be it fair, or be it foul,
 It sucks nothing but the sweets.

Oh ! my Heart is like the Bee—
 For from every lowly flower
 It doth bring a solace home
 For the cold and wintry hour.

Oh ! my Heart is like the Bee—
 For all gently it shall creep,
 At the even-song of life,
 To its nest, and go to sleep.

But my Heart 's *not* like the Bee—
 It shall wake again, and fly
 Where the sweet things never wither,
 And the bright things never die.

And my Heart 's *not* like the Bee—
 'Twill be then a bliss to know,
 That 'twas a wise and faithful heart,
 To SEE NOUGHT BUT GOOD BELOW !

R. E. B. M.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

BY A NATIVE.

WHEN all is darkness, he does a public good who holds up a rush taper, and, even in times of greater enlightenment, there are recesses in the temple of Truth where even a feeble light is of importance. One of the worst lighted of the courts in that temple has been the political one ; and the darkest recess in that court, Irish politics. There it has been all groping—darkness that could be felt. A few farthing candles have been raised, but they have done little to dispel the gloom. Still do the most erroneous views of Ireland's policy and prospects obtain credence, and even its actual condition is unknown or misunderstood.

It may seem a bold thing for an Irishman to raise his torch of bogwood amongst the patent waxlights of great metropolitan newspaper and government commissioners. But as he thinks his, although a ruder and less beautiful instrument, will throw rays to a greater distance, and enlighten a wider range, he feels it his duty to do so.

But dropping metaphor, there is really so much misconception of Irish questions, not only amongst the people of England generally, but amongst the most popular and approved writers, that though but feebly fitted for the task, I would fain be heard.

Thus Ireland is too generally spoken of as a continuous scene of anarchy and confusion, as a place where life and property are insecure, and her people as improvident, and almost incapable, and perfectly careless, of improvement. Even those writers most quoted and relied upon, both by politicians and law-makers, are often vague and conjectural in their statements of facts, and generally false in their conclusions. "Ireland," says Mr. Nichol, "is now suffering under a circle of evils, producing and reproducing one another. Want of capital produces want of employment—want of employment turbulence and misery—insecurity prevents the accumulation of capital, and so on. Until this circle is broken the evils must continue, and probably augment. The first thing to be done is to give security—that will produce or invite capital, and capital will give employment." Mr. Foster

indulges in the same system of circles. He tells us it is competition produces want of employment, that starvation, discontent, disturbance, insecurity, and so on. "It is an unbroken circle of mischief, out of which all political disturbances arise." To such plausible-looking theories, I altogether object, though they look well in print and sound like sense and philosophy, like all circles and ciphers, they are hollow and valueless. To the statements on which they depend, I would give a positive denial, and equally false are the theories deduced from them.

There is a fearful amount of insecurity of life and property here, as I shall show, but it is not such as these writers suggest. The kind of insecurity they would have to be believed to exist only in a comparatively small portion of Ireland, and it is greatly exaggerated, and would at once disappear under a just and humane legislation. Did such exist, we want neither more food nor employment; nor our people industry, intelligence, knowledge, or virtue. I put these statements in opposition to the cant phrases and stereotyped slang which are made an excuse for the enactment of coercive, and the maintenance of mischievous and oppressive laws,—and I engage to maintain this truth.

First. I have said that the accusation of insecurity of property and disobedience to the laws applies only to a comparatively small portion of Ireland: that portion comprises parts of the nine counties of Tipperary, Roscommon, King's County, and the northern portions of Waterford, Clare, Galway, and Limerick: though extending through so many counties, it does not contain, probably, more than 1,000,000 inhabitants. It has always been the battle-ground of Ireland, and exhibits the same mixture of races, and some of the reckless and unsettled habits, and love of change and adventure, which characterise other districts. There, first feud was brought into contact with clanship, and after fearful struggles partially displaced it; and there, in after years, the native Saxon combated for the liberties of Ireland with later invaders, and was himself displaced for the more ready tools of government. To these circumstances we may perhaps trace its present condition. But even this part of Ireland is greatly falsified. They are physically the finest in Ireland; and, mentally, not inferior to any; they have all the generosity, ardour, and attachment of the Irish character, and more of independence and manliness. Under a just and kindly government they would be sure to become industrious, careful, and happy.

Of the rest of Ireland, *so far as the people are concerned*, there is no place on earth where there is more security: there is a degree of moral elevation and depth of religious feeling, especially in the South, rarely to be met with, which is the best of all securities: with this there is a cheerfulness of disposition, and a power of endurance under privation and suffering, quite unknown in England. With the exception of a few petty larceny cases, which have their obvious origin in want and distress, our courts are all but idle; at neither of the four last assizes in the city of Cork were there more than six or eight criminal cases for trial, and amongst the whole but one of an aggravated character. The same is true of the county: in neither has there been business for a second jury. In the adjoining county of Kerry there is the same absence of crime of an aggravated character. There has not been a capital conviction in either for eleven years; yet these two counties alone possess a larger population than the whole of the disturbed districts, as they are called. Such, also, is the condition of the Western counties of Connaught—although the people are the poorest on earth—of the whole of the counties of Wicklow, Kildare, Meath, Dublin, Louth, &c.: in one of these at a late assizes there was not a single case for trial. Such, also, is the condition of large portions of those counties where the sacrifice of life has been, alas! too frequent—even of Tipperary itself. Of the Province of Ulster I need not speak; even the most prejudiced writers speak of it as the abode of industry, prosperity, and of all the advantages of advanced civilisation; yet the counties of Ulster contain 2,500,000 of the population of the country—fully one-third.

It is plain, then, that, with the exception of a comparatively small portion, Ireland enjoys a high moral position, and that the general charge is false, that life and property are insecure. Of this unsettled portion I have said nothing, either in contradiction of the reports generally circulated concerning it, or in extenuation of its faults. I know the facts to be greatly exaggerated in the shape in which they are given to the public, but it would require an amount of detail altogether inconsistent with my present purpose to place them in their true light; yet, taking them at their worst and from the most prejudiced sources, they give no foundation to the prevalent opinions with regard to Ireland generally. And yet, were it otherwise, could it be wondered at? We should remember we are speaking of a country, one-half of whose population are

always on the verge of destitution,—one-third, for three months of the year, absolute paupers; without any means of supporting existence but the charity of neighbours just one degree better off than themselves. I know it is thought by some that these things are exaggerated—that such a condition of the people is too monstrous to be believed; but, no; it is fearfully true. I will give just one case; but it is a faithful sample of two-thirds of Ireland: it is from the Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the amount of distress in the neighbourhood of Mallow, a place looked upon as rather better-conditioned than the average of our rural districts; Mallow being one of our most thriving inland towns, lying within twenty miles of the city of Cork, and possessing considerably over the average number of resident gentry; in fact, the place where any one acquainted with the South of Ireland would expect to find least distress. Here five townlands had been carefully gone over, the inhabitants personally visited, and an accurate report made out, the sum of which is—that of a population of 1,322, 721 are in a state of great destitution; many of them living on nettles and corn kale;—and even of the farmers, who are not mentioned in this number as destitute, few have more than will give themselves and their dependents one meal of potatoes a-day until the new crops are in. Even in the cities, and of those who are at work, thousands are unable to earn more than will purchase a sufficiency of the worst possible description of human food, without one penny to pay for clothes or lodging.

Would it be wonderful if, under such circumstances, outrage and anarchy, vice and crime should exist to a considerable extent? But they do not. You enter one of the abodes of wretchedness by which we are surrounded, you hear neither repinings nor discontent; the wife or mother, if there be such, gives utterance to none but sounds of trust and gratitude; and they are neither cant phrases nor religious slang, learned by rote to be parroted forth at a fitting opportunity, but the sincere and earnest breathings of the heart. The children evince a degree of mirthfulness almost incredible under such circumstances; while the father, the poor drudge who has worked his day for the miserable pittance that half supports them, has enough of the mother's piety, and of the children's cheerfulness to enable him to bear his lot without repining, and preserve him alike from despondency and vice. Surely "He tames the wind to the shorn lamb:" but He does more: He gives to his stricken children hopes and consolations.

brighten the darkest lot. It is not from such a people rebellion and outrage are to be feared : let the hand of love and gentleness be extended towards them, and there will be a sure return of trust and gratitude : it is only a continuation of wrong and oppression which can goad them to resistance.

Is it thus untrue that insecurity of life and property exists in Ireland ? Alas ! no. I have already asserted that it does—insecurity is the rule, security the exception : not confined to this or that district, but overspreading the whole country. But it is not the insecurity of the capitalist or the landholder, but of the peasant, of the broken-down tiller of the soil. It is not the insecurity of a few proprietors, but of millions of the people, the great mass of those whose toil feeds a rapacious oligarchy. The farmer knows not from one season to another whether he will be allowed to till that ground which yields to him a miserable and precarious support ; nay, he knows not when he has ploughed the land, and put in the seed, and watched over it with patient longing, whether he shall dare to reap where he has sown : ay, he may reap too ; he may plough, and sow, and reap, and winnow, but he dare not eat the fruit. The old law said : “Ye shall not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.” But the new law saith to the human labourer : “Thou shalt not eat of the results of thy industry.” The curse on man at first was : “By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread ;” but the Irish peasant is doubly cursed, for, though the sweat drop from his brow like rain, bread he dare not eat ; his corn and his cattle feed the blacksmith of Birmingham, and the weaver of Manchester,—(blessings on them both, they are fast growing into men!)—but the down-trodden peasant of Erin may roam over her green fields, and mark the young corn shoot up, and gather into ear and ripen, but it blooms not for him : by him stands the agent of his foreign landlord, to snatch from him the fruits which his toil has wrested from the worn out and overdone soil ; and if the result is not satisfactory, he turns him out to starve by the wayside, to make room for the more profitable—more profitable, because more justly treated. Nay, he sends him not out alone ; his neighbour, who would have shared with him his last potato, is cast out too ; and as extermination is the object—as the beggars would be troublesome about the estate—whoever gives shelter to the desolate wanderers, even in a shealing on a barren

moor, is visited with the terrors of the law, that most fearful engine of oppression to the friendless peasant !

Security of life and property !—it is a mockery in Ireland amongst the millions of her children, there is no such thing. Do we require proof ?—Every day's report brings with it the harrowing details ; now it is the occupants of a single cabin, now those of a village, who are robbed of their all, and turned out to starve. Proof,—you see it in the squalid rags of thousands who flock to reap your own fields in the harvest time—you see it in the thousands who throng the quays of your maritime ports, to seek that security in foreign lands, which is not granted to them on the soil which their fathers reclaimed from the mountain side and the barren moor, and of which, in many cases, they were also the lords.

Let us dwell a little longer on this proof of insecurity—I mean emigration. There is no man on earth so wedded to his home as the Irishman. The Englishman or the Scotchman leaves his native place with comparative indifference : with us it is a life-struggle ; the instinct of love and country is stronger than in most men, the domestic affections are more intense and sacred, and the social feelings of friendship and relationship are more powerful and binding ; hence, the departure of a body of emigrants is one of the most harrowing scenes the eye can light upon, even in this land of suffering ; the wailing and lamentations of some, the calm, subdued grief of others, the wild over-acted merriment of others, put on to conceal their anguish, and cheer the spirit of some one left behind,—but through which you see the starting tears. How often have I seen strong men weeping scalding tears upon the shoulders of their friends, aged men and women struck down under the bereavement of losing the last remnants of their families ! I shall never forget one aged woman : she sat upon a beam, her straining eyes riveted upon the receding emigrant ship, and as it left her sight she raised one long dismal scream of anguish, the dreadful music of a breaking heart. Her tale was sad but short. Her "two fine boys" had gone to America three years before, and her niece and daughter, the last remnants of her family, were departing, and she was left alone, with no refuge but the workhouse, or the charity of her neighbours. These emigrants, our country need be ashamed of ; they are healthy, robust, intelligent and industrious, careful even to parsimony, and what is of value, they are chaste, temperate, and virtuous. Would such

go away if there was security for life and property at home? They are chiefly from the counties of Tipperary, Clare, Galway, and Limerick; they leave the finest land in Ireland, some of the finest in the world, to till the deserts; a climate where they can work the whole year, for one where they can work but six months.

There is abundance of reclaimable land in Ireland in the same condition—so far as human industry is concerned—as it was left by the deluge. They carry with them, and spend in the expenses of transit, abundant capital for its redemption from waste, and they have willing hands and stalwart arms, but it neither can nor will be sold, and they dare not fix a spade in it: 3850 such emigrants left the port of Limerick this spring, as many more must have taken their departure from other ports; the whole number cannot fall short of 10,000 in the year, from Tipperary and the surrounding counties alone. What a drain is this upon the industrious and virtuous inhabitants of a district containing a population of little more than 1,000,000! Suicidal landlords of Tipperary—of Ireland, ye are driving into banishment the men who would relieve you from debt and pauperism, and make the titles ye possess, not empty sounds as at present, the mockery of those amongst whom ye flaunt them; men who would save you from the clutches of the bailiff and the money-lender. Ye are draining your lands, not of its superabundant moisture, but of its industrious and thrifty population, and retaining the idle, the imbecile, and the extravagant. I will not say, “Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you,”—for they have already overtaken ye. “Your gold and your silver are cankered, and your garments, (the flimsy trappings of your former greatness) are worn and moth-eaten.” Ye are a scoff and a byword, the beggarly hangers on of aristocracy, watching for the shreds and droppings of pensions and sinecures, or grabbling amongst black-legs and horse jockeys, for the spoils of the silly sons of the English nobility.

Another striking proof of the insecurity of property amongst the poor in Ireland, may be drawn from the nature of the deposits in the savings banks. At present those banks hold about two and a half millions of unemployed capital—judging from the Cork banks, of which alone I know anything—and where 400,000*l.* are deposited. Much the largest portion of this belongs to small farmers. The average deposits are under 30*l.*; the interest less than 3 per cent. Now it must be obvious to all, that a farmer

whose land wants everything that is necessary to make it fruitful, would not put his little savings into a bank where he gets but that 3 per cent. for it, when he might put it into his land, and make 10 or 20 per cent., if he were sure of its remaining his own. There is no bank to the farmer like the soil; every extra shilling and every extra effort it repays with redoubled interest. Some of the wagers at one bank, though indications of the unsound condition of society, are highly ludicrous; frequently the manager, or one of the clerks, is called out to some one on particular business: a gaunt peasant is in waiting, who, after carefully peering through the doors to see that no one is listening, pulls off his hat, and whispers softly, that he has a pound or two to have kept for him, but adds with energy, "God bless your honour, and don't tell anybody." He then produces the money from some recess in his drapery; but should any one appear it is instantly conveyed back to its place of concealment. But the money in the savings banks forms but a small portion of the savings of the Irish peasantry; the greater number will not trust them even there, and prefer hiding their accumulations in some cranny in their hovels, the squalid condition of which is, in many cases, preserved to avert suspicion. Yet how have these miserable savings been gained? One would think, from the caution and fears of the possessors, they were the produce of fraud or violence; far from it: they are the gleanings of the most rigid parsimony, from the results of hard, earnest, and most ill-paid toil.

The previous reasoning replies also to two other items in Mr. Nichols' magic circle—want of capital, and want of employment. Were there security to the farmer, there is over 1,000,000*l.* in our savings banks, and to this we might add at least as much more, which would assuredly be at once expended on our waste and half-tilled lands, giving employment to all our surplus population; an employment they are ready to undertake at once, requiring neither training nor acts of parliament. To the other charge, of "want of industry," the dockyards and harvest-fields, the workshops and railways of England, and the prairies and backwoods of America give the most emphatic denial; although there is no doubt that the benumbing influence of hopeless poverty, and the contentment produced by despair of advancement have had their influence on the national character;—and it is to be taken, perhaps, a generation or two even of more wise and energetic government than we have ever yet been blessed with in Ireland.

to produce that self-dependence and untiring perseverance for which the English people are remarkable

There is but one true remedy for the evils of Ireland, and it is comprised in one word—JUSTICE; justice to her toiling, ill-clad, ill-housed, ill-fed children. She might, with a fair claim to being heard, ask of England mercy, and a helping hand as well. From her she has received the deep wounds that yet rankle in her sides; but let her receive justice, free unstinted justice, and rapidly will the evils of her condition disappear, and plenty and prosperity visit her. This is vague: I will explain what I mean. It is security for life and property—the cant phrase of some of her doctors, but not as they mean it:—security, not for the lordling in his castle, he does not require it, but for the peasant in his cottage; not *for* the landowner, but *from* him;—security to the poor man for the just results of his industry. There are robbers and murderers in Ireland who disturb its whole moral and physical constitution, and prevent its progress; but they are not clad in rags or frieze, but in brocades and broad cloth, reclining in saloons, living in clubs and palaces, and received and acknowledged in the houses of the great—not the puny midnight assassin doing his solitary murder, but wholesale slaughterers, who sweep away whole families by tens and hundreds at a time—not the cantiff wretch, driven by penury to snatch from the traveller his gold, and trembling for the consequences, but men of title, *noblemen*, as they are called, wresting from the trembling hand of penury the bread of life, from the toiling hand of industry its hard-earned profits, and doing the whole with legal sanction, according to act of parliament.

To do that justice, to effect that security, the whole system of landed tenure should be altered—it is at present most artificial and absurd. Improvements are proposed, and they show a disposition to grapple with the monster evil of Ireland, but they are but tinkering. It is not enough that a simple form of lease should be appointed: landholders should be obliged to give them, by decreeing that in all disputes about land, where there is not documentary evidence to the contrary, and in all doubtful cases, the occupier should be deemed to be the owner. This is the case with regard to all other property; why is land an exception? Thus would the granting of leases be enforced. These should be as simple as possible, and always at the expense of the landlord, as they would be for his protection, and not that of the tenant.

The second improvement proposed is no doubt of value; yet is

it like Portia's maxim, "To do a great good, do a little wrong." There seems no fairer claim than that of the tenant-farmer remuneration, when at the expiration of his term he gives up his land greatly enhanced in value. He borrows it in a certain condition; if he improves it while in his possession, surely he should be allowed for that improvement; he should not be made to give back more than he has received. The usurer who, with his ten or fifteen per cent., requires also whatever his debtor may have realised, would be looked upon as doubly iniquitous, yet such usurers are our landholders—they exact for what they lend the highest possible rate of interest, and when they get back their own they require also the vested energies of their debtors. This is manifestly unjust; and yet, to do justice, government is obliged to do an act of injustice. The tenant made a voluntary agreement—least as voluntary as a drowning man could be said to make with him who offers to save him from destruction—and they are obliged to step in between the necessities of the victim and the crushing influence of a tyrannous system. They are obliged to say to the landholder—"From the necessities of his condition, you have forced from your tenant unjust and arbitrary engagements. We know you have his promise to fulfil them, but we will not allow them to be enforced." Surely there can be something better than this! What endless sources of litigation will it give rise to—how ineffectual is its protection? The tenant will still be dependent on his landlord, the victim of oppression and petty tyranny, and of the fearful evils of legal persecution, one of the worst of the curses of Ireland.

The whole borrowing system should be discountenanced, and every encouragement and facility given to purchasers of land. The laws of entail and all the legal difficulties and technicalities surrounding its sale and transference should be done away with, and it should be rendered as easy for a man to buy an acre, or half an acre of land, as a cow or a sheep. The immense tract of country kept waste by the nominal titles which a few possessors hold, should be given up to the husbandman, the value of those nominal titles paid, and the drones driven from the hive. When such things are done, a free and independent resident proprietor would spring up. In a few years the greater portion of the land in Ireland would change owners, greatly to the advantage both of the present possessors and the tillers of the soil. The country would be held by five millions of its own people, instead of by

hundred foreigners. The advantages are obvious. Its wastes would be reclaimed, its fruitfulness increased an hundred fold, its population would be all busy and industrious, we would hear nothing of discontent or disturbance, and plenty would overspread the land.

I have now stated my case and given my proofs. To my mind, it is as clear as daylight, that all the political vicissitudes, not only of this country but of England, are traceable to the land monopoly, and the absurdities of land tenure. It is not merely an Irish question; but with you English it is not, as with us, one of life and death. You have large and profitable manufactories to provide bread for your people; and your land holders, though too often opposers of everything that has a tendency to elevate humanity, are yet Englishmen, and live in England, and are consequently less likely to abuse their power, and more under the influence of sympathy and public opinion. Yet you are deeply interested: this worst of the heir-looms of accursed feudalism yet remains; it must be struck down by the same hands that felled the giant monopoly. No greater boon could be conferred on our involved aristocracy, than to give them facilities, and urge on them the necessity for selling off large portions of their estates: most of them are only nominal owners, and are in reality but a sort of land-agents to a host of money lenders, lawyers, and relatives. It is for such reason, and in connection with measures of a more comprehensive character, that the proposed expedient of compensation to tenants would be of value; it would force sales, for few of our proprietary would be able to pay for improvements in their lands, and therefore should sell.

I do not say that this is all that should be done for Ireland: there are many other questions of importance. The Church abuse should be cut down, and the franchise and the representation equalised with England. But, compared with the land question, all are minor matters, and, if that were settled, other reforms would soon follow.

If such measures pass, the repeal of the Union may be deferred for years to come; if they do not, it should be granted at once. If England is incapable of governing Ireland except by force, and with a constant recurrence to extraordinary and temporary enactments, let her give it up. We are still satisfied to pay our share in the expenses of Government, tawdry and extravagant though it be in appearance, and clumsy and bungling in execution—our share in the expenses of war, so long as that great evil

the nation continues to be indulged. We are satisfied to acknowledge your superiority—to bear your badge : all we ask is, allow us to manage our own affairs. Sooner or later it must be done—the sooner the better—the sooner done, the sooner will a real union grow up between the nations, the sooner will prosperity and happiness visit our land, and be reflected back on England. We cannot live alone, we cannot live in enmity. England cannot be happy or prosperous while she has Ireland at her side in want and wretchedness ; her labourers and artizans cannot be fairly remunerated while there are millions here to whom their most meagre fare would be feasting. Ours were formed by nature to be Sister Islands ; not one as the Mistress, and the other as the Slave ; but as bosom and indissoluble friends, bound by the closest ties of interest and fraternity. I repeat it, our cause is one—whether it be the struggle for improved laws from the English Parliament, or for the repeal of the legislative union. An overgrown centralisation has trammelled the exertions of Government, and, if there were no other reason than the utter impossibility of its getting through the labours it has undertaken with anything like the prudent exactness which they deserve, some of them should be shifted to other shoulders.

Had we the resolute, indomitable will of the people of England, our right would soon be acknowledged ; but we are cowards. With all our share in the victories of Europe and India, centuries of subjugation, and a religion unaided by intellect have done their work upon us : but another generation is arising,—temperate, thoughtful, learned ; they will see and feel their power, and they will be irresistible. Pray God, that before that time comes the people may not be goaded on to attempt that by physical which must be gained by moral power ! There is yet rife among them a fearful war spirit. So long as it exists, they know not their true power ; so long as they fear to rest upon their right, so long are they cowards. I would say to them, but with no martial meaning—

“ Bide your time, the morn is breaking,
Bright with Freedom’s blessed ray—
Millions from their trance awaking
Soon shall stand in firm array.

* * * *

Bide your time, one false step taken
Perils all you yet have done ;
Undismay’d—erect—unshaken
Watch and wait, and all is won.

"Tis not by a rash endeavour
Men or states to greatness climb ;
Would you win your rights for ever,
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time."

Men of England, help us ! I say again unto you, it is your cause ! You have independent minds, and honest hearts ; you are before us in the march of freedom—the men who wrought out your freedom riveted our chains. Your Cromwell, the scourge of kings, who taught both monarchy and aristocracy that the people's voice is not to be resisted, wrote his name in our country's history in one deep, dark, blood-streak. *The people*, whom he led to victory in England, in Ireland he exterminated ; and William, who freed you from the hateful, imbecile, tyrannical Stuarts, placed his iron hoof upon our necks, and crushed us to the earth. Your statesmen followed in their train. However liberal and just in England, in Ireland their policy was changed, and grinding oppression and rampant injustice were the only laws we knew, until after six centuries of warfare, Ireland was conquered, and laid her calmly down at the feet of her spoiler. Amock union was effected, and our independence passed away. Did I think that an imaginary evil, far would I be from lamenting over it ; but nearly fifty years of experience has found our people more deeply steeped in poverty than ever : the manufactures we had, have all but disappeared ; religious dissensions are still kept alive amongst us ; and while all the rest of Europe has been advancing, we have been going back ; and the conviction has been forced upon us that the worst legislation by Irishmen was better than the wisest efforts of the English parliament. Do away with this conviction by a course of policy different from any you have yet manifested, or give us our own again.

S. S. V.

THE "RAGGED SCHOOL."

RADIANT was the light that spread
From Hymettus' honied head ;
Stately shone its sculptur'd beam
In Ilissus' limpid stream ;
Dusky groves where Fancy wander'd,
Pictur'd halls where Reason ponder'd ;
Forms around of grace supernal,
Fanes above of awe eternal ;

THE "RAGGED SCHOOL."

All that Nature's genial will,
All that Man's ideal skill,
Fashions fair at Athens wrought
To ameliorate the thought ;
Spread o'er earth, and sky, and ocean,
Lustrous lessons of devotion ;
Seconded with stroke of Art,
Each high impulse of the heart ;
And bade th' exalted Passions prove
That Grace was Truth, and Wisdom, Love.

Ah ! beneath another rule,
Pupils of the " Ragged School,"
Was *your* tutelage conducted ;
Clouds *your* narrow skies were shading,
Beauty—Art, to wrong persuading,
Virtue named but in upbraiding,
And Love left you uninstructed.

Whilst a lore—'tis hate to learn,
Tutors sedulously stern
Taught the sordid haunts ye lurk in.
Hearthstone cold and cupboard bare
Were the grim preceptors there,
With foul earth and foetid air,
Conforming minds to what they work in.

Tho' within this noisome room,
Where the glimmer streaks the gloom
Aspirants ungainly pant ;
Tho' disgrace to scent and eye,
Offals of Humanity
Reek in this enclosure scant ;

Tho' each student fierce and foul
Bend a brow that wears a scowl,
Move a lip of Hardship's bleaching,
Though dull'd Sense and dogged Will,
Tyroes here, but augur ill
For the mild Instructor's teaching ;

Yet on God's amending plan,
Here shall reprobated man
Bless his brother man's tuition ;
This—Improvement's softest spell—
That his teacher *means him well*,
Solacing his soul's submission.

Here, scholastic creeds above,
Is Religion taught by Love ;
Here, in temples not of stone,
Ministers *for* love alone,
Shame silence with adoring sound,
And make affliction hallow'd ground.

From her dungeon-gloom severe,
Conscience is uplifted here,
And whilst her degenerate eyes
Dread th' accusatory skies,
Charity is wing'd to ope
Paths sublime to Faith and Hope.

Tho' not Learning's garb ye wear
In Professor's easy chair,
Though ye mend the human breed,
Without mitres for your meed,
Heaven thus ratifies your rule,
Teachers of each "Ragged School."

April, 1846.

D.

THE EAST WIND AT HARWICH.

KEEN blew the wind over the waves, washing them upon the breakwater at Harwich. Seldom had Eolus so well worked at his bellows. On the jetty there was no anxious crowd awaiting the arrival of the steamers from Ipswich or from London. The Beacon-hill was deserted. On the esplanade no gay company paraded. A few weather-beaten seamen and myself formed the whole humanity of the scene.

"It is very cold," said I, addressing a Preventive Service man, who, in company with an ordinary seaman of the port, was leaning against the lesser lighthouse—each chewing a quid of tobacco, and ever and anon squirting its poisonous juice from the mouth, in a manner at once peculiarly dexterous and *nonchalant*.

"It is very cold," said I.

"Pretty stiff breeze, sir," replied the Preventive Service man.

"What quarter does it blow from?"

"Full east," said the mariner.

"Just the right quarter for Harwich," interposed the Preventive man.

"The right quarter for Harwich!" I exclaimed; "why, situated as Harwich is, just out of the water, with sea and river at both ends of each street, it is cold enough always, without the east wind to make it colder. And this esplanade, and the Beacon-hill yonder, have enough wind from the sea-breeze, without these cutting blasts, which almost take one off his legs, but which you say blow from the right quarter."

"Ay, ay, sir; you have kept a clear log as far as you have sailed; but there is something else in the wind, which you have not scored."

"What's that?" inquired I.

"Why, sir, where the wind goes the ship goes."

"What then?" said my ignorance.

"Why, sir, when the wind's east, it's all up at Harwich. It drives the craft into port."

The light on the east wind being in the right quarter for Harwich, here dawned upon my previously benighted understanding. I nevertheless continued the conversation.

"The craft coming into port," said I, "is an advantage to Harwich, and the east wind is therefore a blessing which drives them in."

"Ay, ay, sir—that's it, sir—Great benefit to trade! All up at Harwich when there's a good stiff east wind!"

"But there may be a shipwreck," said I, with the solemn look of a landsman.

"May be, sir; can't be helped. All the better for Harwich."

"But you are not wreckers?"

"No, bless you; but there's always something picked out of such jobs."

Oh! thought I, what a condition is this life of ours; even shipwrecks are at a premium in some places! As society is now divisively constructed, the distresses and losses of some are ever if not the joys, yet certainly the gain of others. I knew before that an epidemic was often a carriage to a doctor. I knew before that the conflagration of a street was a good fire to carpenters, bricklayers, and so forth. I knew before that a tempest of litigation was a south breeze to a barrister. I knew before that a murderous war was a field of laurels to a general. But now, oh unfortunate, but yet needed knowledge! I know that an east wind is in the right quarter for Harwich, as it delays voyages, creates shipwrecks, and therefore increases trade in that Christian little port.

As I thought thus, the east wind blew more cuttingly than ever. The god of the winds wound his trumpet of defiance, blast after blast. I buttoned up my blouze, strapped my cap more tightly down, and bidding farewell to the seaman, left the esplanade for the town, there to note another item in my catalogue of charges against the present state of society.

GOODWYN BARMBY.

EDMUND BURKE.

NOTES WRITTEN IN THE MARGIN OF LORD BROUGHAM'S CHARACTER OF BURKE IN HIS "STATESMEN OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III."

LORD BROUGHAM has brought out again before us many evanescent characters, just as Bekker and Angelo Mai recovered the palimpsests, with a strong infusion of gall. Let us hope that there may be this difference,—that they never may be copied.

No history of England will exhibit to posterity so clear and impartial a view of the statesmen who conducted her affairs for a quarter of a century, as *Collingwood's* and *Nelson's Correspondence* and *The Duke of Wellington's Orders and Despatches*. These volumes display more evidences of incapacity, in an uninterrupted succession of Ministers, than are afforded by the aggregate of those who contributed to the decline and fall of the Roman and Byzantine empires. What a glory is it to our nation to have stood against such precipitancy, and to have united, as never were united before, such firmness and such enterprise!

Perhaps here I ought to beg pardon of the learned Lord; for, although my contempt of our statesmen, on both sides, is quite equal to his own, I cannot but exult at all the triumphs of our countrymen. I will now turn over those pages of his book which contain his notice of Edmund Burke:—

"How much soever men may differ as to the soundness of Mr. Burke's doctrines, or the purity of his public conduct, there can be no hesitation in according to him a station among the most extraordinary persons that have ever appeared: nor is there now any diversity of opinion as to the place which it is fit to assign him."

It is painful to find those words which we recollect in our favourite authors, our guides in youth and our companions in man-

hood, thus shorn of their character and twisted into new significations. To *accord*, for *grant* or *concede*, is amongst the worst frippery our men-milliners of the press have recently smuggled over from France.

"He could either bring his masses of information to bear directly upon the subjects to which they severally belonged—or he could avail himself of them generally to strengthen his faculties and enlarge his views—or he could turn any portion of them *to account for the purpose* of illustrating his theme, or enriching his diction."

By the insertion of the words "to account for," he creates an ambiguity. We might doubt whether *account* is a verb or a substantive. The uncertainty would have been avoided by the omission of these words so unnecessary, and by writing "He could turn any portion of them to the purpose," &c. This may seem a trivial objection; but no incorrectness of style should pass without remark.

"All his works, indeed, even his controversial, are so informed with general reflection, so variegated with speculative discussion, that they wear the air of the Lyceum as well as the Academy."

To *wear an air*, sounds strangely; and he should have taken care to insert *of* before the Academy; else we might understand that he *wore* the air of the Lyceum as the Academy *wore* it.

"But in all other styles, passages without end occur of the highest order—epigram—pathos—metaphor in profusion, chequered with more didactic and sober diction."

Here *epigram* is introduced as the first of *passages without end of the highest order*: "epigram, pathos," &c. Certainly there are in Burke passages without end. But epigram is somewhat low in order, and Burke happily did not excel in it. Of "pathos" he had none. His florid and childish description of Marie Antoinette is perhaps the most generally admired, but certainly the very worst, in all his multifarious writings. The remarks upon it by Paine are beyond what you would imagine to be within his scope. Scarcely will you find in the English language more beautiful or more just expressions. In many occasions he reasons with closer logic than his oratorical opponent, but here he far excels him in his own regions of imagination. It seems to me so beautiful, that I will quote the passage:—"Not one glance of compassion, not one commiserating reflection, that I can find throughout his book has he bestowed on those who lingered out the most wretched of

lives, a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not affected by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratical hand that hath purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of art, and the genuine soul of nature forsakes him. His hero or his heroine must be a tragedy-victim expiring in show, and not the real prisoner of misery, sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon."

Since the writing of these words, I come unexpectedly to the quotation from Burke, to which they refer:—"And surely never lighted on *this orb*, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above *the horizon*, decorating and cheering the *elevated sphere* she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy." The sentence is truly harmonious, and the images seem to be snatched hastily from the fragments of an enchanted palace. But let us come up close. *This orb* means the real globe we live on. The *horizon* is not the horizon of this orb; and the *elevated sphere* has nothing to do with it. If the Queen of France touched the orb at all, she could not be just *above the horizon*; and in neither case would she begin to move in the *elevated "sphere."* "To move in a SPHERE" is the peculiar privilege of gold and silver fish; and is, translatively, the most absurd of all those absurd expressions to which illiterate and unreflecting fashion has given currency.

The language of Burke, sometimes simple and often vigorous, is generally too ready to run into sterile luxuriance. We find him out of breath by labouring to put on his foot the tarnished shoe of a prostitute, the upper part covered with spangles and the lower with filth. He was not, as Lord Brougham represents him, versed in every department of literature and science, but he made the most of the little he had acquired, and was wiser than the majority of the authors he had read.

"He unfolds his facts in a narrative so easy, and yet so correct, that you plainly perceive he wanted only the dismissal of other pursuits to have rivalled Livy or Hume."

The stateliest and most majestic of historians, worthy to describe the rise and elevation of Rome, just as Gibbon its decline and fall, is here dragged from the Capitol to join the pedestrianism

of Hume. Many as are our historian's defects in style, fewer and less offensive than Burke's. He never is unequal: and strong as is the political bias, he gives us the result of his inquiries with a temperate and calm decision. His errors are principally in idiom, and never arise, as Burke's do, from a petulance of display, and a debility of self-command.

"One clever man's opinion is just as good as another's, if equally uninfluenced by passions and feelings of every kind."

The author here supposes what never existed; that an opinion can be influenced by every *kind* of feeling. But, receiving this as unexceptionable, one clever man may be less clever than another. Even if two men could be equal in cleverness (and no two were), yet one of them may have examined a thing more minutely than the other, and must consequently be able to form a juster opinion on it.

"The fate of society for many years hung upon Hastings' impeachment."

How so? what society? *Human society at large* is understood by the word society. But the fate not even of that society hung upon this question; no, nor even the society of Brookes's. Cards would have been shuffled, jokes would have caused laughter, dinners would have been given, wine would have retained its flavour, whether the Governor of India had been found innocent or guilty.

"Without being followers of Mr. Burke's political principles, indiscriminate admirers of his course as a statesman,—*the capacity which he the least shone*, especially during the few latter and best years of his illustrious, checkered, and care-worn life,—we may affirm that, with the exception of his writings upon the French Revolution—an exception itself to be qualified and restricted—it was difficult to find any statesman of any age whose opinions were habitually marked by moderation."

Yet all his productions, excepting one, which is little better than a college exercise, on the *Sublime and Beautiful*, appear to be the work of a statesmanship. Men of moderate intellects, and unblest by genius, have often governed wisely. The greatest things are the simplest, and distinctly seen, and require less delicacy in the handling. Some of the greatest men who ruled their people, in circumstances of great difficulty, were unable to manage their families. Augustus, not inferior to Cromwell himself in shrewdness and sagacity, was overmatched in domestic life by the crafty Livia; and the hand which reigned and controlled the world was ineffectual in the guidance of

"Speaking of the effects produced by his strong opinions respecting French affairs, Sir James Mackintosh, as justly as profoundly observed to Mr Horner - 'So great is the effect of a single inconsistency with the whole course of a long and wise political life, that the *greatest philosopher in practice* whom the world ever saw, passes with the superficial vulgar for a hot-brained enthusiast' "

This opinion of Burke, delivered by Mackintosh, is called "just and profound " In fact, no hasty expression of Burke himself is half so extravagant as this. "*Whom the world ever saw,*" is the heedless flourish of young writers at the bottom of hot sentences, ill becoming the steadier writing of chancellors or judges.

"For nearly the whole period during which he survived the commencement of the Revolution,—for five of those seven years,—all his predictions, save one momentary expression, had been more than fulfilled: anarchy and bloodshed had borne sway in France, conquest and convulsion had desolated Europe; and even when he closed his eyes upon earthly prospects, he left this portentous meteor, 'with fear of change perplexing monarchs.' The providence of mortals is not often able to penetrate so far as this into futurity."

Nevertheless, how many hundreds of publications, in England, France, Italy, and Germany, do we remember, all of them foretelling the devastations of the French Revolution! the greater part by ignorant priests, or still more ignorant courtiers. These made just as good prophets as Mr. Burke. But it is not only swine and geese that feel by instinct the storm approaching. Not only did sermons and silly men proclaim it loudly; it was announced to Parliament in the speech of Lord Mornington.

"We have been contemplating a great marvel certainly, not gazing on a supernatural sight; and we retire from it with the belief, that if acuteness, learning, imagination, *so unmeasured*, were never before combined, yet have there been occasionally witnessed in eminent men greater powers of close reasoning and fervid declamation, oftentimes a more correct taste, and on the question to which his mind was last and most earnestly applied, a safer judgment."

Certainly they are unmeasured by Lord Brougham. Would any man, in quiet possession of his senses, venture to say that Bacon and Milton, for instance, did not combine a much greater quantity of all these qualities? Burke was indeed a great and wonderful man, if you compare him with the people who sat about him in the House of Commons; but you render him diminutive, and lose him almost out of sight, if you force him back into past ages.

THE SEMPSTRESS TO HER MIGNONETTE.

I love that box of Mignonette,
 Though worthless in your eyes :
 Above your choicest hothouse flowers
 My Mignonette I prize.
 Thank Heaven, not yet I've learn'd on that
 A money worth to set—
 'Tis priceless as the thoughts it brings—
 My box of Mignonette.

I know my own sweet Mignonette
 Is neither strange nor rare ;
 Your garden flaunters burn with hues
 That it may never wear ;
 Yet on your garden's rarest blooms
 No eyes may ever set
 With more delight than mine on yours,
 My box of Mignonette.

Why do I prize my Mignonette,
 That lights my window there ?
 It adds a pleasure to delight,
 It steals a weight from care ;
 What happy daylight dreams it brings !
 Can I not half forget,
 My long—long hours of weary work,
 With you my Mignonette ?

It tells of May, my Mignonette,
 And as I see it bloom,
 I think the green, bright pleasant spring
 Comes freshly through my room ;
 Our narrow court is dark and close,
 Yet when my eyes you met,
 Wide fields lay stretching from my sight,
 My box of Mignonette.

What talks it of, my Mignonette ?
 To me it babbles still
 Of woodland banks of primroses,
 Of heath and breezy hill ;

Through country lanes, and daisied fields—
 Through paths with morning wet,
 Again I trip as when a girl,
 Through you my Mignonette.

For this I love my Mignonette,
 My window garden small,
 That country thoughts and scents and sounds
 Around me loves to call ;
 For this, though low in rich men's thoughts
 Your worth and love be set,
 I bless you, pleasure of the poor,
 My own sweet Mignonette.

Greenwich.

W. C. BENNETT.

HOW THE GREENWOODS GOT OVER THEIR TROUBLE.

“PATIENCE !” repeated the man, in the loud and querulous tones of anger. “What do we gain by it?—what will it do for us?—Patience, indeed! The word is a very good one for folks who know nothing of hunger and cold—a fine, religious, peaceable word; but will it bring back what the parish officers have just robbed us of, and will it give me work—or find food for ourselves and children? Patience! I am sick of hearing of it. The shelter of this poor place was all that saved us from being paupers; and after paying rates and taxes these fifteen years, without once asking any of it back in parish bread, or parish allowance—because this severe weather has set in, and I have no means of getting a day’s work, or of earning a day’s wages, to come and take away the two or three comforts we had about us, and for the sake of five shillings, sell the things that cost us as many pounds, and that—what with hard times, and low wages, and our increasing family, we shall never be able to get together again—I say it is a cruel shame, a downright robbery; and you talk to me of patience! No, no—the poor-house will be our next place. Nell, they will make paupers of us, however hard we strive against it; and who could have patience with such a chance before them?” And the poor man, with his arms knotted on his breast, and his eyes bent on the floor, paced to and fro the wretched room, from which, in

the course of the morning, nearly everything it contained had been stripped for arrears of poor's-rates—though, as Miles Greenwood had said, poverty alone prevented his paying them; but the authorities had not thought it worth while to make distinctions—and preferred, in their inflexible wisdom, to force a whole family into the house, rather than suffer a man too poor to pay rates, the luxury of a roof independent of it. “Well, neighbour Howe, what’s the news this morning?” he inquired, pausing as the latch of the door was raised, and a man in the garb of a farm servant entered; “anything stirring besides my loss?”

“Yes,” replied the other, eyeing the desolate room as he spoke, with a keen look of mingled commiseration and sternness; “good news for a few, but not o’ much use to the most of us. The Barking fishing smacks can’t get higher than Tilbury or Greys, on account of the ice in the river; and two or three of the farmers have got the job of sending the fish up in their waggons—so some of us may perhaps get a turn.”

“Please God!” said Miles Greenwood’s wife, who sat rocking an infant in her arms, beside a fuming half-alive fire, of dead leaves and frozen branches, that exhaled more moisture than heat; “some of us begin to want work cruelly.”

“Ay, and we may want, missus, all the time this weather lasts,” replied the man. “I met six or seven of our women on the road to Elmsly this morning,” he continued, “in all the snow; poor bodics! going to appeal against the rates.”

“What, the widows?” inquired Miles.

“Yes,” continued Joe Howe; “and if they distrain from them, I shall call it a harder business than your’s. I swear they have suffered poorer diet, and less of it, than the people in the ‘house,’ for the sake of having their children left with them, and keeping a roof over their heads; and instead of receiving the thanks of the whole parish for doing it, they are compelled to become paupers themselves, by being obliged, out of their poor means, to help support those that are.”

“A crying shame!” exclaimed Miles Greenwood, while tears of sympathy trickled down Nell’s cheeks. “A crying shame! but mine is a hard case, too, neighbour—a very hard case. This is the first year I have ever failed in paying the poor’s-rate, and have never had a farthing from the parish, though I have always had work, any more than my neighbours, and have children to maintain. They have taken the poor things’

couple of chairs, and the table we ate off—poor looking things enough, I dare say to them, who took them, but worth ten times as much to us as they seized them for ; and they knew there is no work for a man to get—that the fields are as hard as their own hearts. I say it is a cruel case, neighbour ; a cruel case."

" Ah ! what do they care, Master ! " rejoined Joe Howe ; " the more they grind us down, the better for themselves. Who pays for commissioners, and overseers, and guardians, and masters, and matrons, I should like to know, but the poor ? Why, if we were better off, all these people would be out of place. "

" I should just like to see how much their salaries come to," said Miles, " and what proportion it bears to the cost of the paupers, when the numbers of the two classes are taken into account. "

" Don't I wish I was a member of Parliament for a little time ! " continued his neighbour ; " wouldn't I move for a return of these items ! "

" Ah ! you'd make a cleverer one than some of them that's there," said Greenwood ; " you could tell the truth of the matter, and point out where we suffer, and what we want, which is more than they can do. "

" But who, Master Howe, has got to send up the fish ? " interrupted Nell, who dreaded the souring effect of this crude political debate on her husband's temper. " Does Mr. Bennett's waggon go up ? "

" No, no, Mistress," responded Howe, in a surly tone, " Master Bennett takes too much care of his dumb creatures for that—no fear of their being turned out to earn their oats upon a road as hard as iron and as slippery as glass—his horses are well fed, and well covered, which is more than his labourers are. "

" Mr. Bennett has always been a good master to us," said Nell, coyly raising the fire, which she had at last coaxed into drying itself, and making a show of burning. " But, of course, he expects to get labour as cheap as his neighbours, and we can't expect him any more than the rest to keep servants when he has nothing for them to do. "

" Ah ! that wasn't the plan when I first remember farm service," rejoined Howe ; " then a man was hired by the year, and kept in his master's house, if he was single, and if not, he had a cottage on the farm, and the privilege of keeping fowls, pigs, and sometimes even a cow—so that you could hardly go into a labourer's

house where you didn't see a side of bacon hanging in the chimney—and home-baked bread, and home-brewed beer on the table—instead of starving, as we do now, on poor Paddy's meal of potatoes, that in them times we thought only food for pigs, and mocked the Irish for living on them, little thinking how soon we should be brought to the same fare."

"And not even enough of that," groaned Miles, resuming his beat to and fro the room.

"But I have heard some of the old people say," rejoined Nell, "that one reason of the alteration was the dishonesty of the farm servants, who, not contented with the comforts of their situations, robbed their master's barns and stables to feed the fowls and pigs they were allowed to keep."

"Robbed!" repeated Mr. Howe, with considerable indignation, "as if they could have been hurt by a man's taking a few beans, or a handful of corn from the bin. They were always a hard lot, Mrs. Greenwood, and I've known one of them before now transport the best servant he had, for hiding a little extra corn to fatten his master's horses with."

"Nell always seems to take part against her own side," interrupted Greenwood; "I'm sure there's no occasion to uphold the rich: all the strength is in their hands."

"But we should be just to every one," replied Nell; "and against our master I am sure we have no right to complain; recollect how kind he was when you and the children were bad with fever. I shall never forget it. I am sure we had reason to thank God then that he was rich, for if it had not been for the nourishing things he sent, and the money he gave us, it would have gone very hard with us all. But you haven't told us yet, Master Howe," she continued, wishing to turn the discourse, "you haven't told us yet, whose waggons are going up with the fish."

"I believe Mr. Belson's and old Grimes's," returned her neighbour. "But I must set about making sure of a job. If they shouldn't want me, Miles, they'd better keep a sharp look out. They won't start till pretty late, as it's no good their getting to town before Billingsgate is open in the morning; and if they find their cargo all right, I'll never spare a rabbit, or crow down a pheasant again. A fish supper is better than none; so if you go up with 'em don't look behind you when passing Deadman's Lane; recollect the hint, so now good day." And with a familiar nod, and a wink of wicked significance, Master Howe took his departure.

Scarcely had the sound of his retreating footsteps crushing through the frozen snow ceased, before others were heard approaching, and the cottage door again opened, and admitted an object of absolute terror to the poor inmates, in the person of Mr. Grimes, butcher, farmer, and parish overseer. Singularly enough he neither scowled nor blustered; but turning his cold keen eye round the room with a quickness that seemed to scan its disfurnished state at a glance, he exclaimed, "How is this? how is this, Miles?—I'm very sorry to hear my colleague proceeded to dis-train—very sorry—been away myself the last three or four days. Cattle show—Christmas stock—didn't know anything about it till Mr. Bennett told me just now. They say you can't keep your family upon your earnings."

"Earnings!" repeated Miles; "I should like to know when I had any; not for the last five weeks, as Mr. Bennett could tell you."

"Well, why not come into the house?" inquired the Overseer, quite persuasively.

"What! and be separated from my wife and children? Never," half shrieked the man, "I will die by the road-side first."

"Oh!" resumed Mr. Grimes, his official cast of countenance gradually overshadowing the grim complacency he had assumed, "Oh, well, if paupers have too much pride to take assistance when it is offered them, you must abide by the consequences, that's all."

"I have never been a pauper," cried Greenwood passionately, "till amongst ye I've been made one to-day. We have borne a good many hard things rather than trouble the parish officers, or owe anything to the poor-house; and we will continue to do so, Mr. Grimes; I would rather go to the grave than to the work-house."

"Very well, very well," vociferated the Overseer, "I have done my duty—much more than my duty—in making the offer, instead of waiting for your application; but as you have never troubled the parish, and have hitherto been very exact in paying your rate, I didn't mind straining a point, and to oblige Mr. Bennett."

"I didn't think Mr. Bennett could have known of our trouble," interposed Nell timidly. "No more he didn't, my good woman, till just now, when we met your goods a going to be carted; he has been from home, too; both of us have been from home; and to oblige him, I promised to look into your case, and do all I

could for you ; but we 've made a rule against giving out-doors relief, so you 'd better think again of my offer.'

" I thought," said Greenwood bitterly, " it could not be to you we owed even the offer of the workhouse. I have not forgot how you refused us credit even for a pound of meat, when my children and I lay at death's door, and the doctor gave no hopes of our lives without proper nourishment ; though not a farthing in my name stood on your books, you refused it to us. I remember it, Mr. Grimes, and ever shall."

" Hush ! dear Miles," interrupted his wife, " all that is past and gone ; you were not left without friends and assistance, and the same Providence that supplied us then, and raised you and our children from a bed of sickness, will protect and help us now."

" I am sure I don't know—can't remember," muttered Mr. Grimes in some confusion ; " some mistake in the shop, I suppose."

" Nell, Nell, speak out, why don't you ?" exclaimed her husband vehemently. " Why will you let him lie through it ? Tell him *when it was, and who refused it.*"

" I am sure if I did so," said Mr. Grimes, in softer accents than he had hitherto employed, " it must have been in the hurry of business—or I didn't understand who it was for ;" and then, as if the truth was after all the weightiest reason, and as good an apology to others as to himself, he rejoined, " Besides, my good man, I have a large family of my own ; and where was I to look for the money, when people didn't think from one hour to another that you could live." The muscular frame of the labourer seemed trembling and throbbing all over, with compressed excitement ; his hands clenched involuntarily, his throat swelled, and the veins in his temples stood out like cords, while his wife, by her looks, vainly besought his forbearance ; then suddenly his passion exploded in a burst of the grimmest laughter Mr. Grimes had ever heard—so profoundly charged with hate and scorn, that his ears fairly tingled again ; and he felt this peasant man from his moral elevation scanning him with eyes of contempt, from the bald place on his crown—which seemed to contract, and ruffle the hair over it, with an instinctive sensation of the other's cold keen glance—to his well-shod, and warmly-gaitered pedal extremities. And never had the parochial authority felt himself so little.

" After all, sir," said Greenwood, wondering at his own courage in exposing the Overseer to *himself*, " one ought not to be

surprised at your indifference to the dying, when you are daily helping to starve your distressed neighbours with high prices and short weight. You are a hard man, Mr. Grimes, and cannot expect but that one of these days, your bad deeds will find you out. Think of all the beef and mutton you have kept in your shop, till obliged to bury it, or fling it in the river, rather than let the poor benefit by it, or sell it to them a single halfpenny under price. No one gives you a good word—how can they? And at this moment there is scarcely a man in the village who would think it wrong to revenge themselves on you in any way that offered."

"What do you say?—what do you say?" repeated Mr. Grimes, who at that moment saw his barns burning, and his cattle hocked.—"What do you say, my good friend?" And he raised his eyes to Greenwood in the greatest alarm.

"There is no friendship between us, sir," said Miles, almost sternly. "I am the pauper labourer, and you the rich Overseer; but I am also an honest man, and would scorn to wrong, or let wrong be done, even to such as you, if I knew it. Ask me no questions; but if your waggons go to town to-night, let them start with Mrs. Belson's, and send three or four men with them. I can tell you no more; but where there are so many hungry men about, and food to be had, perhaps, without using force, it is as well to be on your guard." All this while Nell had been getting closer and closer to her husband: first it was sheer fright that impelled her, when she heard him talk up so boldly, to the rich butcher; then it was admiration for his courage; but this touch of integrity brought her to his very side, and for the moment the peasant's wife forgot hunger and poverty, in the thought that this same honest, out-spoken man, was hers and nobody else's—the father of her children, her friend, companion, and protector—and her wan cheek, and sunken eyes, caught a fleeting brightness and colour from the consciousness.

Before Mr. Grimes had time to put into language the suspicions, fears, and determinations Greenwood's hint had filled him with, Nell, through a little spot in the frozen window-pane, which one of the children had scratched away to look out at the movements of some starveling sparrows, who were supposed to be so tired of their lives as to place themselves voluntarily beneath a brick, raised for the purpose of being let fall on them; the proprietors of the rude snare (to misapply the phrase) being too poor to lay even a crumb

beneath it, by way of persuasion to the rash act.—Nell, I say, caught a sight through this little clearance in the window-pane—of what do you suppose? Of the identical truck on which her children's bed and the rest of her household gear had been taken away, and upon it the articles themselves, bed, table, chairs; and old Grey, Mr. Bennett's shepherd, marching beside it, and all coming as fast as they could to the cottage.

"Here, missus, put your room to rights as soon as you please," exclaimed the shepherd, as he placed his crook behind the door, that he might better assist in bringing in the goods. "Master will be here presently; it's all right; the rate's paid; and if he had been at home, bless you, it would never have happened."

"Master Greenwood," said Grimes hastily, "I'll give you a job if you have a mind to go up with the fish to-night."

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupted Grey, "but master's got a job for him."

"Oh! all right, Master Grey; all right," said Grimes, with what was intended for a smile of complacency; and the Overseer, with anything but his usual terror-breathing aspect, departed."

"Well," exclaimed the shepherd, "wonders will never cease. My master in a downright passion (the first time I ever saw him so in my life), and Master Grimes civil."

"But lor, Mrs. Greenwood," interrupted another of the men, "what makes you cry? Why, I thought the sight of these here things coming back again would have made you as merry as a cricket."

"Ah! let her cry," suggested the old shepherd; "such tears do no harm, do they, Missus? Stay a while till Master comes, you'll have something to laugh at then—but there, I don't think I can keep it so long—I should burst if I tried;—the fact is, Miles," and Grey sunk his voice to a whisper, "Master has not yet given away the looker's place at Mashford, and you're to have it, my boy—there's news for you!"

One can readily imagine the gratitude of the Greenwoods when Mr. Bennett made his appearance amongst them; the old shepherd's report proved correct, and the poor man who had awakened that morning without the means of obtaining a meal for his family, found himself installed in a permanent situation—with a cottage rent-free, and other privileges independent of his weekly stipend. It was a gracious lesson to him, this emanation

of good out of evil; and henceforth he learned to feel under every trial, that let the day be ever so dark and cloudy, the sun is still in heaven, and may at any moment break through.

I have little to add, but that Mr. Grimes lost by his contract with the Barking fishermen; for, in spite of his precautions (he had sent up four men with the waggon—Joe Howe being one of them by way of guard), the thieves were too strong to be baulked in their piscatory speculation, and, in consequence, the damage sustained by the cargo outbalanced the price of its carriage, and Mr. Grimes found himself burdened with the forfeiture.

C. W.

TOILET TOMFOOLERIES.

WHY DO BARRISTERS WEAR WIGS?

SETTING aside soldiers, flunkies, and policemen, there are three grand classes of society who are, as it were, labelled and ticketed off from the rest of humanity by peculiar and whimsical costumes. These are charity boys, beadles, and barristers. Now, why Bill Stibbins of St. Giles's should wear a muffin cap and leathers, because he is taught his A B C by the public; or why Mr. Bumble of the same or any other parish should sport a gold-laced coat on his back, and a cocked hat on his head, as essential elements of the being whose official dignity presides at the vestry door, or overawes the workhouse porter, we profess to be quite as unable to resolve as we are satisfactorily to state why Mr. Briefless puts his head into a bunch of horse-hair, and his body into a species of black sack without a bottom, either because he is or pretends to be "learned in the law."

The way in which a man is made a barrister, and the way in which, when the manufactured article is completed, it is made up for use, are both equally singular. Everybody knows that, to be a "learned counsel," it is only requisite that you eat so many pounds of beef in a room with a Gothic roof. Thus it is that the raw material of stupid humanity is metamorphosed into a creature learned by courtesy—gentlemanly by act of parliament. In becoming a barrister, therefore, you have chiefly to mind the inside of your stomach—after you have attained the dignity, to look

after the outside of your head. The flesh of an ox makes you learned; the hair of a horse proves the fact to a gaping world. If by nature a barrister is sometimes simple, by act of parliament he is always gentle. But in case there should be any mistake, he takes a leaf out of the book of that most prudent and sagacious of artists, who wrote under his picture, "This is a Bear; and by clapping a mop of whitened hair over his own capillary attractions, triumphantly attests that "This is a Gentleman."

Is this, then, the reason why barristers wear wigs? or shall we go further to look for worse ones? Here, in this civilised land of ours, we have a complex system of jurisprudence. So far so good. We have a profession devoted to its interpretation and administration. Good again. But why the members of that profession—separating themselves from those of others—why, when clergymen, medical men, artists, authors, merchants, manufacturers—what you like—clothe themselves according to the conventional usages of society in general, barristers should set up a fashion of their own—a fashion neither more useful nor ornamental than the tattooing of New Zealand, or the ochre-smearing of North America—is a point only to be established by the ingenuity of one of their own tribe, hired to make white black, and the worse the better cause, at so much per hour.

Gentlemen, is your learning on the out or the inside of your skulls? Does it lie in the region where Samson's strength had its abode? Are you wiser because hairier? Of course you regard the questions as very impertinent. Are you sure you know the difference between pertinent and impertinent? If so, prove it, by sending your gowns to the sign of the Black Doll, and making over your wigs for hens to lay eggs in.

Again. Now do tell us how it is that the barber and the tailor help you in your arguments. Point out to us one reason why a jury cannot be as effectually addressed; a rule to compute as eloquently moved for; a respectable witness as completely bullied, or a reprobate of a pickpocket as triumphantly advocated, without a thing like a white-washed crow's nest upon your head, as with that ornament.

We have heard it said—"A Barrister wears a distinctive badge" (the word recalls the cabmen to our minds) "in order to procure instant admission to the courts in which he practises." But it so happens that the courts are open to all her Majesty's subjects, just as freely as to those among them who date their

letters from the Temple. It will be rejoined, "But it is reasonable that the barristers should have the preference, as having business to attend to." Now, other people have business in court as well as barristers; and it strikes us that plaintiff and defendant have some slight claims to priority over Mr. Briefless, who has lounged as dumb as a flat-fish for ten years over the back benches. Again, Solicitors have something to do with the business in hand. Do they find it necessary to present a "free order," in the shape of a tic-wig? Witnesses too, reporters, clerks, and so forth, have a recognised right to enter, and a status in the court; but do they exhibit their status and their right in abounding horse-hair? The plea, then, that the wig is a useful mark of distinction must be given up.

Let us take other ground. We have heard it urged that wigs were useful in a sanitary point of view; that their owners were obliged to be continually rushing through cold draughts, from one hot court to another; that it would be very inconvenient to carry hats about, seeing that in the squeeze and bustle of a court, learned gentlemen might very frequently, by unlucky accidents, confer the favours on these useful articles which hens do on eggs—namely, sit on them; and that wigs, being warm, portable, and squeezeable, preserved, without risk to themselves, the learned caputs under them, at a tolerably equal and health-bestowing temperature.

Now, if wigs be classed with comforters, bosom-friends, and bits of flannel, it strikes us, that in order to avert such catastrophes as colds in the head, and so forth, they ought only to be worn in *transitu* from one court to another. If they keep the wearer warm enough in the chill of Westminster Hall, they must certainly produce the sign and symbol of labour—the "sweat of the brow," in the court of Queen's Bench; while, if they merely keep up a pleasant temperature within the folds of the dark-green curtain, they must certainly leave the wearer in a teeth-chattering condition when he steps without it.

Taking, however, a non-professional, and therefore common-sense view of the matter, it strikes us, that if anything was ever pregnant with discomforts to the poor persecuted head, it is the huge bundle of coarse hair placed over its natural covering. To our eye, as many head-aches lodge in these whity-brown curls as in a bottle of brandy, consumed in an evening, by a formidable continuity of "goes;"—and further, to prove the fact from the

mouth of one of the victims, we beg to direct attention to the following precious piece of worse than tomfoolery, which actually occurred in one of our principal tribunals a week or two ago—just as if intended expressly to serve our present purpose :—

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, MAY 22nd.—Their Lordships entered the Court in full-bottomed wigs ; the Queen's Counsel also wore wigs of a similar description.

After their Lordships had gone through the bar the peremptory paper was called on.

Mr. Martin begged to be allowed to mention the case of Stockdale and Benn, and Benn and Stockdale, the learned Counsel having on his ordinary wig at the time.

The Lord Chief Baron—"Mr. Martin, I question whether you are visible to-day."

Mr. Martin said that he was about to state to their Lordships that he found it a considerable inconvenience to wear the heavy full-bottomed wig.

The Lord Chief Baron—"I fear, Mr. Martin, that you must appear in costume."

Mr. Martin—"I really cannot wear these wigs, my Lord. I am sensible of the ill effects of it for a week after."

Mr. Baron Alderson—"You should bear the inconvenience, on account of the increased dignity, Mr. Martin.—(*A laugh.*) It may appear to you a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Mr. Martin—"It really does, my Lord."

Mr. Baron Alderson—"But you cannot appear without having on your marriage garment."—(*A laugh.*)

Mr. Chambers said that they had been misled by the Judges in the Queen's Bench having come into Court in the ordinary small wig.

Mr. Martin here bowed, and retired.

We were about to ask whether the sittings in Banco were held in Bedlam or not ; but we beg pardon—we shall not insult Bedlam by supposing for one moment that such a scene could have occurred among the very maddest of all its mad inmates.

We feel for Martin, unhappy Martin, doomed to headaches of a week's duration—all the misery of dry mornings after wet evenings, and without the fun. Minus the full-bottomed wig, he was "invisible," unseen, or only to be seen when like an owl in an ivy bush. The wig was visible but not the counsel ; the wig, then, is the essence and the substance of the counsel. A counsel is a wig, a learned gentleman is a thing made of horse-hair. The heavy facetiousness of the judge is heart-rending. A wig, too,

it seems, is a legal "marriage garment." Law, it is to be presumed, is the bride. Now, considering the number of learned gentlemen admitted to the state of holy matrimony with that parchment-skinned vixen, it strikes us that the parties run a desperate chance of the penalties for bigamy. But who shall fathom the glorious fictions—who shall reconcile the exquisite anomalies even of metaphorical phrases connected with that riddling, hoaxing man-trap—Law?

A word in earnest to conclude with. The progress of society is manifestly towards conformity of costume; the advancing democratic spirit is to be seen even in the identical cut of a lord's coat with that of his tailor. The time is going by for ranks and professions to be indicated by attire. The doctor no longer sucks his gold-headed cane; the apprentice no longer wears his skull-cap. Let barristers move on with the current. "Shooting," as soon as possible, the rubbish of ancient prejudice and mediæval quackery, let us see them dressing themselves as common sense and the ordinary usages of society dictate, and wisely resolving that the appropriate costume for any gentleman who may insist on sticking to the gown and wig, is to be found in a shaved head and a strait waistcoat.

ANGUS B. REACH.

MORE LIGHT FOR ALL.

"Light! Lord! more Light!" cried Göethe as he lay
 Calmly awaiting the approach of death,
 Himself a light, yet with his latest breath
 Seeking for light, light of a purer ray:
 So we for "Light! more Light!" should ever pray;
 Not merely live to grope about like moles,
 But act as creatures having eyes and souls,
 And seek a brighter intellectual day.
 Oh! let us then, we of the present age,
 Strive to make mind triumphant over might,
 To realise the wishes of the Sage,
 And out of mental darkness call up "Light."
 Truth must shine forth, fell wrong, dark error fly,
 If "Light! more Light!" be still *our* constant cry.

R. V. HAYDAY.

THE RUINED CITY : A FRAGMENT.

BY ———.

PART I.

I WAS unfaithful to the truth ;—and what has been my punishment ?—To wander through many lands and many slow-moving ages, and see the effects of error, and the strivings of the few faithful ones among mankind to overcome the darkness of those wholly ignorant, and the unfaithfulness of those partially illumined. I have seen how one false word has acted through centuries, and brought forth its fruits of battles, confusions, and death. I have seen how the chosen guardians of the lamp of truth have cast a shade over its rays, and left the nations for ages to wander in the gloom. I have seen, indeed, my own error set forth on a large scale, upon the theatre of the world, and I have repented of it, not altogether, I hope, in vain. I have whispered some words of truth in the ears of the people among whom I have sojourned during my long pilgrimage, and my course has not been without some bright days ; for have I not seen even the fruits of my own actions, apparently lost upon one generation of mankind, springing up in another to cheer me with their fragrance ? When I have told all that my pilgrimage has taught me—when I have given to my fellow-men all the lessons which I have learned by marking the progress of their history—when I have established a claim upon their love, and when I feel and know that they will love me for all I have endured for them—then I may lay my staff aside, close my journal of many centuries, put off my sandals, breathe my blessing upon mankind—and take my rest ! But one labour remains for me now to perform. I must tell my story. But I must hasten over the ground, for it is vast, and there are tracts of it as barren as Sahara. I must hasten through the time, for it is long, and sometimes it has flowed by me dreary and wearisome as an arctic night. My reader must prepare for himself wings to pass with me from land to land, and from age to age. But sometimes I shall find rest and refreshment for him, if he will accompany me on the long journey of reviewing my life, in pleasant and quiet

places among dear friends, now in heaven, with whom I have sometimes forgotten all my sorrows, and seen nothing of the long winding path that still lay before me. My story will not be all of sorrow and desolation; for how could that be true? I have walked under cloudy skies, and I have walked in sunshine. I have wandered through deserts, and I have strolled through gardens. I have, prudently, entitled the narrative I am about to write, "A Fragment;" for how can I hope to have either courage or time sufficient to tell all that I have seen, heard, known, and suffered? The question is, what part of my story I must tell. Let none imagine that I am writing for fame, or to amuse the minds of the present age. Fame! I have seen and heard too much of it to care for it. I know a mightier voice than that of public opinion. I know the voice of the Truth sounding through all ages, heard, now and then, by some awe-struck soul, above all the noise and bustle of ephemeral life. Fame! I could cover a ream of paper, closely written, with the names of those whom I have known famous in their day, now forgotten, gone like the down swept by the wind from a thistle four thousand years ago. Fame! I care indeed for the voice of the world; but it is the world of all past and all coming ages—the whole world!—for the passing breath of that little part that exists just now, it moves me no more than the feeblest, dying, evening breeze stirs the deeply-rooted mountain. Men who would criticise what I write, do so if it amuses you; but, meanwhile, I am calmly looking into the vast future in which you and all your works will be lost as rain-drops in the ocean.

I write not for the amusement of the people. Literary idler! turn away to other pages: I have no tales to tell such as you would like to hear. I could, indeed, fill for you a host of volumes with antiquarian curiosities, such as all your poring over old records can never bring to light; I could tell you stories of the Arabian prophet, the earnest dark-eyed enthusiast, whom I knew from his boyhood to his death, and other similar rarities; but I have a greater work to do. The work that is urgent is to give the *moral* of my existence, and my pen must not forget its purpose amid manifold descriptions of my wanderings in China, India, Palestine, Arabia, and interior Africa. I must mark out narrow limits for myself, and write so that these whose breath is but as a morning vapour, which appears but a little while and then vanishes away, may have time to learn, in the compass of a few pages,

the lessons produced for their benefit by the experience of many centuries.

Let me give here, in a few words, the purport of all I have to tell ; and this will be enough to turn away the mere idler, the amusement seeker, from my pages. Know, then, that the Truth is eternal, and must always fulfil itself in the world. But it may be fulfilled by men in two ways ; either willingly and happily, or unwillingly and unhappily. To be its friends or its victims—this is the only choice left to men. To *go with* it, is to be carried along victoriously, far above all time and fate :—to *oppose* it is to stand in the way of a planet in its irresistible movement ; nay, to stand in the way of the whole living, moving universe, and be crushed to dust ! Is this hard to be understood ?—I will make it plain. First, then, would you know what I mean by the Truth ? you shall be told without the use of any difficult words. It is that in which the life and well being of all creatures consists. Shall I tell you more plainly ? That happy world of which all prophets have spoken ; that world where every man shall know his work, and be permitted to do it, and where every part of the work of humanity shall have its share of honour ; where men shall know how to dwell together, and help each other in the development of all that is good and beautiful—that is the truth towards which the world has been striving on through a thousand errors and delusions ; and according to his influence in promoting or hindering that truth, and its reign upon earth, must every man and all his works be judged. Humanity must come to know its own true interest at last, and will pronounce a final and authoritative verdict upon all its members, as to whether they have been faithful or unfaithful to it.

The light of the past—the light of history—is a prophetic radiance for the future. I have seen so much of the past that I know what will come in the future. What I have first to do is to select such a portion of my past history as shall serve best as a warning to the present. I may be led aside into some digressions of memory which may serve to amuse the reader who will attend to the more serious part of my narrative ; but I shall chiefly confine myself to recollections of those events which appear to be most pregnant with instruction for the present times. “The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be.”

I once lived as the legislator of a great and mighty nation. I was then numbered with the rulers, and counted a man of power.

and influence, not a lonely student or a poor obscure wanderer such as I am now. I make my confession at the outset of my tale. I was not true and faithful in the use of the power confided in my hands. I employed it for the few rather than for the whole of the people. I acted from motives of present expediency rather than faith in eternal justice. Even now I seem to hear the sentence pronounced upon me by my opponent, the man for the people, the man for all times, whose name indeed is lost but whose spirit (and *that* was all he cared for, still lives and works in the world. Said he : " You have resisted the progress of truth and justice ; you have added to the hardships of humanity, and now all the evil to which I would sentence you is, that you might live to see and feel the consequences of your own false principles, until you repent of them ! " This denunciation has been fulfilled : I, who would not be warned and guided by the light of prophecy, have been converted and made to know eternal truth by the progress of history ; and now, as one of the fruits of my repentance, I wish to give to my fellow-men, in these pages, the lessons which I have gained in the severest of schools—that of experience. I may give the purport, the aim of my labour, at the outset, and here it is :—to teach man to be guided by the kindly light of true prophecy into those truths of which they have hitherto been convinced only by the hard, irresistible facts of history—this has been and is the true aim of every philosopher and philanthropist. I shall explain this sentence fully as I proceed with my story. My political opponent to whom I may give the name of Constantine) was a man well worthy of remembrance. I always honoured him in my heart though, while he lived on earth, I sometimes joined with others in calling him a dreamer, a visionary, a fool, and all such names as the vagabond pseudo-prophets among the Jews, no doubt, applied to Isaiah. Constantine was the man for all mankind and for all ages :—I was the man of the day. His rule was *right*—mine was *expediency*. He consulted the one eternal interest of universal humanity—I trimmed between the petty interests of a few classes of society. Constantine was great inwardly, and really—I was great outwardly, but only in show. He had all the world against him, but eternal, unwearying, unconquerable truth on his side ; I had all the seeming world of the so-called great and noble on my side, but everlasting truth and justice were arrayed against me. He acted so as to be found right at the last day (which comes every day, every hour, every moment ; for justice

lives and acts eternally); I acted so as to *seem* right in the eyes of men for the present day. He was a good and true man—I was a partisan. I have said it was a great nation of which I was the legislator. Our commerce extended far over the seas; the triumphs of our industry were displayed in many lands. We levelled mountains, made viaducts over valleys, crossed rivers with noble bridges, built enormous warehouses, sent forth famous vessels, and gathered into our treasury the taxes paid by millions. Yet we were not happy: the richest, the noblest, the mightiest among us were not happy. We never felt the strength and health of knowing that we were right. We did not walk upon the firm basis of permanent truth and justice, but upon the sandy, slippery ground of temporary expediency. At heart we knew this, though we did not dare to confess it to each other. But, to explain more fully my own conduct and that of my fellow statesmen, I must describe more particularly the condition and circumstances of the country which we governed.

The institutions of the country were the growth of ancient time, and traditionally derived from various sources. They formed altogether a curious balance of opposite tendencies, which might easily be disturbed by any powerful reigning party in the state. For instance, there was such a mixture of monarchy and democracy in our constitution that it could vibrate from despotism to anarchy. The people had originally acquired for themselves the right of electing a certain number of their own rulers; but in practice this right had been so abused and neglected, through a long course of time, that it had become more a show than a reality of popular representation. In the same manner our religious institutions, which were originally of the most simple and benevolent character, had become so complicated with old prejudices and party interests that their truly noble primitive design had almost vanished from the sight of the people.

The history of corruption and injustice is essentially the same in all countries: it has everywhere its period of rank, unwholesome flourishing, and it hastens to involve itself and all things connected with it in destruction. I shall not, therefore, stay to recount all the causes which had conduced to the corrupt state of our country during the time of my administration, but shall briefly notice a few of the more striking features of our condition.

First, then, I must notice the portentous appearance of the extremes of wealth and poverty in the country. The wealthy

showed like precious diamonds, scattered here and there among heaps of rubbish. Our palaces and mansions were like jewels set in broad frames of misery and penury. We had here a man materially deified, and there crowds of men materially little better than the brutes. I cannot paint this fact of our condition in colours striking enough. Our aristocracy, civil and spiritual, was like a Goshen, full of light and luxury, while the rest of the country was like Egypt with all its plagues. For *one* man we had a vast mansion, and a park like a sylvan world around it, varied with lakes, woods, meandering walks, shaded seats, waterfalls, parterres, and all the pleasing fancies of landscape gardening ; for the thousands living around him, with ears, eyes, hearts, and minds like his own, we had hardly room to allow them to see the light and feel the fresh air ; they dwelt in miserable hovels, and if they moved abroad, could hardly stir beyond the hard pavements of our towns without committing a trespass. All things were cultivated among us, before fair human charity and the general well-being of the people. We were fond of piece-meal reforms, but did not like to view evils in their whole connections ; so, while on one hand we kept in sharp exercise a severe penal code, on the other we nourished the corrupt tendencies of society, from which crimes are sure to be produced. We surrounded the poor, that is the great body of the people, with every possible temptation to crime, and then banished them from a country which it was scarcely a hardship to leave, or deprived them of an existence which we had never taught and helped them to cultivate and employ in a rational and happy way.

The metropolis of our country was a monster city, which, in a great measure, monopolised the wealth and intelligence of all the provinces. To this centre flowed all the lovers of pleasure, refinement, power, riches, and luxury ; and so formed, as it were, a splendid head begirt with jewels, while the body was pining and dressed in rags—a gay, gilded, glittering cupola upon a structure insecurely founded, and badly built. The splendours of our aristocracy were not like the topmost boughs of a healthy tree, glorious in the sunshine, but rather like too costly exotic flowers, forced from the soil at the expense of the nutriment which should have supplied more useful productions.

PART II.

It will be asked, "What were the religious principles prevailing in the country just described?" Here, indeed, lay the source of all our errors. Our religion had been corrupted. In its origin it was simple and self-proving. Its precepts were the rules of eternal right. It arrayed poverty, humility, and benevolence against all the wealth, power, and malevolence of the world -- and conquered. Then it fell into the hands of arrogant men, who thought they could improve it. It kept its name for many centuries, but lost its spirit. It was a notorious fact, that just in proportion as this change took place, all the true effects of the original religion were lost; and yet our churchmen (they would not call themselves by the old fashioned name) were in love with their imaginary improvements. It is a fact, that so great was the change produced in the course of time, that, had any one recommended a return to the original practice, he would have been derided as little better than a madman. For instance, one of the most undoubted rules of the old piety was, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." Now, the head-magistrate of our religion would ride in sumptuous array through thousands of his destitute fellow-men; and not only did this excite no surprise, but any hint of its inconsistency would have been received with perfect contempt. In short, our religion contradicted its ancient self at every point: it was exactly the system which it was *not* intended to be, and produced all the evils which it was designed to destroy.

To this master evil I must attribute all the errors and vices of our secular policy; for I cannot believe that these would have been possible in a state guided by a true religion. As a proof of this, I refer to our treatment of the poor. One standard principle of our policy was, that the *poorer* the subject, the *heavier* should be the burdens laid upon him. Poverty had led many into vice: to cure this, we resolved to punish poverty itself as a crime. A churchman and two or three political quacks made a great discovery, that the existence of a great number of the poor was a most serious error in nature, which must be corrected by severe measures. Here it was found necessary to make another alteration in our old religion, which said, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Our quacks thought little of contradicting their Creator; and so they decreed that, when a married pair were found in destitution, they should be separated, and placed in confinement.

The souls of the poor were treated even as their bodies. It was declared by our old religion, "That the soul be without knowledge is *not* good," and facts clearly proved that a great majority of the crimes committed in our land were the results of the most brutish ignorance. Yet when plans were proposed to teach our people to read, think, and understand, at least, the most simple duties of men, it was objected that this could not be done without a violation of our religious faith! This is a fact, however strange it may seem in the present day. Parties otherwise strongly opposed to each other in their political and so-called religious notions, all agreed in this decision, that the people should be kept in ignorance.

This may appear so utterly incredible in the present enlightened age, that I must give some specimens of the arguments by which this decision was defended. Here are two, which I have heard often repeated by the greatest authorities of our church. One said, "Knowledge is good, as water is good; but its merit depends entirely upon the channel by which it is conveyed. If you cannot have iron water-pipes, you must have earthen ones—anything rather than let people die of thirst:—but knowledge is quite another thing—if you cannot distribute it through the only proper channel, our church, the people must go without it—that's all!" Another said, "Knowledge, especially religious knowledge, is a very good thing, if you can give it in what I call a complete form; but if you cannot do this, give *none* at all. That is my principle. If I cannot give a beggar 1000*l*. I will not give him a penny: if I cannot show a poor traveller all the way to London, I will not point him to the nearest town. I like to have things *complete*." These were all the arguments I ever heard in favour of the system of ignorance; but they prevailed. The whole nation gravely sat down after the debate, saying—"It may be inconvenient; but our views of religion must prevent every plan for teaching the poor people." A few simple men had the boldness to say—"Then your views of religion need some supervision, O Christian public!" But these voices were soon silenced by general contempt.

As crowds of our poor, ignorant, and half-starved people were fit for nothing else, we made soldiers of them; and our politicians generally contrived to keep up a little warfare somewhere (our eastern colonies were convenient for this purpose), by which our

redundant population was drawn off. Thousands of our young men wandered about at our fairs and wakes, saying "We want work to do and bread to eat!" "Come with me!" said the recruiting sergeant, "and you shall have more, you shall shoot men and win glory!" "I care nothing about glory and shooting," said the ignorant peasant; "but I should like regular meals." "Come with me then," said the sergeant. "Who would follow the plough?" This recruiting sergeant only spoke as his betters had taught him. Clergymen, instead of giving food to the hungry, were seen consecrating (they positively used the Divine Name in the service) banners to be bathed in blood.

At the risk of being disbelieved, I shall add a few further facts. Our country chiefly consisted of two small islands, and of course, our large population was in a great measure dependent upon foreign lands for articles of food and raw materials for manufacture. Now it was gravely argued by all the leaders of our aristocracy, that the best means of prosperity for such a country must be to tax imports of the necessaries of life. This was done! It was said that the sea was an uncertain road for our supply of corn to travel over, though the fact was, we had the command of the sea. It was also stated, that we had been at war with foreign lands. "The greater fools we!" replied some free-traders. "But," it was added, "we may, some day, be at war with all the world." "Not until we are the greatest fools in the world," said the free-traders. "But," said the Duke of B—, "there will be manufactories of all our fabrics throughout the whole of northern Russia and Tartary five or six thousand years hence." "At that time we will consider your objection," said the free-traders.

I must refer to a monster-file of newspapers which I have preserved for full confirmation of the statements I have made, and of hundreds of similar statements that might be made. But was there no corrective agency in our country? What were the people thinking of?—The ground indeed was bad beneath us. It seemed impatient of our weight. There were rumblings and murmurs, and tremblings and emissions of smoke—the usual preliminaries of an earthquake; but we consoled ourselves, saying: "This is nothing to be feared: all this is in the regular course of nature!" So it was—in the course of human nature about to

revenge gross insults and injuries. There was deep and wide discontent among our people; but, for want of good leaders, it knew not how effectually to express itself. Great forces were arrayed against our government; but they were divided and uncertain of plans of action. Nature, at last, seemed to array herself on the side of the people, and by threatening them with famine aroused them to revenge.

We had two insufficient harvests, and the roots upon which a great part of our population (especially in the smaller island) subsisted were destroyed by a blight. The extreme peril of keeping a large portion of our population continually just upon the brink of starvation (and this in one of the most fertile islands on the globe!) had frequently been exposed; but all reasonings were lost upon men who, though adorned with high titles, lay and spiritual, were only distinguished by their larger plunder, which the protection of conventional law gave to them.

At last the people arose, and the indignation which had been gathering for many years of oppression, broke out in a terrible storm.

As the winter came on its gloom was lit up by incendiary fires. We poured our soldiers into the country, and presented what we called justice to the country, in the shape of a host of bristling bayonets, while the maddened people armed themselves against us with the agricultural implements which we had prevented them from employing in a more peaceable way.

Meanwhile there were large and formidable bands of malcontents in the larger island, who had only waited for a favourable opportunity of insurrection. Meetings of tens of thousands were held in the open air all over the country, to denounce the ruling policy. The miners met together in vast congregations on the moors in the north; the manufacturing people refused to labour until our government would resign; and even the peasantry caught the prevailing discontent, and met together to propose carrying out reform with scythes and pitch-forks.

Constantine was the only man in high places who had long been aware of the extent of our peril. He had attached to his views a considerable number of men of intellect and moral influence, whom he now despatched into the disturbed parts of the country, to exhort the people to abandon all unlawful and violent measures, and to convert that which threatened to become a sanguinary contest into a moral argument. These superior and

rational reformers fulfilled their duty often at the risk of their own lives ; but their success was considerable, and to their efforts rather than to any measures of our government the deliverance of our country must be ascribed. The doctrines which they taught were those which Constantine maintained in his addresses to the people.

"The surest signs," said he, "of a people contending, not for wild license, but for *right*, are determination and patience. Lay down these rude instruments of savage warfare. Be men ! Fight morally, intellectually, religiously. Arouse the consciences of your oppressors by the utterance of truth. Spread your convictions until you gain a moral and intellectual majority before which men only armed with steel and gunpowder will quail. If you contend for the right the power is yours, and the victory will surely be yours ; but be patient—if the truth is in you, you will be patient—the work of an age cannot be done in a day. The work of the *mind* cannot be done with clubs and brick-bats. Error is hasty and violent, because it knows that its time is short : truth is patient and forbearing, for it knows that the ages to come will be devoted to its triumphs. Be firm ; be peaceable ; and your children will live to bless the hands that sheathed the sword, and the lips that proclaimed the truth."

Constantine's speeches in the senate were as plain and bold as those which he addressed to the populace.

"Even now it is not too late," said he ; "though we have around us the elements of anarchy, I still believe in the power of honest and benevolent hearts. Let us speak to the people plainly and faithfully, as men should speak to men. Let us confess the errors of our government, and promise that they shall be speedily corrected. Let our aristocracy, if they can, renounce the conventional corruptions which threaten to involve us all in ruin, and return to the normal relations which God has established between the rich and the poor. None will deny that the evils of our present condition are great : our deliverance from them will demand great sacrifices from our selfishness and prejudices ; but the way is simple. We need no new invention : we have had too many improvements upon the old laws which are the basis of that religion which we still profess. To these old laws, and to institutions in accordance with them, let us return. Reverend fathers, who sit here among us to remind us that laws from heaven should preside over all earthly politics, I pray you discharge your duty

more boldly. Exhort the teachers of the people who are under you to lay aside the wordy disputes of centuries as not worth the ink in which they have been written, and to return, both in teaching and in practice, to the original faith. A dozen words out of your inspired book, thoroughly believed and put into operation, will save this nation :—

“WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM.”

“Amen !” said a young sprig of the aristocracy, with an assumed nasal twang like that of a parish-clerk, as Constantine concluded his address. But the prospects of our aristocracy were soon too serious to admit of joking. Many of our country residences were burned and pillaged, and our standing army was insufficient to quell the universal disorder. No doubt, the exertions of Constantine in a great measure softened the violence of the popular storm that was rising ; but in some parts of the country the disturbances were alarming, and especially in the district where my country residence was situated.

I have omitted to mention that my only son was in love with the daughter of Constantine. I had left him in our mansion, near the city, where the disturbance first assumed an alarming character. Unhappily, the popular anger, from which I had made an escape into secrecy, directed itself against my son, though he had never taken any serious part in political affairs. An infuriated mob had taken possession of the city, and filled the streets with curses upon my name and the names of my colleagues in government. The churches were demolished, houses were burned, and at last, the whole fury of the mob gathered around the mansion in which my son had imprudently remained. Meanwhile, in the hour of peril, the daughter of Constantine had found her way to my residence, to exhort her lover to flee from the danger ; but her advice was too late. On all sides the house was surrounded by a gathering crowd of men, women, and children, demanding the surrender of the place, and crying fiercely “Give up the traitor !” For a short time the few servants within the house made a show of defence ; but this only more exasperated the mob : several parts of the house were soon in flames ; doors and windows were crashed, and, as the fierce crowd poured into the rooms, with triumphant shouts and execrations, the daughter of Constantine, overcome with terror, died in her lover’s arms. The house was a smoking ruin

before the military arrived to restore order in the city; and when I returned in the evening, I found my son standing, in dumb despair, beside the blackened pile. He led me to a neighbouring house, where lay the corpse of his promised bride. He stooped and kissed her pallid face; then said, "See, thus mysteriously the innocent suffer for the guilty—Sir, I do not curse the miserable creatures who were her murderers; but I curse that system of policy which degraded these men and drove them to desperation."

The death of that one good and gentle creature had a more subduing influence upon the feelings of the populace than all our military movements. As Constantine followed his daughter to the grave, many of the repentant people walked after him in sorrow. In a few days the agitation of the country subsided, and confidence and hope were restored as it became known that the government was to be placed in the hands of Constantine.

Since then I have wandered to and fro in the earth, repenting of a career of injustice. I have one singular gift by which I can recognize, at a glance, any of the descendants of my once proud and wealthy colleagues in the government. I have seen these sons of noble families reduced to the most degraded situations, and unconsciously bearing the burden of misery which their fathers imposed upon the people. But my experience has some consolation, as I see the spirit of Constantine still living and moving among the people, delighted with the gradual fulfilment of his benevolent designs.

HUMILITY.

LAST eve, a rill of waters soft and clear
 Attuned its gladsome voice; a soothing lay,
 Most eloquent, it fell upon mine ear,
 Making the night pass musical away.
 The spirits of all happy thoughts seemed near,
 Granting the heart sweet holiday from fear
 Of worldly griefs, and heavy cares of day.
 And lo! anon the moon shone o'er the earth,
 Revealing, half in shade, the streamlet's birth.
 A mortal symbol did the view display:
 That little fount a type of some fair life
 That through the lights and shadows in its course
 Passes, unmindful of world pomps or strife,—
 Its death as peaceful as its quiet source.

W. BRAILSFORD.

CRINKUM CRANKUM,

THE MAN WHO WENT STRAIGHT FORWARD DOWN CROOKED LANE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PURGATORY OF SUICIDES."

CRINKUM CRANKUM always had a will of his own: I mean, his grandmother and the elderly ladies of the family used to say so. But whether they really knew anything about it, or only spoke from guess, I will not undertake to say. I am the more diffident about making any assertion on this point, from the fact that Master Solomon Soundcap, the village apothecary, who knew every argument in Jonathan Edwards by heart, always maintained that the question of the will was one with which his neighbour Crinkum ought never to be mixed up. Master Solomon's notion was, that the whole family of the Crankums had invariably been governed by whim rather than will.

"The will, sir," Master Solomon would say, suspending any compounding operation in which he happened to be busied, and laying his forefingers across, while he looked as potently logical as any pleader at Equity,—“the will, sir, is too high a faculty to be confounded with the mere fits and starts of a man who never looks before he leaps; it is determined by motive, and is, therefore, a faculty related to the human reason or understanding, not to the passions. A man who is governed by impulse, or rather, who is under no government at all, ought to be regarded as a mere compages of gross animal matter, through which runs the smallest modicum of nervous fluid, just to render it sensitive. And such, sir, are the constituents of all the Crankums: *ergo*, you may safely assert that my neighbour has whims, but not a will of his own.”

Now, I do not say that Master Solomon Soundcap convinced me that he understood this profound subject any more than did Crinkum Crankum's grandmother. Nevertheless, his mode of argument, with his reputation as a reasoner, were so imposing to one but little acquainted with the mazes of metaphysics, that, as I have observed before, I am somewhat diffident of placing my own immature opinion in contradiction to his.

But Crinkum Crankum himself had no doubt that his grandmother was right. He never designed to parley with Master Solomon whenever the argumentative apothecary proposed to introduce his theory, but would dash his hand in the air, and, with a haughty toss of his head, exclaim, "Pish! pish! pshaw! catchets and quavers! leave your round about jargon, and come to the point at once! I always go straight forward!" "Say so, down Crooked Lane," the subtle compounder of logic and medicine would reply. And then Crinkum Crankum, with a throat swelling and crimsoning with ill-temper, would rush out hastily from the apothecary's shop, as if he were fearful his passion would explode into some less civil phrases than Good night, or, Good-morning.

And why should Solomon Soundcap, or any other of Crinkum Crankum's neighbours, have troubled themselves to thwart him in his family notion that he always had a will of his own—what harm could it do to him?—good-natured people may ask. Was it not better that he should entertain such a notion, than that he should be perpetually palliating a mistake by saying he could not help it, as so many weak people do? Was not this obstinacy in the belief that he had a will of his own infinitely preferable to the vulgar custom of pleading that he was a mere "creature of circumstance," and thereby slipping out of the noose of moral culpableness at every misdemeanour?

Indeed, these questions seem sensible enough at first sight; for a man who obstinately believes that he has a will of his own places himself at once, one would think, in a position of responsibility to society, by acknowledging his capacity to keep, as well as to break, its rules.

Unluckily, the other side of this case of casuistry is unfavourable to the lenient view taken by good-natured people. Crinkum Crankum, like his forefathers, gloried in his belief of having a will of his own, from a self-complacent sense of privilege that it gave him, and thereby dislodged from his own brain every germ of a thought about responsibility, as quickly as it was sown in that torrid soil. In brief: by virtue of having a will of his own, he not only argued that he *could*, but that he *would* do as he liked, and so became excessively termagant in his disposition to subdue the wills of others.

Very strange to say, Master Solomon Soundcap was the only apologist to be found in the parish, whenever his neighbours

uttered their indignant complaints against Crinkum Crankum's displays of despotic humour.

"You mistake the matter, neighbours," it was his wont to argue; "I do not care how energetic a man may be in enforcing his views, if they tend to usefulness or edification. If one wise man can succeed in leading fools to their own interest, and to the aid or augmentation of the general good, I have no objection to his taking the lead, and compelling others to follow him. But, when a man to-day is found proclaiming every one an ass who thinks diverse from himself, and, next week, or next year, having espoused that same asinine way of thinking, brays out an anathema on all who have given it up,—what is to be said for his consistency? Neighbours, I would pound my fingers, instead of this lump of rhubarb, rather than take away my townsman's reputation; but, though I cannot join you in complaining of any man, simply because he is wilful, I must complain because he is wilfully whimsical."

Thus Master Solomon, who, the reader will have discerned, was only half a conservative,—apologised for his neighbour's faults, in the customary mode of neighbourly apologists,—that is, by furnishing the complainant with new grounds of dislike, in lieu of convincing him that his own allegations were ungrounded.

Crinkum Crankum, however, herded neither open complainants nor pseudo-apologists: his life-long habit was to assert every new doctrine which he professed,—and he professed nearly every doctrine in the course of his life,—with equal vehemence and equal dogmatism. He was a great advocate for "Nature," in early life, and would challenge the clergyman of the parish, whenever he met him, to what he called "free discussion;" yet it was only free so far as it afforded Crinkum Crankum a renewed opportunity for abusing the clergyman to his face, and telling him that "some people might be cozened by fables, while others might be intimidated into a tacit profession of what their understandings rejected, lest they should lose caste; but there was one man in the parish, the clergyman must know, who was neither to be deluded nor frightened, for he had a will of his own, and went straight forward."

The mild and inoffensive curate—the vicar being a non-resident—was often hurt by these blustering attacks of Crinkum Crankum, for his meek and sincere nature rendered him incapable of cozening or intimidation. His gratification, therefore, was mingled with considerable alloy when Crinkum Crankum, in the latter part of

his life, became an earnest devotee and punctual attendant on the church service,—wedging the quarto prayer-book under his left arm, after the fashion of his great-grandfather, and proceeding to his pew with solemn visage,—but never acknowledged the impropriety and illiberality of his former course. The curate would, conscientiously, but gently, touch on this topic sometimes; and especially when Crinkum Crankum was in a flourish of attachment to the established religion. A reply he gave to one of Crinkum's most glaring displays of effrontery so deeply chagrined the new churchman that he turned his religious coat once more, and became a "sectarian," to use his own language.

"The fact is, I have a will of my own, sir," said Crinkum, "and therefore I am not to be wheedled by these sectarians."

"And I rejoice that your will has made so profitable a decision as that of returning to the bosom of the church," observed the quiet curate. I humbly trust you acquit me of some motives—shall I say, somewhat ungently attributed to me, a few years ago?" and the clergyman stopped, and smiled, with an expression of the greatest kindness.

"O! as to all that, sir," answered Crinkum Crankum, with his customary toss of the head, "I always act independently; I always tell a man what I think; I never mince the matter; in short, sir, I have a will of my own, and I always go straight forward."

"Alas! I fear it is down Crooked Lane, as our good neighbour Soundcap says," enunciated the curate, almost involuntarily, and through the real welling up of his pity for the man's irreclaimable egotism.

"Good morning, *reverend* sir!" returned Crinkum Crankum, with an ironical emphasis on the syllables of courtesy; and turned his back on the clergyman, to whom he never spoke afterwards.

In his youth, Crinkum was a fiery democrat; and though some of his neighbours uncharitably suspected it was to spite his wealthier cousin, who was a tory, Crinkum himself always maintained that it was, simply and purely, because "he had a will of his own, and always went straight forward." Not at all to the surprise of Master Solomon Soundcap, though it might have surprised some of the shallower students in human nature that inhabited the village, Crinkum, one day in his middle age, set upon the metaphysical apothecary very violently for his very moderate, his mere "milk and water" sentiments, as a conservative; sentiments

which Master Solomon had modestly avowed from early manhood ; while Crinkum had veered completely round to what he himself termed "genuine" toryism.

"I have no patience with such neutral nonsense," burst forth the indignant Crinkum, when he had listened to half a sentence of Master Solomon's considerate speech. "I like to hear a man say what he means, without so much of parenthesis and qualifying of his meaning——"

"But my good friend," interrupted Master Solomon, though he was by no means commonly guilty of that discourteous practice, "if you like to hear a man say *what* he means, you would not like a man to play the hypocrite by saying more than he means, would you?"

"Why, as to that, sir," was Crinkum's stereotyped preface to an answer, "I really do not see the necessity of so much wordiness ; if a man's mind be made up,—and he won't be long about it, if he possesses one,—he will soon express it. People that ask others what they shall think, for certain reasons, sir!"—and here the speaker gave a significant glance at the apothecary's labelled jars and large-bellied bottles ;—"such people, sir, must take time to say their say. But, let me tell you, sir, I have a will of my own, and always go straight forward."

"Down Crooked Lane!" tittered Master Solomon ; whereat Crinkum Crankum turned his heel in high dudgeon, and with the usual resemblance to a turkey-cock about his throat, shunning the apothecary's threshold, as a "stumbling-block of offence," for many weeks after.

On many subjects of jurisprudence, as well as in religion and politics, Crinkum Crankum professed "broad and enlightened" views in his youth. For instance, he was enthusiastic in his praise of humane treatment of criminals, and forsook the evening parlour at the Hop-pole, for five nights, because the landlord,—a man most unusually slender of abdomen,—had no "bowels of mercy," as Crinkum said, and had bluntly declared his satisfaction that a notorious thief and burglar was hung. Yet, in advanced manhood, being on his journey home from the neighbouring market, and having entered into conversation with a Quaker who resided in his village, Crinkum's change of sentiment, but fixity of dogmatism and intolerance, displayed themselves in the following brief conversation :—

"Is it true that you are opposed to the hanging of murderers, Obadiah Terseverse? No! you can't be, I'm sure!"

"Yea, but I can, and I am," replied Obadiah.

"Then you're not a Christian" —

"How so, friend Crinkum? Slander not thy neighbour, who never did thee any harm," interposed the honest religionist.

"Pshaw! none of your cant," was Crinkum Crankum's termagant answer. "How can you be a Christian if you deny the precept, 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed?'"

"Friend, bethink thee!" answered the Quaker, with great mildness; "that was written and spoken before a Christian was heard of" —

"You infidel hypocrite!" burst forth Crinkum; "and so that's the way you shuffle out of a plain commandment! Why, you know as well as I do that we should none of us be safe in our beds if they did not hang every murderer" —

"Is that the way thou interpretest another plain commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill?'" quietly interposed the Quaker, once more.

"O as for that, sir," said Crinkum, somewhat hesitatingly, and a little puzzled, "I shall not enter on any round-about-way to the root of the matter. Without spending five words about it, I tell you, sir, the point is so clear that no man can be sincere who talks as you do: it is but mawkish sentimentalism: mere whining stuff to win a name for humanity. Many people are vastly covetous of a reputation for tenderness of feeling, and" —

"And dost thou remember thy five nights' absence from the Hop-pole?" asked the Quaker, with provoking gravity.

"Zounds!" exclaimed Crinkum, in a towering passion, "do you think I shall ask *you* for a rule of conduct? I have a will of my own, sir, and I always go straight forward."

"Verily, so thou dost," retorted the Quaker, while he restrained his laughter with difficulty; "but, as neighbour Solomon saith, it is down Crooked Lane!"

Crinkum Crankum struck his horse with the spurs, after hurling an unutterable glance of ire at the Quaker, and soon got out of sound of the hearty mirth in which the latter indulged.

I will but note another article in the list of Crinkum Crankum:

countless vagaries, and then have done. Because hard drinking was the perverse fashion when he was young, Crinkum restricted himself to "moderation," as he called it—for the word "temperance," as a monopoly of expression for self-denial in only one kind of viandering, was then unusual. His virtuous scorn of the "mere animals," was, at that time of life, very loudly expressed. Yet he lived to become a two-bottle man, often ; and, now and then, ventured on three—professing, the next morning, in spite of sickness and tormenting head-ache, the utmost contempt for "these new-fangled creatures," the Teetotallers ! Two years before his death, he, nevertheless, fulfilled a prophecy of Master Solomon Soundcap, which astounded the village when they first heard it,—and became a Teetotaller himself.

"I have no faith in any man who takes the total-abstinence pledge and then breaks it," was Crinkum Crankum's charitable observation, at the expiry of one year's water-discipleship ;—and the next evening Crinkum Crankum "took a little wine for his stomach's sake !" Indeed, it was on this occasion, only, in the remembrance of Master Solomon Soundcap, that Crinkum vouchsafed to give a reason for his change of practice.

"And so you have given up the Total Abstinence principles, I learn, friend Crinkum ?" said the apothecary, as he was mixing the quaking veteran of change and positivity a salutary phial of quinine and other tonics.

"Well ?" retorted Crinkum, with a frown, "and if I have ? Do you think I am such a goose as to stick by a custom when I find it injures my health ?"

"O dear, no," exclaimed master Solomon, fairly taken by surprise at hearing Crinkum Crankum condescend to give a common-sense reason for a change of sentiment or conduct.

"Then don't bother me about it," continued Crinkum ; "I tell you I have a will of my own, and"—

But Crinkum Crankum, for very shame, and in dread that he would hear Master Solomon's most unwelcome chorus to the old burthen, once more repeated,—here stopped short, and asked what he had to pay for the phial of medicine.

That was the last time he visited the apothecary, though it was not the last time the apothecary visited him. Master Solomon was wont to say, after Crinkum's death, that the ruling passion was strong within him, even *in articulo mortis* ; for that he appealed to him, Master Solomon the apothecary, very earnestly, as he

poured out the last draught of cordial, whether he had not "always had a will of his own, and gone straightforward?"

"How strange," said I, after some minutes' silence, when the apothecary made this relation; "how strange that the most changeable and most inconsistent of mortals should be the most intolerant!"

"All his weaknesses and errors were traceable to one cause," replied my venerable friend; "he had *never learned to reflect*. And, young man," added the old man, with a significant look, the "Crankums are by no means extinct: they are a numerous family."

RESEARCHES IN BELGRAVIA;

OR,

THE WORKS AND WONDERS OF THE WEST.

LETTER V.—TO MRS. RUSTLER.

DEAREST FRIEND,—

That we have been deluded, authenticates our own simplicity! Unfortunate is the female mind (let the latitudinarian followers of Voltaire, Malthus, and the other votaries of perfidious Apostacy paradoxify truth as they will,) which is incapable of trust. Satisfied of our own security, we can believe in that of others. P—— joins me in thinking that to have discovered Lady Highborough as among the covert followers of Rome, constitutes but a slight stab. Explained is now her frivolity,—her heartlessness to her dependants,—the startling licence of her household,—the gratuitous insult to two unoffending followers of * * * * *. We are both now convinced that the note transcribed in my last, was penned under the influence of Mr. Niblett; who has been seen by Mrs. Pecker from the window, walking along the street. His dress, Mrs. Pecker says, was Priestcraft personified: the waistcoat buttoned across, like Mr. Podd's. Does he ever think of his old friends, you ask? No;—Popish domination, tending to seclude even the English clergy in celibacy, precludes the bare dream of every tender tie. Our angelic P——, I suspect, feels his defection more than she cares to own.

But quit we Babylon for Belgravia, and "let Time," as the poet says, "elucidate what Prophecy is unable to fathom." We have not loosed our sandals for the last two days: we have devoted

ourselves to Royalty : having undertaken, for the satisfaction of our Tinglebury friends, to ascertain the exact truth as regards the state of mind and domestic habits of the Ruler of our favoured clime. To you at Wailford, we may say likewise ;—Rely upon ~~nothing~~ you read in the Newspapers. Garbled views of life are all that you will derive from that organ. Three separate annunciations of our arrival have been forwarded to each, in Mr. Pecker's beautiful writing, but by none been printed !!! This, too, one of us ascribes to Mr. Niblett : for who shall put bounds to the suppressiveness of Jesuitical activity ?—Therefore, you may repose indiscriminate confidence in the following particulars : the derivation of which, we are bound to observe with secrecy. Unlike Actæon, we will not whisper our source to the reeds.

The humanity of our most royal Sovereign, is, perhaps, her most unfeigned characteristic. Her Ladies bask only in her smiles : Her consort salutes her with the most charming freedom. We have reason to be assured (and are anxious to spread the joyful tidings through parts of Tinglebury where the noxious miasma of Dissent stalks like a mocking minister of Lucifer) that in her opinions she is SAFE. They are ours. A letter to The Pope, written in her own hand (H. M. always secretarizing for herself), is said to be a master-piece. P—— is laying a thousand plans for the procuration of a copy. The audacious temerity, even, of a request directly penned by this simple quill, has been strongly pressed upon me. But what am I ? We are aware, however, that H. M. has her eyes on Tinglebury. Mr. Pecker's speeches at the Anti-Cheap Food Association have sunk deep. For the fabrication is a monstrous one, which asserts that our upright Monarch sympathizes with the atrocious measures which are about to convert landed-proprietors into wanderers over the countenance of the Earth ; and their lawns and conservatories into howling wildernesses. The names of Cobden, Villiers, excite paroxysms of distress. H. M. may be constrained : but will not flinch. The author of " Sybil " (whose early work, " Violet," was so long affiliated to Lord Brougham) has been admitted to frequent consultations. Lord George is to be Master of the Horse, when Protection triumphs over dissolute innovations. Mr. Pecker says I am exceeding in this intelligence : but as it is down, it shall go. The brilliant novelist above adverted to, is to be Minister of Public Instruction. Do not be surprised, if you hear of an Inspection of our Schools at Tinglebury from the highest quarters. P—— has done her part : and prepared a hymn for the flattering

occasion, which if sung unexpectedly will produce a pleasing effect, such as no art can snatch.

H. M.'s enthusiasm for the works of creation dawned upon her mind at an infantile era. A Duck was the first royal plaything. Mrs. Pecker on being disturbed late in the night, not long since, by sundry shrill and mysterious noises—is informed by Bridget (whence derived I cannot authenticate) that these are the matutinal cawings of the rare collection of fowl who harbour in the gardens and round the waters of her Majesty's Belgravian Tempe. One note was new to her. She asseverates it to have resembled a salutation between lips, and at no remote distance. But birds, as Mr. Jessamine's "Anecdotes of Billed Intelligence" will have acquainted you, emit peculiarly piercing and strange calls, when day is breaking: and this may have been merely the snapping of the mandibles of the greater Susquehanna Goose, some years ago presented by the Zoological Society to Prince Albert: the non-production of whose progeny has been so serious a disappointment to ornithological expectation in the highest quarters. And having explored the gardens, and perceived how they swarm with the feathered tribe—aware, too, of dear Mrs. Pecker's involuntary desire to magnify simple occurrences, when fear prompts,—I see no reason to gainsay Bridget's natural solution. This may be valuable as a fact to the ovarian collections of your good Mr. Crow—which already number my poor testimonies on many subjects.

The Royal infants are largely indulged with living treasures. The Rabbits of the Heir Apparent have a structure apart; designed by no less a person than one it would be indiscreet to name. Two were given—among other presents, to the Ojibbeway Indians—as likely to foster the sentiment of filial dependence. That the rare monkeys from the Hooghly, which were presented to H. M. by the Belgravian gentlemen of high distinction who found coal for the Emperor of Hyperborean regions, may feel at home—a fire is maintained in the apartment of one of the Ladies in Waiting day and night;—that the precious deposit may not suffer by change of temperature. You have read miserable tales of Royal parsimony—of pictures insufficiently rewarded, and musicians withheld refreshments. Mention the coals devoted to these simple animals, to all who repeat the venom! The fact is so: How honourable to exalted humanity, we, at least, know. P——— heard it with tears in her eyes:—The picture of the Duchess of —— tending this exotic charge, is a *chef d'œuvre* of its aca-

demical master. It will be engraved by Moon's *bürin*. Mr. Pecker proposes it by way of study for such of the sex as indulge in the graceful tasks of the needle and Berlin wool. When Popish saints and Pagan warriors occupy the figures of Christian gentlewomen—surely such a suggestion is not one of Utopian invention! But I need not dilate upon the union of utility with suavity distinguishing all our valuable relative's motions.

What a treat to have visited the garden Pavilion!—where the pleasures of the Dairy, prepared by the neat hands of the royal Phyllis, offer a relaxation from the cares of state—and are surrounded by all the luxurious tribute of modern sculpture and painting. So, the Medicean family, in their halls of terra-cotta and alabaster, fostered the genius of Giorgione and Rosa. This exquisite nook is worthy of a country's palace. Built in the Elizabethan style—one chamber decorated with the severities of Pompeian art—another plaided with the characteristics of the “North Countrie”—the “land of the mountain and the flood,” (the spirit of Scott being-rendered everywhere, by the scrutinising pencil of H. B.)—the central hall devoted to the witcheries of Comus—in which Maclise plays a distinguished part, and Landseer

Glow's like a summer from the mirror'd walls,

—there is, in all this, a variety, an excursiveness—a *chef-d'œuvre*ish intellectuality (to quote the Hon. Mrs. Gore) which speak trumpet-tongued for the tastes of the distinguished pair; and excite proud British hope to anticipate glowingly the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament. Mr. Pecker exclaimed, on entering, “Here is solid progress! Ten years hence, a journey to Italy, in quest of artistic culture, will be rendered futile.” Happy England! when the deleterious South is no longer a place of pilgrimage to thy sons and daughters!

You are wondering, I doubt not, why, ere this I have not chronicled Mr. Pecker's visit to the Collectress, whose invitation I transcribed in my last. My dear friend,—not mine to sully a Christian page with adverting to the devices with which a female, when she has “stooped to folly,” attempts to extend her society. Resolute to uphold the purity without which

“ the shiver'd vase
Nor form nor colour hideth in the depths
Of its most secret heart,”—

not mine be it to dwell upon the horror of our relative on discovering, in his correspondent, one of those fascinating children of

perdition ! Mr Pecker had not passed the threshold ere he became aware of the mistake. We forget to mention the matter in the presence of P — Dear girl ! better preserve her illusive confidence in the non-existence of evil, till maturity shall bring in its train the cruel knowledge ! Till now the dew of her mind has never been ruffled. And Mr. Niblett knows this : capable the while of acting the traitor's part ! Dark will be his account * * * *
Mr. Pecker assures me that *the person* was singularly repulsive in her appearance. This adventure is sacred, too, from his partner. Dear Mrs. Pecker still believes the invitation to have glanced from the sportively mysterious pen of the author of "Cecil," whose similar *brochures*, some years ago, excited a nine days' wonder, which reached the precincts of Tinglebury ;—not ours, as you know, to loiter behind in the transmission of intelligence

Whither have I rambled ? Did you not ask me about dress in Belgravia ? The adaptability which is so essential a feature and privilege of aristocratic taste presides here also. The free circulation of air is insured by the bonnets, which also are arranged so as to admit the summer sun—the last how cheering ! Defence in crowds, too, is provided for by the structural forms of the petticoat. Lady Gale's extreme timidity is said to have originated that sweep of robe which the garish and frivolous French claim to have discovered. Mrs. Pecker thinks the amplitude mercifully calculated, also, to prove a safeguard in the case of railway accidents. The spread of the natural taste which Wordsworth and Cowper have so laudably fostered, keeps pleasing pace with these more sophisticated devices of civilisation. Gooseberries, grapes, and other vegetable productions, are essential as ornaments. Our ingenious P—— promises that your friend's bonnet shall not long be ungraced by a modest sprig of barberries—herself the manufactress ! For singularity, my dear, is what no Christian gentlewoman will desire * * *
Even the simple herbage of the brook claims its part. Nay, we have seen a *panache* of cress, bejewelled with the shells of passing snails, and a *bouquet* of the same, doomed to grace the high-born bosom of the Duchess of ——— ! A wreath of love-apples has been commissioned for Royalty, whose tasteful garnitures were so vividly conspicuous in her recent visit to continental Europe.

Too much, however, of these frivolous themes, introduced merely to show that in small matters as well as in momentous conjunctions, —I am, in the bonds of charity,

Decidedly yours,

DIANA RAIL.

P.S.—A mediæval card, with difficulty decypherable as is its subjunctive pencil date,—“Eve of Saint Romuald,” apprises us of a visit from Mr. Niblett. This open profession of his new views does not shake the current of my soul, with regard to his truancy and its true import. Our sweet P——, however, owns the pill to be bitter, and, I think, has shed tears. But she loves not any should see them fall.

* * * * A period of some days has elapsed since the above was written. What will you say—what will England say—what will Tinglebury and Wailford feel, when it is known that, owing to the interference of the Papal Chair, through the agency of the sovereigns of France and Belgium, the Church is to be stripped by the passing of the Corn Bill? in which, they say, H. M. reluctantly acquiesces. It was wrung from her during the enfeebled state of her approaching maternity! May the Disposer * * * Nothing, Mr. Pecker assures me, can save us. The letting of Tinglebury is canvassed!!! A foreign journey, even, *in prospecto*. One more letter shall you have from Belgravia; but just now my shaken spirits preclude further exercise of the pen.

New Books.

TRAVELS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE, forming the completion of her Memoirs
 Narrated by her PHYSICIAN. 3 vol. 8vo. Colburn.

THIS work professes to be a completion of the memoirs of an eccentric lady, whose character it very much assists in developing, and by no means tends to elevate, either in compass of intellect, or in acquirement. Resolute, or, rather, obstinate, proud, and credulous, this unfeminine woman acquired notoriety among the Asiatics, by the display of qualities that were unbecoming in her sex, and little complimentary to her understanding. Her purse, and aristocratic insensibility to danger, rather than cool intrepidity, backed by her arrogant self-consequence, were qualities quite sufficient to account for the ascendancy she acquired over a few Arab chiefs: this once gained, the respect of their inferiors was a natural consequence. It must be recollected, too, that her English connexions obtained for her the interest of all the diplomatists of her own country—throughout the East. Our ambassador at Constantinople administered to her interests with the Ottoman Porte, and thus everything aided to place Lady Hester in that position of influence among a barbarous people, which flattered her ambition, and made her prefer a state where she could exercise a power grateful

to her ambitious feelings, to being absorbed at home in the common mass of individuals of her station, among whom, the qualities that gained her pre-eminence in Syria would have depressed, rather than raised her in estimation. Destitute, it would appear, of the better feelings of social life, Lady Hester sacrificed everything to her self-love, and attracted towards herself not a single human sympathy. Isolated as she was, her retainers and servants came and left her without a single mark of attachment on their part, or regret upon hers. Her visionary sovereignty, matured by pride, led her on with no very valuable traits, save her indomitable energy, up to the moment of reaction. In her career she resembled her relation, Pitt: obstinacy, even in conscious wrong; the policy that aided her objects before any justice; great miscalculation, and recklessness of consequences,—all these were remarkable in both. The acquirements and cultivated intellect of Pitt were not, indeed, to be traced in Lady Hester, the comparison mainly regards natural, and not acquired tendencies. Destitute of humanity, she could exert her influence with indifference to carry fire and sword among a mountain people, occasioning scenes of ravage and bloodshed among the innocent, to avenge the death of a traveller, murdered by a robber or robbers within their territory; or, with equal indifference, hear the cries of men tortured by the petty despots where she resided, whom one word from herself would have saved—and, in such cases, pleading in justification some absurd axiom about justice and law, arising out of the innate pride of her proud and vain heart. In regard to mind, Lady Hester passed her solitude without books; she seems to have scorned the pleasures of intellect, and was proportionably ignorant and credulous. What can be said for a woman possessing judgment, upon the strength of an old manuscript, with the possession of very small pecuniary means at the time, setting out with a grand cavalcade, to discover the hidden wealth of a dead pacha, having applied for the firmans necessary at Constantinople, perhaps through the English ambassador—God save the mark!—then to go from her residence at Lebanon to Askalon, in order to dig for this imaginary treasure? Under such an authority from the Porte, Lady Hester was honoured with distinctions usually paid to princes only. twenty tents were pitched for her, numerous attendants provided, and an escort of a hundred horse ordered to accompany her, upon a fool's errand. The governor of Jaffa was commanded to accompany her. She had been so credulous as to believe that the English Government ought to pay the expenses of her search, as it would give the name reputation. The Porte was of course to have the treasure he himself could never discover but through her means. She toiled to Askalon with cumulous pomp,—dug,—found nothing but a curious and mutilated statue, which she barbarously ordered to be broken up, because she would not have it said she came to look for statues for the English. Then, bereft of her escort, she journeyed back, crest-fallen, to her habitation in Lebanon. The whole affair exhibits a poor picture of her judgment, and a good one of *her pride, that fed itself upon the achievement of presenting millions of*

buried treasure to the Porte ! The whole affair was pitifully ridiculous. Lady Hester's connexions in England, and her eccentricities combined—the last always attractive of notice—made her a wonderment, after all, scarcely worth the noise made about her here.

The present volumes are far more valuable for the disclosures they afford relative to the manners and dispositions of the natives of Syria, whether Turks, Arabs, or Druses, than for what they contain about Lady Hester, with her shrewd and eccentric coarseness. In this respect they are very interesting, and the loss of some of the author's journals is, on that account, to be deplored. We have travels and tours enough over highways and byways, that describe with sufficient generality every common-place object in nature or art—we are saturated with such ; but there is a great paucity of travels that embrace accounts of the domestic life, conversation, personal habits, and modes of thinking of foreign nations. Of those in the East, more especially, we know scarcely anything. This narrative gives a considerable insight into the domestic life of the East, nor does it present so repulsive a picture as we have been accustomed to see in previous accounts. The advantage of a medical character introduced the narrator into several harems, more properly har'yms, in the language of the East, and the pictures he draws of the fair recluses are not at all sombre. The Druses, both males and females, are a singular race ; their tenets and forms of religious worship do not seem to be fully understood, but it is clear they have been much misrepresented. The habitation of Lady Hester Stanhope was, for some time, at the convent of Mar Elias, at no great distance from Sayda, or Sidon of old, which is situated on the sea near where the mountain ridge of Lebanon begins to rise. Ascending for about half a mile to the first ridge of elevations, then descending into a deep valley, and again ascending a second and loftier mountain, by a miserable road barely practicable for the asses of the country, a quadrangular stone building was reached, consisting only of a single story, with a flat terraced roof. This building inclosed a small paved court, square, with a little mound of earth in the centre, a few flowers and a couple of orange-trees. The rooms were whitewashed, without tables or chairs, but some of them had long sofas of solid masonry built up against one of the walls. At one corner of the building was a small chapel with an altar in it, and on a staircase leading to the roof was a discoloration in the wall caused by the corpse of a late patriarch, walled up there, sitting in a chair, and giving out a most offensive smell in that warm climate, although embalmed. The site was picturesque, but lonely and barren, being on a summit destitute of verdure and surrounded with sterile mountains. A few olive and mulberry trees grew at the back of the building, which commanded a vast view, over an almost shipless sea, only distant about two miles. The interior of the building consisted of three good rooms on one side ; two occupied by Lady Hester and her maid, one serving as a drawing-room. A kitchen, and couple of storerooms, occupied another side, and three small rooms,

a wine and oil cellar completed the palace of the visionary Lady, so that her physician and some others of her retainers were lodged in cottages without her abode, at a poor village called Alza, a quarter of a mile away. Destitute, it would appear, of every intellectual resource, it is wonderful how this singular woman could pass her time, for now she dropped all communication with Sayda. She had been indisposed soon after her arrival, and on her recovery her character seemed much changed. She adopted the simplest habits almost to cynicism; showed in conversation a vigorous mind in describing men and things, and almost prophesied some of the events that occurred in Europe, although not so fortunate in prediction as to the Askani treasures, the deposit of the deceased Pasha el Gezzar. It was at Mar Eneas that she seems to have formed a resolution of taking up her abode in the East, and began to adopt the customs of the orientals. She affected disgust for England, and fancied she might remain in quiet on Mount Lebanon, looking down in disdainful contemplation on the vicissitudes and follies of the world—herself out of their reach.

During this sojourn of Lady Hester, the author had ample time and opportunity for examining the country in the vicinity, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants. His account of the Druses here is interesting. With Lady Hester the narrator visited Palmyra and Damascus. The last a city full of interest, populous and flourishing as in earlier times. His visit to Palmyra is interesting, and still more the reception there of Lady Hester. A snow storm on a journey in such a climate encountered by the travellers, must have been a great novelty. Baalbec was visited by the narrator, and the wonderful ruins in which there are stones sixty-eight feet long, seventeen wide, and nearly fourteen thick, about a mile from which the country is described as exceedingly beautiful. After seeing as much of the country as it was possible under very favourable circumstances, and remaining for several years, the author of the present travels left Lady Hester and set out for Europe. He proceeded in the first place to Cyprus of which he gives some account, and then sailed in a French vessel to Marseilles.

In glancing over these volumes it is impossible not to perceive that the author has laboured under disadvantages in having lost no inconsiderable portion of his journals. At the same time, we are not disposed to rate his descriptive powers very high. He must have sojourned in localities calculated to kindle into a flame the poetry of journeying—the life of description, imparted not merely by observations, but combined association; yet we find that no genial warmth cheers us as we are led by him over scenes of brilliant historical renown, places hallowed by religious recollection, or sown with the dust of perished empires. Certain facts we have most undoubtedly, but their relation seems to hint that we might have had more. There are, in fact, two or three descriptions of travellers who publish, besides those who have no object but to see their names in print, and we would place the author of the

present narrative among those to whom we confess a limited obligation, the burden of which he might have rendered much more onerous, had he bestowed a little more of the ability he undoubtedly possesses, in giving us less of the mere journal, and more of those delineations of scenes and characters which are so interesting and instructive. We must confess the more he discloses to us regarding the heroine of his work, the less interest and sympathy we feel towards her. The masculine qualities sit ill upon a woman, and the career of Lady Hester Stanhope will rather furnish a beacon to her sex for the avoidance of similar extravagances, than a temptation to imitate them. Placed as she was, and supported externally by our diplomatists with money at her command, herself full of energy, almost her only valuable quality, nothing that she did can excite rational wonder except the poverty of her taste displayed in the choice of her society and the coarseness of her habits. Still we must acknowledge our debt to the author for putting in our power the means of forming a judgment to which, when our readers have perused these volumes—which we recommend them to do,—we are very sure they will assent.

THE HISTORY OF EGYPT FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TILL THE CONQUEST BY THE ARABS. By Samuel Sharpe. A New Edition. 8vo. Moxon.

WHILE Greece and Rome, after the revival of learning, dazzled the world with the history of their past greatness, that of Egypt ceased to excite curiosity. The country that was a giant upon the earth for more than a thousand years anterior to the semi-civilised Greeks sitting down before Troy, was only nominally remembered from the capture of Alexandria by Amrou to the expedition of Napoleon. The recital of a solitary traveller now and then awakened a momentary curiosity about its long-remembered site, and prevented the pyramids themselves from being forgotten, but anything novel respecting this nursing mother of learning and the arts no one anticipated. A change has suddenly taken place. The land of Memnon has been raised from the dust of ages. Commerce has again made it the highway to India as it was in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, and all which relates to it is become a matter of considerable interest. This revival, followed by discoveries connected with the antiquities and language of the oldest among the family of nations, seemed to point out the necessity of such a work as the present. However deficient in materials relating to the history of Upper Egypt Mr. Sharpe might find himself, his task was a most useful one, from its placing all available materials in a connected form; and he appears to have fulfilled it with laborious diligence and most persevering research. He has rallied every available authority around his purpose, but until the Thebaid fall to the rank of a province, almost all that can be had recourse to for guiding the historian is drawn from Manetho, Diodorus, and one or two other writers, and this period embraces, at the lowest, the space of a thousand years. Mr. Sharpe has recourse also to sacred history for a part of his materials, but these

afford no aid in settling the chronology at this early period, as that of the Jews themselves cannot be relied upon. Here Mr Sharpe, though he very properly makes his statements as to dates hypothetical, seems to increase the difficulty about the enormous increase of the family of Jacob, even in the space of time allotted by Josephus and the Septuagint, though it is doubled with more show of reason, in our Masorite copy. Mr. Sharpe allows but a century for the family of Jacob to increase so as to enumerate six hundred thousand men capable of carrying arms, from B.C. 1400 to 1300. It must be confessed that the chronology of Egypt before the reign of Shishak is wholly obscure, and that, unless the existing inscriptions on the ancient monuments still standing should chance to afford a clue to explain the perplexity, it is never likely to be otherwise than it remains at present. In many points, and in regard to certain facts, the Pentateuch has been of considerable service in composing the present History. Indeed the authorities had recourse to in the progress of the work show a most laudable zeal to bring every possible light upon the subject—a zeal too seldom paralleled.

The kings of Lower Egypt begin with Shishak, B.C. 990, who conquered the Thebaid and annexed it to his own kingdom as a dependent province. The race of kings of Lower Egypt, governing for four hundred and sixty years, was overthrown by the Persian barbarian Cambyzes, and from that time—thanks principally to Herodotus, the history of this interesting country becomes much clearer and more connected; but little or nothing more is gained in knowledge about the Thebaid, or the wonderful city that was spoken of by Homer as that of the hundred gates, through each of which it could send forth two hundred men and chariots to battle, but thus evidently spoken of by the blind bard without any precise knowledge of its wonders. Mr. Sharpe follows the history of the Persian dominion to its conclusion. Next he depicts Egypt under its Greek conquerors, Ptolemy Soter, and the other Ptolemies down to Cleopatra; then as a Roman province; and, finally its conquest by Amrou and the Mahometans, when Alexandria, which had been the refuge of all the learning of the time, completed the triumph of the barbarians of the crescent, and the last relics of existing wisdom and experience treasured in the library there, were employed for six months to heat the ovens of the city. Thus the pictured mind of the antecedent world may be said to have been consumed, and the connection of our own with it for ever cut off.

All these things are detailed in a lucid manner, and in a style that well becomes the gravity of historical narrative. There is no assumption, no effort at display, nothing florid nor gibberish in touching upon some circumstances that might have afforded the temptation to deviate into such a style. The work is rather characterised by a sober earnestness, carrying a conviction to the reader's mind that the author's heart is in his subject, and that the motives by which he is prompted are such as should characterise an historian. The time it must have occupied in the composition, cannot but have been considerable, and we are dis-

posed on every ground to form a high estimate of a history that assumes so becoming an appearance, and has evidently had to contend with no ordinary difficulties.

Among the singularities which mark the connection of the Jews with Egypt, and which have been noticed by travellers, inducing a belief that Moses drew a great deal of his system of polity from his acquaintance with Egyptian learning and customs, Mr. Sharpe says that the Egyptians carved the praises of their gods and heroes upon their buildings, Moses enjoined the Jews to write the words of the law on their door-posts. The Egyptians ad led wings to gods, to worms, serpents, and even to the sun; the Jews placed cherubs with wings over the mercy-seat. In a procession of Rameses III. an ark is borne after the god Chem, two cubits and a half long and a cubit and a half high, exactly of the size and form of that which the Jews were ordered to make. When the Jews were bitten by serpents, Moses made a brazen serpent and set it on a pole; among the Egyptian standards the same serpent on a pole is seen. The golden calf made by Aaron was a representation of the animal (Mnevis) they had perhaps seen worshipped at Heliopolis. The coincidence might be extended further of this borrowing from Egypt. On the sarcophagi of the Egyptian kings there is a representation of the conquest of the "Eternal Serpent," the great enemy of mankind: how often is the serpent used in this sense among the Jews! Swine were an abomination to both people. The Egyptians had a veiled tabernacle for oracular worship, still seen on their sculptures. The priest code in Egypt seemed copied in the Levites: many of their accompaniments, even the holy candlesticks and the table of shewbread are found sculptured on Thebes' temples. Such a history as that of Mr. Sharpe's thus possesses a new interest from the connection, far closer than was imagined to exist half a century ago, between the customs and ceremonies of the two nations. We must further accord our approval of that portion of the history in a particular manner, which touches upon the learned men, Christians and others, from the reign of Antoninus to the conclusion in the melancholy end of Alexandria. It contains a good deal of interesting information in a small space, and shows how much the world was indebted to Egypt for the prolongation of learning when Gothic darkness was everywhere else extinguishing its salutary influence. We close our notice of this History with reluctance, but not without a hearty recommendation of it, at a moment when Egypt is again beginning to assume a visible form, we may almost say, among "civilised nations;" and the re-opening of the ancient road to India has taken place under circumstances that must make all relating to its history doubly valuable. There is no history like that of Egypt for furnishing the reflective mind with materials for thinking, or from which so much is to be gathered tending to trace out the course of human destiny under all its aspects; a History of Egypt is, therefore, in its general utility a valuable present to philosophy.

LEONTINE; or, the Court of Louis the Fifteenth. By MRS. MARSHALL, Author of "Melanthe," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London: H. Colburn.

This is another of those mixtures of excitement and sentimentality that have become, we suppose, the fashion with the circulating libraries. We cannot think very highly of the intellect of those who patronise them, nor does it say much for the wisdom or sense of the higher classes that such is the pabulum on which their minds deight to feast. Hereditary prejudices are mingled with manners equally hereditary, nor do the writers seem at all out of the regular routine by their style or their descriptions. In all we find the same stereotype of phrase, the same outline of description:—"the same faultless regularity of form;"—"the forehead was perhaps a little *more* high;"—"a vision of such transcendent loveliness;"—"the voice of the speaker appeared to thrill through the frame of the person she addressed."—Or, for description, take the following; and surely it is to be found in every romance, from Mrs. Radcliffe's "Udolpho" to the present time, and would induce us to believe, that, having described the extreme of the circle in Sir Walter Scott, we are now returning to the point from whence we started on the novel-writing career—"Yes, cried the pretended friar, tearing off his disguise, and throwing himself at the feet of the Duchess. Yes, it is Richelieu, the Richelieu whom you have scorned, the friend whom you have distrusted, the lover whom you have forsaken, but who, however scorned, however abandoned, will never forsake you."

The concoction of novels of this kind has become a trick, or, at all events, a trade, and a very poor business it must be. A trifling acquaintance with history, a very little knowledge of fashionable modes: a good assortment of set phrases, an extensive reading in the romantic fiction of the last thirty years, with a dash of the previous age; a fanciful taste for piquant names; a considerable flow of words, and an undaunted disregard of common sense will set up a hundred such writers.

With respect to delineation of character or the capacity to propound any new observations on human affairs, no one who peruses the present works of fiction need trouble themselves. It is true, indeed that the present race of novelists do not indulge in such a vicious display of a disordered imagination as did the more antiquated supporters of the Minerva press. The increased common sense of the age will not permit it, and they have been compelled to keep within the bounds of better taste. But their human beings are equally unreal; and though they do not absolutely draw monsters that the slightest reflection will prove to be impossibilities; still they manufacture personages that could have no actual existence. Their incongruities are not so startling, but consequently the false notions thus disseminated are the more injurious, precisely because they are more insidious.

We cannot turn to a page of the present novel without being struck by the amount of contagiousness there is in such literature. We find in every sentence the flowers of former novelists carried, unintentionally perhaps, into these pages. There seem to have been thrown into the language a certain amount of phrases that pass like current coin, and

which are seized by each without regard to the originator. "The haughty and impetuous duke," "the crafty prelate," "this monster in human form," "though his foot had trodden on the neck of his enemy;" and even "haughty foe," and "hurling defiance," are not yet discarded.

There is, however, a worse evil attending this class of writing than even these errors against taste. A kind of talent, akin to that of the cook in culinary matters, has been generated, which knows how, by a little setting and toning, to sharpen the appetite and nourish the passions. We have descriptions of exciting emotions, the details of "happy and mysterious love," all pointedly and piquantly narrated. Descriptions of "gorgeous luxuries" are minutely given. Realities are indeed taken as the groundwork, but fancy is so employed in heightening and exaggerating them, that they become more intoxicating than the wildest dreams of oriental romance. We are in no danger of mistaking these latter for delineations of human nature, nor of being betrayed into absurd notions of the real world by their perusal; but many, if not most of the readers of modern romance, imagine themselves instructed in a knowledge of character, and emerge from the library into the world, ready to attach to every man, whose outward characteristics agree with the novelist's description, the properties of a villain or a philanthropist, a Richelieu or a Guesclin. Like all excitement, there can be no doubt this overwrought stuff unfits the reader's mind it catches hold of for the true affections and business of life. There is doubtless some powers of composition required, some talent exercised in the description, and some taste in occasional passages; but it is highly desirable that these powers should be applied to better purposes than the misleading the weak, stimulating the feverish, and confounding the inquiring.

Mrs. Maberly is not particularly to blame. Judged by its competitors, "Leontine" may stand with "Emilia Wyndham," "The Eventful Epoch," or any of the sentimental class of fiction it has been of late our fate to peruse. It is a decaying part of our literature, as those know who are practically engaged in the distribution of books; and the sooner it is utterly obliterated the better for the mass of undistinguishing readers who support our circulating libraries. A sounder and a healthier literature is gradually superseding it; and it is the duty of all, who have the power, to aid the one and denounce the other. We make no crusade against fiction, believing it to be one of the readiest means of disseminating the most important knowledge—the knowledge of human nature; but we do think it incumbent to expose the false guide who, while affecting to delineate character, is only indulging his fancy; and who, assuming the garb of the philosopher, turns out to be a common juggler.

PROSE FROM THE SOUTH. By JOHN EDMUND READE, Author of "Italy," &c.
In Two Volumes. London: Charles Ollier.

ON the subject of books of travels an extremely false theory too commonly prevails. It is supposed that the source of novelty lies in the

country traversed, not in the traveller. The contrary is the fact. A man may write in an extremely trite and hackneyed style, of a newly-discovered region, while another may invest with freshness a country previously described by a thousand writers. Mr. Reade's present volumes may be adduced in illustration of this truth. They are in many parts highly original, because the author, basing his remarks on his own idiosyncracies, rather controverts the opinions of others than echoes them. Where he has to treat of things universally acknowledged to be excellent, this, of course, is less palpably the case; but often, while agreeing with his predecessors, he gives different reasons for his decisions, and appears to have arrived at his conclusions in a different way. His criticisms on Art are distinguished by a fine taste and a most delicate appreciation of beauty. They are brief, moreover, and pithy, and rendered piquant by the introduction of numerous characteristic anecdotes. This judicious intermingling of criticism with narrative, and of both with poetical and highly-coloured descriptions of scenery, render his work exceedingly amusing. He has collected, in moving along, many legends and traditions, which he relates in a light airy style, well calculated to render them agreeable. There is throughout, however, a dash of pensiveness, or we should rather perhaps say, of melancholy, which infusing itself into the stories and into the descriptions and criticisms, imparts to them a sort of fascination. This is experienced more especially in what relates to the wanderings among the higher Alps; but the feeling is not altogether dissipated by the bright warm sun of Italy. The reader who has perused all the modern works on that country will experience most pleasure in going through Mr. Reade's volumes, because he will best know how to appreciate his accuracy and his enthusiasm,—things by no means incompatible. It is, on the contrary, impossible to be accurate, in writing of Italy, without being enthusiastic. On two other points we differ from Mr. Reade: he overrates Voltaire, and underrates Dante and Petrarca. It may not, perhaps, be difficult to account for this fact: Mr. Reade's own gloom is overwhelmed by the gloom of Dante, from whom he desires to escape, as from a saddening and oppressive thought, while Petrarca's metaphysical and airy love appears to his Northern apprehension too much like a dream. But although in these cases we decline to accept the decision of his judgment, we admire the manly candour with which he states his opinion. It is almost a guarantee that when he deals in eulogium his words are the true representatives of his feelings. Here and there short digressions are introduced, on topics naturally connected with the subject, though forming, strictly speaking, no part of it, which may be mentioned as an additional source of originality. These extraneous matters are interwoven into the narrative with much skill, and so that it requires a nice eye to detect the point of transition. The style is flowing and picturesque, but occasionally, perhaps, too ambitious. In many places, however, where the author is engaged in narrating, it is sprightly and easy, and remarkable for its gracefulness.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE country girl, alone in the Brown Bear, had some slight twitchings of remorse. She felt it; she had very much slandered London and the Londoners. She had been taught—she had heard the story in fields and at fire-sides, seated in the shade of haystacks, and in winter chimney-corners—that London was a fiery furnace; that all its inhabitants, especially the males, were the pet pupils of the Evil One, and did his work with wonderful docility. And now, how much ignorance had departed from her! In an hour or two, how large her stock of experience! She was alone—alone in a London tavern; and yet she felt as comfortable, as secure of herself as though perched upon a Kent haycock. She had seen thousands of people; she had walked among a swarm of men and women, and nobody had even so much as attempted to pick her pocket; nobody had even snatched a kiss from her. With the generosity of a kind nature, she felt doubly trustful that she had unjustly doubted. She was in a London hotel (poor hawthorn innocence!) and felt not a bit afraid; on the contrary, she rather liked it. She looked about the room: carefully, up and down its walls. No; there was not an inch of looking-glass to be seen. Otherwise she thought she might have liked to take a peep at herself; for she knew she must be a fright; and the young

* Continued from p. 9, Vol. IV.

man would be back soon ; and though she cared not a pin about him—how could she ?—still, still she should have liked one look

“What, my little girl, all alone ?” asked a new-comer—as the young woman thought, a very rude, and ugly, and somewhat old man. “Got nobody with you, eh ? Where’s your parents ?”

“I’m not alone, and that’s enough,” said the girl, and she fervently clutched her little bundle.

“Very well, my dear ; wouldn’t offend you, my lass ; wouldn’t”

“I’m not your dear ; and I don’t want at all to be talked to by you.” Saying this, the girl continued to grasp her property and looked with very determined eyes in the harsh, ugly face of the old intruder. The fact is, the girl felt that the time was come to test her energy and caution. She had too soon thought too well of the doings of London. The place swarmed with wicked people, there was no doubt of it ; and the man before her was one of them. He looked particularly like a thief as he looked at her bundle.

“That’s right ; quite right, my little wench. This is a place in which you can’t be too particular,” and saying this, Bright Jem—for it was the uncomely honesty of that good fellow’s face that had alarmed the spinster—Bright Jem, with his mild, benevolent look, nodded, and passing to the further end of the room, seated himself in one of the boxes. And the girl felt more assured of his wickedness ; and anxiously wished the return of that very nice young footman—that honest, sweet-spoken young man—so long engaged in converse with his aunt. Would he never come back ? It was odd, but every moment of his absence endowed him, in the girl’s mind, with a new charm. Bright Jem was all unconsciously despoiled of every good quality, that his graceless relative, Ralph Gum, might be invested with the foreign excellence.

Hark ! a footstep. No ; it is not the footman : he still carries with his aunt. It is Jerry Whistle, the Bow-street officer, with his daily flower between his lips ; his happy face streaked like an apple ; and his cold, keen, twinkling eye that seemed continually employed as a search-warrant, looking clean through the bosoms of all men. He paused before the girl, taking an inventory of her qualities. And she, to repel the boldness of the fellow, tried to arm herself with one of those thunderbolt looks that woman in her dignity will sometimes cast about her, striking giants off their legs and laying them in the dust for ever. Poor thing ! it was indignation all in vain. She might as well have frowned at Newgate



stones, expecting to see them tumble, as think to move one nerve of Jerry Whistle. Medusa, staring at that officer, would have had the worst of it, and bashfully, hopelessly let drop her eyelids. And so it was with the country maiden. Jerry still stared: leaving the girl nothing to do but to wonder at his impudence. At length, however, Mr. Gum enters the room; and Jerry, glancing at him, and, as the girl thought, very much awed by his presence, instantly moves away.

"Well, I'm so glad you're come!" cried the girl, and her eyes sparkled, not unnoticed by the footman.

"Sorry, my daffydil, to keep you waiting; but aunt is such a 'oman for tongue. A good cretur though; what I call a reg'lar custard of a 'oman; made o' nothing but milk and spice and sugar."

"What! and no eggs? Pretty custards they'd be," cried the girl, with a smile of pity for the detected ignorance.

"That's like you women," said Mr. Gum, playfully twitching the girl's bonnet-string; "you can't allow for a bit of fancy: always taking a man up, and tying him to particlars. Well, you are a rose-bud, though!"

"Never mind: I know that: let us go to Mary Axe," and the girl vigorously retied her bonnet-strings, and stood bolt up.

"In a minute. Just half-a-mouthful of brandy and water atween us; just no more than would fill the eye of a little needle. You can't think what a lot of morals my aunt always talks: and you can't think how dry they always make me. Now, don't shake your dear little head as if it was of no use to you: I tell you, we must have a little drop, and here it is." (And Mr. Gum spoke the truth.) "I ordered it as I came in."

"Not a blessed drop—I won't, that I won't, as I'm a sinner," cried the girl with feminine emphasis.

"A sinner! There never was a cherub on a tombstone like you. I should like to hear anybody call you a sinner—'twould be a bad day's work for 'em, I can tell you. Now, just a drop. Well, if you won't drink, put your lips to the edge of the glass, just to sugar it."

"Well, what a cretur you are!" said the girl; and with cheeks a little flushed, she took a bird's one sip of the liquor.

"Ha! now it's worth drinking," cried Ralph; and he backed his opinion by taking a long draught. "And now," said he, staring full in the girl's face, and taking her hand, "and now,

as a particular favour, I want you to tell me one thing. Just one private question I have to put. Look in my eyes, and tell me what you think of love."

"Go along with your rubbish!" exclaimed the girl; at once cutting the difficulty of a definition. Love! Rubbish! She knew it not; but the wench spoke with the tongue of old philosophy. She gave a homely expression to the thoughts of sages, anchorites and nuns. The shirt of hair; the iron girdle; the flagellating thong, all declare the worthlessness of love. "Love is rubbish" chants the shaven monk; and the like treason breathes the white-lipped sister, and sometimes thinks it truth. The words are writ on monastery, convent walls, though dull and dim-eyed folks without do not believe them; and—perverse is man!—turn from the silver music of the syllables for jangling marriage-bells.

"Ain't you afeard the roof will tumble on you? Love rubbish! Why, it's what I call the gold band about natur's hat,"—for liquor made the footman metaphorical. "Love, my slip of lavender, love is"—

"I don't want to know nothing about it, and I won't stay a minute longer from Mary Axe." And again the girl stood up, and began to push her way from the box, Mr. Ralph Gum refusing to give place, at the same time lifting the teaspoon from the glass, and vainly menacing her with it in the very prettiest manner.

"Well, my peppermint, you shall go; to be sure you shall. There now"—And with determined swallow, Mr. Gum emptied the glass to prove his devotedness to her will. "We'll pay at the bar, my poppy. Don't forget your bundle. Got your best things in it, eh? Don't forget it, then."

A smile, with something of contempt in it, played about the maiden's lip. Forget it?—as if any woman ever forgot a bundle, the more especially when it contained any of those vestments that, looked upon with thoughtful, melancholy eyes, are only flowing, shining proofs of a fallen state, though the perverse ingenuity of the sex contrives to give a prettiness to the livery of sin, to the badges of our lapsed condition. When we remember that both sorts of millinery, male and female, are the consequences of original wickedness, ought not the manly heart to shrink, and feel a frog-like coldness at an embroidered waistcoat? Ought not woman, smitten with the recollection of the treason of her great

mother, to scream even at the rustling of a pompadour, as at the moving scales of a gliding snake? She ought; but we fear she seldom does. Nay, sometimes she actually loves—determinedly loves—fine clothes, as though she had first waked in Paradise, like a queen from a sicsta, in velvet and brocade, with jewels in her hair, and court plaster stars upon her cheek. With heart-breaking perverseness, she refuses to admit the naked truth to her soul, that the milliner came into the world with death. Otherwise, could philosophy with its diamond point engrave this truth upon the crystal heart of woman, it would very much serve to lessen pin-money. We have heard it said—of course we immediately wrapt our countenance in our cloak, and ran from the slanderer—that woman fell for no other purpose than to wear fine clothes. In the prescience which she shared with man she saw the looms of the future world at work, and lost herself for a shot sarsnet. It is just as possible, too, that some of her daughters may have tripped at the window of a mercer.

We cannot at this moment put our finger upon the passage, but surely it is somewhere written in the Talmud, that Eve on leaving Eden already took with her a choice and very various wardrobe. We have entirely forgotten the name of the writer who gives a very precise account of the moving. Nevertheless, many of the details are engraved—as with pen of iron upon rock—on our heart. First came a score of elephants; they, marching with slow pace, carried our first mother's gowns bestowed in wicker-work. To a hundred and fifty camels were consigned the caps and kerchiefs. And our author, we remember, compassionately dwells upon a poor dromedary,—one of two hundred—that, overladen with bonnet-boxes, refused to get upon his legs until the load was lightened by half, and another hunchbacked beast appointed to share the burden. Whole droves of ponies, that have since made their way to Wales and Shetland, carried shoes and silk stockings, (with the zodiac gold-worked for clocks,) and ruffs and wimples, and farthingales and hoods, and all the various artillery that down to our day, from masked batteries aim at the heart of heedless, unsuspecting, ingenuous man,—weapons that, all unseen, do sometimes overthrow him! And in this way, according to the Talmudist, did Eve move her wardrobe into the plain country; and in so very short a time—so active is woman, with her heart like a silkworm, working for fine clothes—did our first mother get about her, what she, with natural meekness called, only a few things; but which

Adam—and at only the nine thousandth package, with an impatient sulkiness that we fear has descended to some of his sons—denominated a pack of trumpery. If women, then, are sensitive in the matter of bundles, they inherit the tenderness from their first rosy mother. And our country wench, though we think she had never read the Talmud, had an instinctive love for the fine clothes she carried with her.—An instinct given her by the same beneficent law that teaches parrots and cockatoos to preen their feathers.

Whilst, with profane fingers—like an allowed shopman—we have twiddled with the legendary silks and muslins, and other webs the property of Eve; whilst we have counted the robe-laden elephants, and felt our heart melt a little at the crying, eloquent pathos of the bonnet-crushed dromedary, Mr. Ralph Gum has paid for his liquor, and, his heart generous with alcohol, has stepped into Bow-street. Glowing with brandy and benevolence, he heroically observed—“Never mind the bundle. I don't care if any of our folks do see me. So, my heart's honeysuckle, take my arm.” And, with little hesitation—for now they could not be very far from St. Mary Axe—the girl linked herself to that meek footman. “Don't know what place this is, of course? Covent-garden market, my bluebell. This is where we give ten guineas a pint for green peas, and”——

“Don't they choke you?” cried the wench, astounded at what she thought a sinfulness of stomach.

“Go down all the sweeter,” answered the epicurean vassal. “When they get to ten shillings a peck, they're out of our square altogether; only fit for pigs. Noble place, isn't it? Will you have a nosegay? Not but what you're all a nosegay yourself; nevertheless, you shall have something to sweeten you; for that Mary Axe—well, I wouldn't set you against it—but for you to live there; you, a sweet little cretur that smells of nothing but cow's breath and new-mown hay;—why, it's just murder in a slow manner. So do have a nosegay;” and Mr. Gum insisted upon disbursing threepence for a bunch of wallflowers, which—against his wish and intention—she herself placed in her bosom. Then he said: “I do pity you, going to Mary Axe.”

“But I'm not a going to stay there,” said the girl: “no—I'm only going to see master, and he's to take me into the country, to live with sich a sweet young lady.”

“Well, there'll be a couple of you,” said Ralph, “I'm blessed if there wont. And whereabouts?”

"That 's telling," replied the girl; as though she stored up a profound secret in her heart, that it would take at least five minutes for Ralph's picklock tongue to come at. This Ralph felt, so said no more about it.

"And here, in this place, we make our Members for Westminster—things for Parliament, you know."

"How droll! What should they bring 'em like turnips to market for?" inquired the wench, wondering.

"Don't you know? Because they may be all the nearer the bad 'tatoes and the cabbage stumps. That's what our porter tells me is one of the rights of the constitution; to pelt everybody as puts himself up to go into Parliament. Well, I've been done out of a nice chance, I have," said the footman with sudden melancholy.

"What do you mean? Not lost anything?" and the girl looked sweetly anxious.

"Ain't I, though? You see, his lordship, my young master, went and stood in the country; and I couldn't go down with him. Now, if he'd only put up for Westminster, I'd just have come here in plain clothes, and dressing myself as if I was a blackguard, shouldn't he have known what bad 'tatoes was!"

"Why, you wicked cretur! you wouldn't have thrown 'em at him?"

"Oh, wouldn't I though!" cried Mr. Gum, and he passed his tongue round his lips, enjoyingly.

"What for? Is he sich a wicked master—sich a very bad man?" inquired the girl.

"Don't know that he is. Only you can't think what a pleasure it is to get the upper hand of high folks for a little while; and 'tatoes and cabbage stumps do it. It's a satisfaction, that's all," said the footman.

"I won't walk with you—not another step," and the wench angrily withdrew her arm.

"There you go, now; there you go. Just like all you women; if a man makes a harmless joke,—and that's all I meant—you scream as if it was a flash of lightning. Bless you! I'd go to the world's end for my master, even if I never was to see him again. That I would, my sprig of parsley."

"Is this the way to Mary Axe? If I'm not there directly, I'll ask somebody else."

"Just round this turning, and it's no way at all." And

Mr. Gum went through the market, and through street after street, and threaded two or three courts, the girl looking now impatient, now distrustful. At length Ralph paused. "My dear, if I haven't left something at my aunt's! In that house, there; just step in a minute, while I call for it."

"No, I shan't," answered the wench, with a determination that somewhat startled Mr. Gum. "I shan't go into any house at all, afore I come to Mary Axe. And if you don't show me the way directly, I'll scream."

"Why, what a little sweet-briar you are! Don't I tell you, my aunt lives there? A nice, good old soul, as would be glad to see you—glad to see anybody I brought to her. I tell you what, now, if I must say the truth, I told her what a nice girl you was; and how you was waiting for me; and the good old 'oman began to scold me; and asked me why I didn't bring you here. I shan't stop a minute—not a minute."

The girl looked up in Ralph's face; looked up so trustingly, and again so innocently placed her arm in his, that that great-hearted footman must have felt subdued and honoured by the confidence of his companion. And so he was about to hand her across his aunt's threshold—he was about to bring her face to face with that venerable, experienced, yet most mild woman,—when, suddenly, he felt his right ear seized as by a pair of iron pincers, and the next moment he felt himself spinning round and round; and the very next moment he lay tumbled in a heap upon the pavement. His heart bursting with indignation, he looked up, and—somehow, again he felt another tumble, for he saw in his assailant Bright Jem, his mother's brother-in-law; the meddlesome, low fellow, that had always taken it upon himself to talk to him. A few paces distant, too, was Mr. Whistle, Bow-street officer, serenely turning his flower between his lips, and with both his hands in his pockets, looking down upon the footman as though he was of no more account than a toadstool. Of course, the girl screamed as the assault was committed; of course, for a few moments her rage against the ruffian, —the ugly man who had, and so like his impudence, spoken to her at the Brown Bear,—was deep and womanly. But suddenly the face of Mr. Gum grew even a little darker; and the wench, though no scholar, read treason in every black line. Hence, with growing calmness she beheld Mr. Gum elaborately rub himself, as he slowly rose from the pavement.

"Who spoke to you? What did you do that for?" Such was



the poor platitude that the smitten footman uttered : for guilt was at his heart ; detection weighed upon him, and he could not crow.

“ Doesn’t his aunt live here ? ” cried the girl. “ He said it was his aunt that wanted to see me ? ”

“ The only aunt he ever had,” said Bright Jem, “ is in heaven ; and—I know it—she ’s a blushing for him this very minute. I say, Whistle, couldn’t we help him to a little Bridewell for all this ? ”

Mr. Whistle, shifting his flower to the corner of his mouth, was about to say something ; but it was clear that Mr. Gum had not at the moment either taste or leisure to attend to legal opinions. He therefore took to his heels ; and he never ran so fast, because, perhaps, he never felt so little as he ran.

“ Now, wasn’t I right, Whistle ? And didn’t I say that there was mischief in him ? And wasn’t it lucky we followed him from the Bear ? Well, he has a nice crop of early wickedness, hasn’t he ? ” Thus spoke Bright Jem, with a face of wonder. Mr. Whistle, however, was in no way disconcerted or astonished. He was one of those unfortunate people—though he himself considered his happy superiority to arise from the circumstance—who had seen so much wickedness, that any amount or eccentricity of evil failed to surprise him. He therefore twirled the flower in his mouth, and remarked a little plaintively—“ Why was you so quick ? If you ’d only had patience, we might have sent him to Bridewell ; and now, you’ve spoilt it all—spoilt it all.” With these words, and a brief shadow of disappointment on his brow, the officer departed.

“ Poor little soul ! ” cried Jem, taking the girl’s hand, and looking paternally in her face—“ where did you come from—and where are you going to ? Come, you ’ll answer me, now, wont you ? ”

“ I come from Kent, and I ’m going to Mary Axe. That young man, I thought, was taking me the way ”—

“ Poor little lamb ! You wouldn’t think he was old enough for so big a villain ; but somehow, he ’s been reared in a hot-bed, and has spindled up ’stonishingly. He ’s my wife’s sister’s child, and I will say this for his father ; he was as good and as honest a nigger as ever a Christian white man stole to turn a penny with. But we can’t send goodness down from father to son ; it can’t be willed away, like the family spoons. ‘ Virtue,’ as Mr. Capstick says, ‘ like vice, doesn’t always descend in a right line ; but often goes in a zigzag.’ ”

The girl was an attentive listener; but we fear did not very perfectly understand the uttered philosophy. She, however, felt that she had been snatched from peril by the interference of the odd and ugly-looking man before her, and gratitude and confidence stirred in her woman's heart. "Bless you, sir; I was very uncivil, but I thought—that is—I 'm in such a tremble—can you take me to Mary Axe? I 'm going to a place. Perhaps you know the gentleman—Mr. Snipeton? I mean Mrs. Snipeton, his beautiful young wife?"

Jem stared, and marvelled at the strangeness of the accident. He, however, owned to no acquaintance with the fortunate owner of the lady. "Take my arm," he said, "and I 'll leave you at the very door." With this Jem proceeded onward, and at length turned into Long Acre. Passing the door of Capstick—for we believe we have already informed the reader that the member for Liquorish had taken humble lodgings in that district—the door opened, and the senator himself, with no less a person than Mr. Tangle, attorney-at-law, advanced to the threshold.

"Eh, Jem! What's this? A thing from the buttercups? Where did you pick it up?" cried Capstick. Now the wench was no grammarian, yet she seemed to have a born knowledge that "it" applied to one of the female gender was alike a violation of grammar and good-breeding. Therefore she echoed "it" between her teeth, with of course a significant tossing of the head.

Jem observed the working of the feminine mind, and immediately whispered to the girl—"He's my master and a member of Parliament; but the best cretur in the world." Jem then in a bold voice informed the senator that "the young 'oman was come up from the country to go to service at Mr. Snipeton's."

"Bless me! what a very strange accident! Come to Mr. Snipeton's, eh? How very odd!" cried Tangle, feeling that he ought to speak.

In the meantime Bright Jem, with commendable brevity, whispered to Capstick the history of his meeting with the gentle wayfarer. "Well, and she looks an innocent thing," said Capstick, his face scarlet with indignation at Jem's story. "She looks innocent; but after all, she's a woman, Jem; and women can look whatever they like. They 've a wonderful way of passing pocket-pieces for virgin gold. I don't believe any of 'em; nevertheless, Jem, run for a coach; and as Mr. Tangle and myself are going to Snipeton's, we can all go together. I dare say, young

woman, you're tired of walking? You look so; if, as I say, looks are anything. Jem, run for the coach. Come up stairs." And with this invitation, Capstick gently clasped the arm of the maiden—a little awe-struck that she felt the pressure of that mysterious, solemn creature, a live member of Parliament—and led her, ascending, to his room. Mr. Tangle followed, much scandalised at the familiarity of the legislator; and fortifying himself with the determination, not, without a vehement remonstrance, to ride in the same hackney coach with a maid-of-all-work.

Mr. Capstick had, he was accustomed to declare, furnished his room with a vigilant eye to his duties as a Member of Parliament. Over his mantle-piece was *Magna Charta*, framed and glazed. "A fine historic fiction," he would say; "a beautiful legend; a nice sing-song to send men to sleep, like the true and tragical history of Cock Robin chaunted to children." He was wont to chuckle mightily at the passage—a fine stretch of fancy he would call it—about "selling or deferring justice," and vow it ought to be written in blood-red letters in the Court of Chancery. "There is fine, grave comedy, in this sheet, sir; an irony that strengthens the nerves like a steel draught. They ought to hang it up on board the Tower Tender; 'twould make pretty reading for the free-born Englishman, kidnapped from wife and children to fight, and to be cut into a hero to vomit songs about, by the grace of the cat." And in this irreverent, rebellious fashion would the Member for Liquorish talk of *Magna Charta*. He called it a great national romance; and never failed to allude to it as evidence of the value of fine fiction upon a people. "Because it ought to be true," he would say, "they think it is."

And the misanthrope member had odd nicknack toys; and all, as he said, to continually remind him of his duties as a senator and a citizen. He had a model of George the Third's new drop in mahogany. "One of the institutions of my country," he would say, "improved under the reign of my gracious sovereign. Some folks hang up the royal portrait. Now I prefer the works of a man to his looks. Every ordinary morning I bow once to that engine as a type of the wisdom and philanthropy of a Christian land; once on common occasions, and three times on hanging-days." Besides this, he had a toy pillory; with a dead mouse fixed, and twirling in it. "And when I want an unbending of the immortal mind within me—by the way," Capstick once said to Tangle, "what a bow we do sometimes make of the immortal

mind, the better to shoot at one another with—when I want to unbend a little, I place the pillory before me, and pelt the mouse with cherry-stones and crumbs. And you wouldn't believe it, but it does me quite as much good—quite as much—as if the dead mouse was a living man, and the stones and crumbs were mud and eggs."

There were other fantastic movables which, for the present, we must pass. Mr. Capstick, to the astonishment of Tangle, approached a corner cupboard, taking therefrom a decanter of wine and a glass. "You are tired, young woman; and sometimes a little of this—just a little—is medicine to the weary." He then poured out the wine; which the wench obediently swallowed. Had it been the most nauseous drug, there was such a mixture of kindness and authority in the manner of the Member of Parliament,—the physic must have gone down.

"Mr. Capstick, one word," said Tangle, and he drew the senator to a corner of the room. "Doubtless, I made a mistake. But you know we have important business to transact: and no, you never intend to go to Mr. Snipeton's in the same coach with that gentleman's maid-of-all-work?"

"She won't bite, will she?" asked Capstick.

"Bite!" echoed Tangle.

"Coach is at the door, sir," said Bright Jem, entering the room.

"Go you first," said Capstick to Tangle in a tone not to be mistaken; "I'll bring the young woman." And if Tangle had been really a four-footed dog, he would, as he went down stairs, have felt a great depression of the caudal member, whilst the senatorial muffin-maker tript after him with the ignominious maid-of-all-work.

CHAPTER XXXI.

For some days Snipeton had half resolved to surprise his wife with a present; a dear and touching gift,—the miniature of her father. Again and again he had determined upon the graceful act; and as often put the expensive thought aside—trod the weakness down as an extravagant folly. And then it would occur to his benevolence, that he might make a bargain with himself, and at the same time impart a pleasure to his spouse. The miniature

was enriched with diamonds ; first-water gems, he knew, for he had lent gold upon them ; though his wife—at the time of the loan she was yet unmanacled—was unconscious of the ready money kindness. Her father had withered, died, in the clutch of the usurer ; who still cherished the portrait of the dead man—it was so very dear to him. The picture had been a bridal present to *Clarissa's* mother ; it had lain warm in her wedded bosom ; though *Snipeton*, when he grasped the precious security, knew nothing of its history. Well, he would certainly delight *Clarissa* with this sweet remembrance of her father. She knew not of its existence, and would bless and love her husband for his sudden goodness. He would give the wife the miniature ; it was settled : he would do it. “What ! with the diamonds ?” cried *Snipeton's* careful genius, twitching his heartstrings, to pull him up in his headlong course. “With the diamonds, *Ebenezer Snipeton* ? Are you grown lunatic—doting ? Diamonds, eternal diamonds, —diamonds everlasting as the sun—the spiritualised essence of *Plutus* — diamonds for one flickering look ; for one sick smile from withering lips ? Have you forgotten the worth of wealth ? Lost man ! are you suddenly dead to arithmetic ? Give diamonds to your wife ? Pooh ! pooh ! As women love any thing that glitters—and as moreover they love *Jack-o'-lanthorns* just as well as heaven's own stars—don't throw away the real treasure ; but mock it ; sham it ; pass off a jeweller's lie, and let the picture blaze with the best and brightest paste. He's a fool who throws pearls to pigs, and thinks the pork will eat the richer for the treasure. He's no less a fool who showers diamonds upon his wife when, knowing no better, paste will make her just as grateful.” And *Snipeton* gave all his ears to this scoundrel genius, that lived in his heart like a maggot in a nut, consuming and rotting it. There were times, though, when the genius slept ; and then *Snipeton*—ignorant, unadvised man—was determined to be honest, generous. He would not countenance the fraud of false setting. No ; his bird of *Paradise* ; his lamb ; his darling *Clarissa* ; the queen flower in his life's garden—for she was this and all of these—should have the diamonds. Besides, if given to her, they were still his own ; for according to the sweet rights of a husband, property so bestowed—with no parchment to bind it—might at any time be reclaimed by the lawful lord. After all, it was but lending his wife the diamonds ; though—gentle simpleton !—she might still be tickled with the thought that they were wholly hers.

It was the morning after the visit of Crossbone ; and Snipeton seated betimes at his cottage window—his eye first wandering among some flowers—his wife's only children as he once bitterly called them—and at length fixed upon the labours of a bee that toiled among the blossoms, taking sweet per-centage for its honey bank : it was at such a time that Snipeton again pondered on the diamonds. Again he revolved the special pleading of his thrifty genius ; again attended to the counter-reasoning of his affections ; allowing that he had them, and again allowing that affections do reason. He watched the bee—conscientious porter!—load itself to its utmost strength, and then buzz heavily through the casement. The insect had taken all it could carry. Wise, frugal, man-teaching insect. No : Snipeton would not give the diamonds. He would keep all he could : in his own grasp. All. And the determination, like a cordial, mightily comforted him.

At this moment Clarissa entered the room from her chamber. Snipeton suddenly rose as to an angelic visitor. His wife looked so beautiful—so very beautiful. With such new sweetness in her face ; such beaming mildness in her eyes ; there was such grace in her motion, that love and vanity swelled in the old man's heart ; and his hand strangely trembled as it greeted her. His prudential genius was on the sudden paralysed and dumb. Clarissa looked at her husband, as he thought, never before so lovingly—and for the moment, the miser glowed with the prodigal.

" Why, you are better, love ; much better. Even Crossbone's talk has revived you. Ha ! and we'll have this horse, and straightway : and—and the rose of my life will bloom again. Look here, my love." It was done : even at the last one spasm of the heart it cost, but it was over. The miniature—that diamond-circled piece of ivory and paint—was in Clarissa's hand. Astonished, happy, she said no word, but kissed the sudden gift ; again and again kissed it, and her tears flowed. " I have often thought—indeed, have long determined to give it you," cried Snipeton.

" Thank—thank you, dear sir. Indeed, you have made me very happy," answered his wife.

His wife ! Did she answer like his wife ? Was it the voice of his twin soul—did the flesh of his flesh move with her lips ? Was it his other incorporate self that spoke ? Did he listen to the echoes of his own heart ; or to the voice of an alien ? When the devil jealousy begins to question, how rapid his interrogations !

" I tell you," said Snipeton, " I repeat—I have all along

determined that you should have it; in good season, have it. Your father's picture, who with so great a right to it? He told me 'twas once your mother's. She wore it, till her death. Poor thing! He must have loved her very dearly. When he spoke of her, and never willingly, he would tremble as with the ague." Clarissa bowed her head; was silent; and again kissed the picture. "This fondness—these tears, Clarissa, must—if spirits know such matters—be precious to your father, now once more joined with your mother in heaven. Why, what's the matter? So pale—so lily white; what is it, love?"

"Nothing, sir; nothing but the surprise—the joy at this gift," faintly answered Clarissa.

"Well, I see, it has delighted you. I hoped so. Much delighted you: very much. You have kissed the picture fifty times, Clarissa. Is it not fifty—or have I falsely counted? Tell me. Fifty—is it not?"

"I cannot tell, sir,"—replied the wife, timidly. "Can they—ought they to be counted?"

"Why—but then, I am a cold arithmetician—I can count them; at least, all that fall to my lips. Can you not tell the number vouchsafed to the gift? Strange! I can count, ay, every one, bestowed upon the giver." Mournfully, and with some bitterness did Snipeton speak. His wife, with a slight tremor—suppressed by strong, sudden will—approached him. Pale, shuddering victim! with mixed emotions fighting in her face, she bowed her head, and placing her cold arms about the old man's neck, she closed her eyes, and kissed his lips.

"Indeed, sir, I thank you. Pardon me; indeed I thank you for this and all your goodness." She felt relieved: she had paid the demanded debt.

And Snipeton—poor old man!—was he made happy by that caress? How much real love was in it? How much truth? How much hypocrisy? Or at the best, enforced obedience? It came not from the heart: no; it wanted blood and soul. It was not the fiery eloquence of love, telling a life's devotion with a touch. It was not that sweet communing of common thoughts, and common affections; that deep, that earnest, and yet placid interchange of wedded soul with soul. In his heart, as in a crucible, the old man sought to test that kiss. Was it truth, or falsehood? And as he pondered—how mysteriously are we fashioned!—a thing of forty years ago rose freshly to his mind.

What brought it there?—yet, there it was. The figure, the face of one who with proved perjury at his lips kissed the book, swearing the oath was true.

Clarissa saw her husband suddenly dash with gloomy thoughts. They reproached her; and, instinctively, she returned to the old man's side, and laying her hand upon his brow—had the hand been a sunbeam, it had not lighted the face more suddenly, brightly—she spoke to him very tenderly: “Are you not well, sir?”

“Quite well; always well, Clarissa, with you at my side—with you as even now.” And she looked so cheerful, yes, so affectionate,—he had wronged her. He was a fool—an exacting fool—with no allowance for the natural reserve, the unconquerable timidity, of so gentle a creature. “And, as I was saying, you are better; much better; and we'll have this horse; and—but, Clary, love, we have forgotten breakfast.” Resolved upon a full meal, Snipeton moved to the table; and whilst he strove to eat, he talked quite carelessly, and, by the way, of a matter that a little disturbed him. “And how do you find Mrs. Wilton, eh, dearest?”

Clarissa, with troubled looks, answered—“Find her, sir? Is she not all we could wish?”

“Oh, honest, quiet, and an excellent housekeeper, no doubt. Do you know her story?”

“Story, sir?” and Clarissa trembled as she spoke. “What story?”

“Her story? Has she not one? Everybody, it's my opinion, has; but here's the rub: everybody won't tell it, can't tell it, musn't tell it. Is it not so?”

“It is never my thought, sir; my wish to question your experience. You know the world, you say. For my part, I never wish to know it. My hope is, to die in my ignorance.”

“True; you are right; I would have it so. For it is a knowledge that—but no matter. My learning shall serve for both. Well, she never told you her story?” With this, Snipeton looked piercingly at his wife, who at first answered not. At length she asked, “Do you know it, sir?”

“No: but it is plain she has a story. I am firm in the faith.”

“Some grief—some sacred sorrow, perhaps,” said Clarissa. “We should respect it: should we not?”

“Why, grief and sorrow are convenient words, and often do duty for sin and shame,” cried Snipeton.

"Sin and shame *are* grief and sorrow, or should be so," replied Clarissa, mournfully.

"Humph! Well, perhaps they are. However, Mrs. Wilton's story is no affair of ours," said Snipeton.

"Assuredly not," cried Clarissa, quickly.

"But her melancholy is. 'Tis catching; and infects you. Her bad spirits, her gloom, seem to touch all about her with mildew. A bad conscience—or a great grief—'tis no matter which, throws a black shadow about it; and to come at once to my meaning, Clarissa, I think Mrs. Wilton had better quit."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Clarissa. "'Twould break her heart—it would indeed, sir."

"It's wonderful how long people live, ay, and enjoy themselves, too, with broken hearts, Clarissa. I've often thought broken hearts were like broken china: to be put nicely together again, and—but for the look of the thing—to be quite as useful for all house-work as before. Now Mrs. Wilton's heart"—

"Do not speak of it. If—if you have any love for me, sir"—cried Clarissa.

"If I have love! Well, what think you? Have I not—even a few minutes since—given good proof?" It was somewhat distasteful to the old man, that after the gift of such diamonds, his love could be doubted. He had better have listened to his good, his wise, his profitable genius, and presented paste. How many wives however badly used and industriously neglected—would still bestow their love! Now he, even with diamonds, could not buy it. For his wife to doubt his love, was to refuse her own. This his philosophy made certain. And this, after the diamonds!

"Nay, I am sure of your love, sir; certain; most confident," said Clarissa, very calm in such assurance. "And therefore know you will refuse me nothing. Eh, dear sir?"

Again Snipeton's heartstrings relaxed; again, listening to the music of the enchantress, his darker thoughts began to pass away, and his soul enjoyed new sunlight. "Nothing—nothing," he said, "that is healthful."

"Then promise me that Mrs. Wilton shall remain. Indeed, you know not how much I have learned of her; how much she loves me; how much she respects you."

"Respect is a cold virtue, I know, Clarissa; very cold. Now, with her 'tis freezing. I sometimes think she looks at me, as though—but I'll say no more. She blights your spirits; darker

your thoughts with her sorrow or her sin, or whatever it may be ; and, in a word, she shall stay no longer. I am resolved."

"Blights me ! Darkens my thoughts ! Oh, sir, I would you heard her talk. I would you knew the pains she takes to make me happy ; to make me cheerful ; to place all things in the happiest light, shedding, as she does, the beauty of her spirit over all. Doubtless, she has suffered, but"—

"But—but she goes. I am resolved, Clarissa ; she goes. Resolved, I say."

And Ebenezer Snipeton struck the table with his fist ; and threw himself back in his chair, as, he believed, a statue of humanity, hardened by resolution into flint. And very proud he felt of the petrefaction. Nor lightnings, nor thunderbolts should melt or move him.

Clarissa—her suit was for a mother—rose from her chair, and stood beside her husband's. She threw her arms about his neck. Flint as he was he felt they were not so lumpish, clay-like as when last they lay there. "Dear sir ; you'll not refuse me this ? You'll not refuse me ?" And Clarissa for once looked full in the eyes of her husband.

"Resolved," said Snipeton thickly ; and something rose in his throat. "Resolved."

"No ; no. You must promise me—you shall not leave me without," and the arms pressed closer ; and the flint they embraced became soft as any whetstone. "You will not deprive me of her solicitude—her affection ?" Snipeton answered not ; when Clarissa—in such a cause, what cared she for the sacrifice ?—stooping, kissed her husband with a deep and fervent affection for her mother. And the statue was suddenly turned to thrilling flesh ; had the old man's heart been stuck with thorns, his wife's lips would have drawn them all away, and made it beat with burning blood. The man was kissed for an old woman ; but he set the rapture to his own account, and was directly rich with imaginary wealth. Need we say the man consented ? What otherwise could strong resolution do ?

A new man, with a newer, brighter world beaming about him, Snipeton that day departed from his rustic home to St. Mary Axe. His wife seemed to travel with him, he was so haunted by her looks of new-born love. And now he hummed some ancient, thoughtless song ; and now he smacked his lips, as with freshened recollection of the touch that had enriched them. The mist and

cloud of doubt that had hung about his life had passed away, and he saw peacefulness and beauty clearly to the end. And these thoughts went with him to his dark and dismal city nook, and imparted deeper pleasures even to the bliss of money-making.

This once, at least, St. Giles was in luck. A few minutes only after Snipeton's arrival, with his new happiness fresh upon him, the young man presented himself with a letter from Crossbone. "He looks an honest fellow; a very honest fellow," thought Snipeton, eyeing him. "'Tis a bad world; a wicked world; yet, when all's said, there are some honest people; yes, there must be some." And this charitable thought enhanced for the nonce St. Giles. He could not have come in happier season. "Humph! and you have known Mr. Crossbone some time? To be sure, he told me, from a child. And your father was killed, trying to do good? That's hard; plaguy hard; for people arn't often killed in that humour. And you've been kind—very kind to your mother? Well, that's something; I think I may trust you. Yes: you may consider yourself engaged. When can you come?"

"Directly, sir," said St. Giles; who had been duly impressed by Crossbone with the necessity of obtaining Snipeton's patronage; it was so very essential to the happiness of his lordship. "Be vigilant, be careful,"—thus had run the apothecary's counsel, "and his lordship will make a man of you!" What a golden prospect for one who, with the hopes and worthy desires of a man, knew himself to be a social wolf in the human fold; a thing to be destroyed, hung up; a wholesome example to runaway vagabonds. To be made a man of, what a load must he lay down! What a joy, a blessing, to stand erect in the world—and be allowed to meet the eyes of men with confiding looks. Now, he crept and crawled; and felt that his soul went upon all-fours. Now, he at times shrunk from a sudden gaze, as from a drawn knife. And his lordship would make a man of him! Glorious labour, this; divine handiwork! And there is plenty of such labour, too, in this broad world, if we had but the earnest-hearted workers to grapple with it. How many thousand thousands of human animals; creatures of outward humanity; beings on two legs, are yet to be made men of! Again, what is a man? You, reader, may possibly have a pretty correct notion of what he is, or ought to be: now, Mr. Crossbone's ideal of a perfect man was but of a perfect

rascal. He would make a man as he would have made a gin, a trap; the more perfect the snare, the nobler the humanity. And in this sense was St. Giles to be elevated into a man for the direct advantage of the young lord, and the supplementary benefit of the apothecary. And St. Giles himself—it must not be forgotten—had some misgivings of the model-excellence after which he was to be fashioned. It just passed through his brain that the man he was to be made, might be a man, if not nearer to the gallows than himself, at least a man more deserving (if any deserved it) the elevation. There seemed to him new peril to be made a man of. Yet, what could he do? Nothing. He must wait; watch; and take the chances as they fell.

Snipeton read the letter. Nothing could have fallen out so luckily. A friend of Crossbone's—a man of honour though he dealt in horseflesh—had a beautiful thing to sell; a thing of lamb-like gentleness and beauty. The very thing for Mrs. Snipeton. A mare that might be reined with a thread of silk. Moreover, Mr. Snipeton might have the beast at his own price; and that, of course, would be next to no price at all.

"Do you understand horses, my man?" asked Snipeton, as he finished the letter.

"Why, yes, sir," answered St. Giles; and he must have answered yes, had the question been unicorns.

"Well, then"—but at this moment, Snipeton's man brought in the names of Capstick and Tangle. To the great relief of St. Giles, he was ordered into an adjoining room, there to wait. He withdrew as the new visitors entered.

"Mr. Snipeton, this—this"—why did Capstick pause?—"this gentleman is Mr. Tangle, attorney"—

"Solicitor," was Mr. Tangle's meek correction. "It's of no consequence, but—solicitor."

"Pooh, pooh! It isn't my way, sir. I always say 'attorney,' and then we know the worst," said Capstick.

"I have heard of Mr. Tangle. We never met before—but his reputation has reached me," sneered Snipeton.

"Reputation, sir," observed Capstick, "is sometimes like a polecat; dead or alive, its odour will spread."

"Very true; it is; it has," was the corroboration of Snipeton; and Tangle, though he tried to smile, fidgetted uneasily.

"You are, perhaps, not aware, Mr. Snipeton, that a petition is

to be presented to the House of Commons—my House—for the purpose of turning out its present patriotic member for Liquorish," said Capstick.

"Indeed! Upon what ground?" inquired Snipeton.

"Bribery. Would you imagine it? Could you think it? Charge me with bribery!" said the member.

"Pardon me. Not you; oh, by no means! We never do that. We're not so ill-bred. No, sir, the crime—that is, the statutable crime—for morals and statutes, sir, are sometimes very different things—the crime of bribery is laid at the door of Mr. Capstick's agents. His agents, sir," said Tangle.

"I had none: none whatever. It is my pride—if, indeed, a man should be proud of anything in this dirty, iniquitous world—a world of flip-flaps and sumersets—my pride, that I was returned purely upon my own merits; if, indeed, I have merits; a matter I am sometimes inclined to doubt, when I wake up from my first sleep. I go into Parliament upon bribery! I should think myself one big blotch—a human boil. No; I can lay my hand upon my breast—just where I carry my pocket-book—and answer it, before the world,—except the price of the hackney coach that carried me to the House, my seat didn't cost me sixpence."

"Ha, Mr. Capstick!" cried Tangle, half closing his eyes; "you don't know what friends you had."

"Yes, sir, I do; for I've been intimate with them all my life. Integrity, honour, out-speaking"—Capstick paused; and the next moment blushed, as though detected in some gross fault. The truth is, he was ashamed of himself for the vain-boasting. Integrity and honour! Supposing that he had them—what then? Was it a matter to make a noise about? Capstick blushed; then hurriedly said—"I beg your pardon. Go on with the bribery."

"And so they want to turn you out, eh?" cried Snipeton. "The house of St. James can't swallow the muffin-maker. Ha! ha! I can only wish you had been a chimney-sweeper. 'Twould have been a sweeter triumph."

"I am quite contented, Mr. Snipeton," said Capstick, majestically, "as it is. Not that, as one of the social arts, I despise chimney-sweeping. By no means. For there may be cases in which it would not be such dirty work to clean folk's chimneys, as to sweep their pockets."

"True; very true," said Snipeton, who never selfishly took a sarcasm to himself, when, as he thought, so many of his fellow-

creatures equally well deserved it. "And so to the bribery. We must meet this petition."

"I thought so; and therefore waited upon Mr. Capstick to offer my professional services. You see, sir, I have peculiar advantages—very peculiar. For although, by that unfortunate and most mysterious robbery of the gold, the bribery—on the part of his lordship—was limited, rather limited; nevertheless, I have here, sir—here"—and Tangle tapped at his breast—"such facts, that"—

"I see," said Snipeton; "and you'll turn yourself inside out to oblige us?"

"I am a free agent; quite free. Being no longer his lordship's legal adviser—you wouldn't think that that paltry box of gold could have parted us; but so it is—there is no gratitude in the great; being, as I say, free, sir; and in the possession of secrets"—

"If you want a cheap pennyworth of dirt, you can buy it, you can buy it," said Capstick.

"Mr. Capstick!" exclaimed Tangle with a darkly solemn face, "Mr. Capstick"—but the attorney thought it not profitable to be indignant; therefore he suffered a smile to overflow his cheek, as he said—"Mr. Capstick, you're a wag." But Tangle had in this a secret consolation: for in his legal opinion he had as good as called the muffin-maker "thief and housebreaker." Tangle then proceeded. "What I shall do, I shall do for justice. And public justice, with her scales"—

"Bless my soul! I'd quite forgot the girl. Mr. Snipeton, your maid-of-all-work from Kent is below. A droll business. Quite an escape, poor thing! But she'll tell your wife all about it," said Capstick.

"Your pardon. Just one minute;" whereupon Snipeton repaired to St. Giles. "You know my house? Mind, I don't want all the world to know it. Well, make the best of your way there, and—stop. Come down stairs." And Snipeton left the room, St. Giles following him. St. Giles—so Snipeton determined—should at once escort the wench to Hampstead. Another minute, and to the joy and ill-concealed astonishment of the pair, the girl saw in St. Giles the wanderer and vagrant to whom she had given the shelter of a barn—and he beheld in his new fellow-servant, Becky, the soft-hearted maiden of the Lamb and Star.

MINE IS THINE.

MINE is thine, and thine is mine—
 Such is Love's most holy sign :
 When the mother's bosom bare
 Giveth milk to baby fair ;
 When the ailing infant's cries
 Bring tears to the mother's eyes ;
 Smile for smile, and eye for eye,
 Tear for tear, and sigh for sigh ;
 Then appears the law divine—
 Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
 Such is Love's most holy sign :
 When the lover takes his bride,
 Each shall share the same fireside,
 Each the blue sky overhead,
 Each the board and each the bed,
 Each the night and each the day,
 Each the toil and each the play,
 Pulse to pulse and start for start,
 Beat for beat and heart to heart ;
 Thus they show the law divine—
 Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
 Such is Love's most holy sign :
 When the members of the State
 Children are of Mother great ;
 One in heart, and one in head,
 Like two lovers ripely wed ;
 When they each shall share as one,
 Morning red and evening dun,
 Each the spade and each the lute,
 Each the work and each the fruit,
 Each the common table spread,
 Each the blue sky overhead ;
 Then shall rule the law divine—
 Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

GOODWYN BARMBY.

SHALL THE LORD MAYOR GO TO OXFORD ?

WE say—Yes. Of course, Mr. Mayor. Muster all your state pageantry ; the chivalry of Cockaigne ; sound the *réveille* to awake your brass-clad champion ; let the little man who sits at your carriage window, sword in hand, forthwith don the inverted fur bucket with which he crowns himself ; get up all your pomp and circumstance ; enlist the Aldermen—they will serve capitally for ballast ; send the fiery cross round your domains, let it gleam on Cheapside, and glisten meteor-like on Dowgate-hill ; let not a civic retainer linger in joining the foray on the city purse ; prick proudly from beneath Temple-bar ; receive, as did your predecessor, a degree from the hands of the complaisant doctors of Oxford—it is fully as valuable as a cross of the legion of honour ; then screw up your courage ; embark, my lord, embark ; conserve the Thames and reassure Old England !

The conservation of the Thames ! Conservation against what ? Why against fire ; against some sacrilegious individual running off with it ; against the fearful peril of a monster in human shape damming up the parent runnel at Chepstow, and sneering with a diabolical laugh at the thought of the stranded commerce in the pool. Conserve the Thames against what ? Surely against an inland Mrs. Partingdon sweeping it out of its channel with a broomstick ; against a pic-nicking party of teetotalers drinking it up in their tea ; against the calamity hinted at in the *Critic*, of both the banks accidentally getting on one side. Or think you not, too, my Lord Mayor, of the living creatures floating on the river's bosom, or snoozing all fishily in its bed ? Must not they be looked after ? Only think of a hardened Pentonvillean who goes out on Sunday afternoons to fish at Hampton Court, catching and cooking a sturgeon, which we all know must, by immemorial right, belong to the kitchen of the Mansion House ; or, direr catastrophe still,—think of a mighty hunter from Pimlico sacrilegiously shooting that bird so peculiar to the Thames, and so famous in natural history—a swan with two necks.

Dire suppositions!—enough to make one's blood, venous and arterial, curdle in its channels, like New River water in a frost.

Therefore, my lord, go to Oxford. We have indicated the purposes of your journey; we have sketched the peril from which—all heroically, all self-devotedly—you buckle on your pilgrim's gear, to release us fat and greasy citizens. Now, how do you intend to grapple with the evils you go to smite down?

Eat, my lord, eat! Cannibal-like, devour your enemies! There is more magic in knife and fork than in wand and divining-rod! But why talk of the black art? We have stated against what the Civic Pilgrim Father goes forth, to conserve our well-beloved Thames. Is there any reasoning man out of the Common Council, who, by the most simple process of ratiocination, does not at once see—as illumined by one dazzling burst of intellectual lightning—the clear connection between emptying tureens of turtle and the utter discomfiture and destruction of any one of those flesh-creeping schemes which we have enumerated, for promoting and abetting the decline and downfall of our own dearly-beloved pea-soupy river? The thing stands plainly demonstrated. Unless the Lord Mayor and all the Aldermen—beginning at Oxford—actually eat and drink their way through every reach, through every lock, between far-off Isis and the muddy precincts of Bugsby Hole, the great river is done for—the silent highway is shut up—the sturgeons are roasted for plebeian stomachs—the swans with two necks have both of them wrung—Father Thames is gathered to his fathers (whoever they may be), and desolate London laments round his empty bed.

Therefore, my Lord Mayor, be up and eating. Aldermen, we pray you, go into training for the feed. Oh, be bold! Brave indigestion—brave flatulence—brave headaches in the morning! Welcome a surfeit for your country's good! Never mind your stomachs; but take care of our Thames!

Load then the *Maria Wood* with all pleasant things. Lord Mayor Noah, get into your ark. Let all beasts—edible—accompany you—two by two. Let the turtle waddle on board, arm in arm with its mate—and as each animal ought to defile after its kind, we need not specify the long-eared procession, which in order to carry out this arrangement, will of course follow the Aldermen!

There is only one point more. Where is the money for all these important services—the necessary expenses we mean—to come from?—We declare we never heard a more vulgar, paltry,

and impertinent question. It's just like that low Court of Common Council! Where?—Of course from the pockets of the citizens of London—from their lawfully-acquired cash. And they grumble—Gratitude must have flown from the world. It's gone to "brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason." Oh for an hour of Lord Castlersagh to lecture city dwellers on their "ignorant impatience of taxation." Ladies and gentlemen! cash up—come. You have nothing to do but to pay. The recipients have nothing to do but to spend. 'Tis but a realisation of the great principle of division of labour. Besides, the city authorities have a right "to do what they like with their own." Your pockets are theirs. It is quite a vulgar fallacy—as Alderman Wilson would demonstrate to you in a trice—to think otherwise. The Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen hold the city purse-strings. They are privileged to make ducks and drakes of the money—and geese of themselves—whenever it pleaseth them.

And therefore, O citizens! cease vain complainings, which bring but vexation;—and you, O Common Council! retire into your domestic sancta, and reverently opening your Shakespeares, ponder with that—in all respects but his wit—most aldermanic personage, Sir Toby Belch, over the great, the eternal, the immutable answer, which, while the world is the world, must always reply to the Question:—

"Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

ANGUS B. REACH.

CRIMINALS.

THE most atrocious criminals were innocent little babies once, and they grew up to be hanged! Of two men born on the same day, it has happened that one has been "launched into eternity" by the hangman, whilst the other has been taken to his place in the respectable family vault, and his memory rejoices in an epitaph, blossoming with those scentless virtues which spring up so plentifully for dead men when they have not to be buried at the expense of the parish. The distribution of the affairs of this world seems such a tangled web of arbitrary arrangements—good and evil, right and wrong—that we cannot penetrate to the principle which governs it. Causes and effects have become so complicated and

involved, that they seem to have lost their essential nature, and become detached fragments of that vast chapter of accidents which we call "this world." As we chance to look out of ourselves on what surrounds us, everything seems an ordinary occurrence or a miracle; it is both, or either, according to the spirit in which we look. A thing that is no wonder, when we consider it as an occurrence which has taken place before our eyes every day till we have ceased to regard it, becomes a portion of the deep mystery of life which lies around us—a *miracle*, when we endeavour to trace its cause and find ourselves baffled in the attempt to discover the *principle*, that has given utterance to the *fact*.

A criminal placed at the bar is the most ordinary of events in the life of the gaolers, the turnkeys, the judges, and the lawyers, who have either to defend or prosecute him—it is the staple of their life—their very means of existence grow out of the fact of men being brought to judgment for the crimes they have committed; they are become matters of business, matters of course, in which the only note-worthy point is the acuteness and dexterity by which they have been discovered and placed at the bar; and yet the community at large feels an intense curiosity to learn details of the former life, habits, and environments of criminals, whose deeds have obtained any notoriety; provided their crimes have not arisen from an impulse of insanity, which is a moral outlawry from fellow-feeling.

A criminal, standing at the bar, belongs to men, and yet is of a different order; he has made an experience, which few of those who are listening to his trial dare to think on. He has *realised* what that thing is which men call CRIME,—MURDER, RAPE, INCEST, are only words to the generality of men; they do not realise them as actual things, until they are resolved into the hard, crushing fact of a DEED COMMITTED;—then all men feel a horrified eagerness to see the shape those things take when incarnated in one of our own brotherhood. He is a connecting link between each one in that assembly and the sin of which he stands accused; and none can defend himself against the fear, the horrible possibility, that the accused thing may enter into him too, and make him what he is now beholding.

So long as we read of crime in sermons and moral essays, it does not tempt us; we feel as if we were separated by a deep and well-defined gulf, fixed between us and all that sort of thing; but the actual sight of a criminal sends a spasm of terror through our

heart, and the conviction of the insecurity of our moral tenure is forced upon us.

If we were all of us to detail candidly our own experience, it would be found that many amongst us (most of us, perhaps,) had retained our fair character and reputation in the world, more from fortunate accidents, a happy concurrence of circumstances, than by any overpowering force of moral strength or clearness of judgment. There are times in the experience of nearly all men, when they have been very near committing some grievous misdeed, which would have cast them down from the high places of respectability; and it may have been a mere point of time, five minutes more or less, which has been the turning-point of their destiny. Things never look like what they really are, at the moment of their being done; and there are times when we all of us think thoughts and feel inclined to commit actions, from which at ordinary times we should start with dismay and abhorrence. At such a crisis, it is the turning of a straw what we shall become; a look, — a tone, — a casual expression dropped in our hearing, — a remembered epithet (though originally applied, it may be, to some quite different subject); nothing, in short, is too weak or trivial to be the means of turning the current of our actions, and saving us from shipwreck as by the breadth of a hair. There are *moral* casualties as well as *physical* ones, and ACCIDENTS are not confined to breaking one's leg, or being run over by a carriage. It is this consciousness that lies at the bottom of the morbid curiosity about criminals.

The charm of criminal literature, the spell by which it holds us in spite of the revolting of our tastes and habits, is, that it shows the criminal in his human and social relationship; — the steps by which he was led to the commission of the crime are shewn; the surrounding circumstances are brought to light; the reader is made to *feel* the moral magnetism of the temptation, and the crime ceases to be the abstract thing it is in the statute-book.

We recognise in the criminal a man like unto ourselves, and we feel a thrilling interest in learning by what steps he came to be an outcast, what temptations, what passions, what necessities brought him into that degraded isolation from us, — and we each feel it a relief, a respite as from condemnation on ourselves, when we can stop at points of his history and say — “No, *I could not* have done so — with *that* act I can feel no sympathy — I must needs have done otherwise.”

The *form* in which sympathy with criminals gets manifested is often disgusting enough. There is nothing to be said of pic-nic parties to the scene of a horrid murder; to the relics of hanged scoundrels being sought and paid for at a higher rate than the relics of saints and martyrs were in old times; nor to irreverent, almost blasphemous exhibitions of the "happy death" and "hopeful end" of miscreants, at whose crimes we feel a horror. All that sort of thing is an unutterable abomination; still there must be a *cause*, it could not exist, except in right of being a genuine sentiment, a protest of the deep sympathy between man and man;—the voice of the universal brotherhood, which makes us all one nature. It is the beginning of a better spirit. Formerly when judicial torture was part of the administration of justice, criminals were not regarded as human beings,—they were only an impersonation of evil deeds to be expiated in their person. It was in accordance with the secret desire of seeing vengeance taken on an evil deed, which lies at the bottom in all human hearts, and the natural cowardice, which, even more than moral reprobation, instigates barbarous punishments; each one hoped that thereby the evil might be frightened from his own door;—as a farmer nails up a dead kite over his barn, that his poultry may dwell safe under its shadow. Of late the feeling has been gaining ground that no man however bad ought to be put to death. The cowardly selfish impulse which made men formerly anxious to put away criminals, as the most compendious mode of preventing further danger, in the fear lest their own turn should come next, has given place to a better spirit.

Amongst the world's *réprouvés*, are often found individuals endowed with far higher capacities and qualities, both of heart and intellect, than can be boasted by many who have been advanced to high consideration amongst the world's respectable children. It is always to the last a question, whether a man endowed with strong *positive* qualities shall become a scoundrel or a hero;—for positive qualities always cut both ways, and unless there be great sagacity to guide them, it is a great chance whether the actions that spring from them will be wise or foolish. It is not the accident of a crime committed that makes a man a reprobate—a man's actions are only the tangible symptom and manifestation of the moral element in which he habitually dwells,—which is the standard of what he really is, —for a man is always greater both for better and worse, than anything he actually does. It may chance

that the *crime*, the *act*, by which a man throws himself into collision with society, may be far less wicked than the previous silent, unobserved demoralisation in which his life has glided on ; —it is that previous course of demoralisation that is fearful, that is fatal ; —the accident of the *crime* which crowns the whole, is a symptom of the extent to which the moral deterioration has arrived, it is only the natural expression of a condition that has gone on unchecked and unheeded day after day.

An act of crime has not unfrequently arisen from an incongruous display of better qualities, not worked out into steadfast principles ; nor yet choked up, nor altogether stifled ; —but acting in random impulses ; —grains of gold that have not amalgamated with the baser material, and although precious in themselves, causing weakness and failure by their want of unity and coherence. But that is as it may be. —Jonathan Wild, who is an authority on such matters, used to declare, that most men were ruined by not being wicked enough when they were about it : we only insist on the fact, that what is seen in action, is only a symptom of the inner life, from which it is thrown forth ; as the Apostle says, “the things which are *seen* are not made from those which do appear.”

There is an unfathomable depth of indolence lying at the bottom of the deep heart of man, in which the Mystery of Iniquity, and all the other Mysteries of Humanity, have their root. Whatever may be said of SELF-INTEREST as the moving spring of all men's actions, it is only true to a small extent ; men are much more immediately influenced by their *convenience* than their interest. That which men find very inconvenient to do, can never arouse their sympathy or enthusiasm ; —men are slow to believe their interest can lie in what is troublesome. In that sneaking, indolent sensualism, that tendency to what is *convenient*, —*easiest*, —*done at the moment*, —lies the germ of all crime ; it is the element in which depravity developes itself ; the rank, steaming hot-bed of all that is vile and refuse in Humanity. Physiologists say that an organ which has once got decayed, has a tendency to continue to perform its functions wrong (the mere force of habit) long after the disorder is remedied ; the same tendency is seen through the whole economy. Men *go on* in a certain course, *because* they have begun ; —the impetus of one day throws them into the next ; —circumstances grow out of each other ; —men are carried along by an imperceptible current, set in from their own previous acts, and they have no force in themselves to turn aside their course.

"Resolutions" are of small avail, for there is an imperceptible accumulation of force in every day; men become entangled in the routine of small unimportant circumstances, which bind one day to another, and make to-morrow the corollary of to-day, and which bears down the spasmodic energy of a moment's resolve. It was Mirabeau who used to say, "Men's habits are far stronger than their vices."

On the other hand, men are indisposed, to a degree which makes it almost impossible to continue a series of efforts; they have not sufficient force of will; and it requires them to be bound by some law, as in the case of soldiers, and reduced in some sort to the level of machines, before a definite purpose can be long and steadily followed. In novels and melodramas, the villains are wound up by a machinery of certain definite passions; and they continue to act to the fall of the curtain, with the preordained regularity of clock-work; but in real life, men have not the strength nor the sagacity to lay elaborate plans of villany, and act steadily upon them. Their intentions grow up from accidental circumstances; they allow themselves to drift, rather than steer their own course, and few clearly discern whitherward they tend. At the end of his career the man himself often is the person most surprised at the act which made the catastrophe to his life's drama. If the generality of men were strong of will and steady of purpose, the world could not go on with the small amount of virtue which it makes to suffice at present. It would be like the latent strength that lies in animals, which they do not recognise in themselves, and therefore we dwell safely amongst them, and govern them easily; but let any one fancy how it would be, if some fine morning they awoke to the consciousness of their own strength!

CRIME is the bad inheritance of the whole human race;—it is not the monopoly of any one class;—the ranks of criminals have been recruited from men of all grades;—still the *majority* of open criminals is found amongst the poorest and most degraded class: those who have to endure the greatest bodily privations, who enjoy the fewest pleasures, and whose only notion of enjoyment is a rude uncultivated sensualism (for some classes have not even their animal senses fully awakened). There is always a feeling of surprise, when more highly educated or better-endowed individuals throw themselves out of the current, and become transgressors against law and order.

There is plenty of legislature for disorders when they come to actual crimes ; plenty both of law and justice ; there are prisons for those who steal ; the hulks, transportation, and ropes to hang those whose transgressions have become too flagrant and inconvenient to be tolerated any longer. The whole apparatus of executive justice, from the judge on the bench to the policeman on duty, is highly effective, imposing, and the mark of a most civilized, well-ordered state. Doubtless when evils come to be heard in the shape of actual crimes, they must be grappled with ; executive justice is blind, and deals with tangible facts alone ; she has no concern with *causes*. When a man becomes too troublesome to society there are conveniences for putting him out of the way ; removing him,—as one would an excrescence or a cancer. But we say again, these crimes are only *symptomatic* of the disorders that lie out of sight, and for which no remedy is provided ;—for which no justice has legislated.

If we examine a little the condition in which by far the largest class of men are born and brought up, we shall wonder, not that crime abounds, but that the best of society should be allowed to dwell so safely as they do, “ none making them afraid.”

Most people have at times passed through the streets occupied by the lower classes, and sickened at the dirt, the squalidness, and misery they saw. The experience of most people will furnish them with an average specimen brick of these abodes of wretchedness ; but few realise the condition in which those of the lower class are born and must die. Story-books and tracts for poor people talk of being born “ of poor but virtuous parents,” as if that were a necessary antithesis ; but what *are* the elements out of which the poor are to educe their virtue ? Let any one read Mr. Chadwick’s books of the “ Evidence before the Commissioners for Enquiring into the State of the Poor,” under various phases of their lot ; and some idea may then be formed of what it is to be born of poor parents, and the sort of influences and environments likely to aid them in their pursuit of virtue ! The Moloch like statistics of *one town alone*, (Birmingham,) where “ *half* the total number of deaths registered are those of children under five years of age,” is one of the smallest evils arising from the accumulation of physical suffering and every variety of bodily privation. Let any one go into the streets allotted to the dwellings of the poor, and even the better sort will be found narrow, dark, unpaved, undrained, full of unutterable filth allowed to accumulate and

putrefy; the houses are all of them small, stained with smoke and dirt, no traces of paint or whitewash to sweeten them; they are filled with the heavy atmosphere laden with the smell of all the congregated impurities around; and the dwellers in these places are obliged to endure all this, for they cannot alter the state of their streets, nor even of their houses. We blame the poor for being dirty; and Provident Visitors and Benevolent Society Ladies exhort them to cleanliness; but they are condemned to dirt from the actual absence of all water from their houses, and they have no means either of obtaining or of keeping any, except at an expense above their means, or at a cost of exertion—much more energetic than can reasonably be looked for—to fetch it from a distance. They cannot deliver themselves from all this,—it is their destiny,—they cannot afford to live in better places, and they must, besides, be near their work; and those who build the abodes of the poor are either too ignorant or too avaricious to include any of the comforts, or as we should consider them, necessaries, of existence. Bad as the streets are, there are places still worse: narrow alleys, close courts, “in the lowest depths a lower still;”—and miserable as are the houses with their small close rooms, yet a poor family cannot even possess one of them; several herd together, till, as one who has been much amongst them testifies, “that the state of many of the districts where the poor dwell, renders it impossible for decent people to continue the habits they may have formed under better auspices; for that the environments tend to destroy the common decencies of human creatures.” And it must be remembered that all this is far more terrible in its naked reality than can be even surmised from the vague general indications we alone venture to give, and it is not with reference to the bodily privations and hardships that we have referred to this condition of the “every-house-his-castle,” in which such a large proportion of the people dwell, (for the poor are by far the most numerous class) but it is for its effect on their MORAL and *mental* condition—it has never been taken into consideration, in legislating for crime. The *growth* of crime can never be checked whilst all this continues; the poor cannot ameliorate themselves, so they come into the world not only *predestined* to suffer more than the average amount of human ill, but many of them to be actually imprisoned, transported, and *hanged*, for what is, in *great measure*, the natural

growth and consequence of their position. It is a statistical *fact*, not a theory at all, "that in the worst and most neglected districts, live, and from birth have lived, that portion of the population out of which come, not only the thieves and pickpockets, and those other degraded and profligate persons who are the pests of society; but also, in general, our great criminals, violent and reckless men, who every now and then perpetrate, in cold blood, deeds which fill the whole country with horror."* Cause and effect *must* follow each other, though we may not be able always to trace the line of connexion. The effect of an action or of a *fact* is never still-born; and when the largest class of the community live under the influences we have alluded to, till their soul is stupefied out of them, and their bodies unhealthy, debased, till they have begun to depart from the very type of humanity,—is it any wonder that crime flourishes? Is it not, rather, wonderful that the fair daylight structure of society is allowed to repose so tranquilly, girt round as it is with this abyss of dark unutterable suffering, and the elements of all loathsome things?

It is fortunate for the other portion of society that the people who are condemned to this state of things are in general too brutally apathetic to be engaged in active criminality long together. They are in a state of moral decomposition, induced by their circumstances, and their very energy to be vicious is fitful and indolent. But this ocean of guilt and darkness with which we are encompassed, surges up from time to time, instinct with human souls, leaving them stranded, and wrecked, and discovered to the eyes of all men. Then society takes cognizance of their existence, but it is only to cast them from her for ever. There are no conveniences for restoring them to the exercise of their moral functions, to the state of HUMANITY from which they have deteriorated.

A criminal is a word of fear to the well-to-do-in-the-world members of the community—there is more cowardice than moral reprobation in the punishment inflicted on him;—there is a sentiment of self-preservation in the zeal for justice to take its course—"c'est faire à la fois, le bien public et particulier, chef d'œuvre de morale."

In words, criminals who are *aux prises* with justice, are exhorted to profit by their sentence, and reform and lead a new life—but even supposing that the breath of moral life followed the words of the judge, under what practical possibility is a convicted felon to lead

* See Dr S. Smith's "Evidence before the Commissioners for Inquiring into the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts—1844."

the life of an honest man? Justice takes no heed of him *before* his crime,—her connexion with him ceases, at the expiration of his sentence; and with his name written in the Recorder's Book,—with the odour of the Criminal Court clinging to him like the scent of the grave,—how is he to obtain admission into the ranks of honest men—even supposing him suddenly and miraculously endowed with the moral strength to become one?

It is social destruction to gaze face to face on a judge in the awful exercise of his functions. His exhortation to a prisoner, either to amend his life, or attend to his soul, is like the "Extreme Unction"—never administered till there is no chance of recovery. It is virtually casting him adrift on the wilds of rascaldom; for after condemnation there is a deep fixed between society and the criminal, and no man having once crossed over may re-pass it.

Thus one class of men seem born to a horrible primogeniture of crime;—brought up in brutality, their senses steeped in want, filth, licentiousness, and all unutterable forms of demoralisation,—they excel in wickedness.

They do not, as we said before, *monopolise* crime; the ranks of criminals have been recruited by men of talent, education, birth, rank, and possessors of some virtue too; "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin," and that holds true of the evil as well as the good of humanity.

The demoralising process, though carried on under different forms, is essentially the same in all classes.

Life itself is a constant struggle against dissolution, against the tendency to break the combination which holds us together in a visible form. The process of moral decomposition is the *ceasing to struggle*, to keep thoughts, words, and actions, in a state of coherency—an indulgence of the disposition "to live at ease"—a ceasing to hold ourselves in control, or, in the words of the Apostle, ceasing "to live like those who must give an account." When men have once fallen into this helpless, indolent state, all trouble is odious to them—they have gone so far towards dissolution that the germ, the possibility of crime is developed in them; their whole nature is softened, and becomes easily tainted by any ill temptation that may beset them.

Great crimes are seldom contemplated afar off; they are given into by little and little: the current has set in that way, and the man floats along with it, and is ever drifted on towards it, until only the brief space of the *actual fact* separates him.

The outward environments of decency and civilisation, the conventional laws of society, are a great check on men, and hinder the development of much evil ; but the process of moral deterioration, wherever it exists, has the same symptoms and tendencies ;—if want and misery stupefy the soul, pleasure hardens the heart ;—in both, it is *sensualism* that rots the spiritual life away. But with the better classes there are so many more chances of redemption, such comparative want of facility to break down the barriers that separate them from crime, that we feel less sympathy with them,—their moral means are as abundant as their physical ones,—they suffer from the lack of nothing.

But for the criminals of the poorest and most numerous class—surely something might be done to save their souls alive, *before* they render themselves obnoxious to the great Juggernaut of Human Justice, and fall crushed beneath its course ! But the remedy must be applied *before* the evil has become embodied in a criminal act. Men are prone to have faith only in what can be plainly demonstrated, or at least seems to have a logical connexion with something tangible : it must assume the aspect of a concrete totality, before they will venture to act on it. A crime is a *fact* ; something men can grapple with. It is easy to make laws to take vengeance on it ; but the floating elements of evil, *before* they have hardened into the definite consistency of an *act of crime*, are not so susceptible of demonstrated remedy—and there is none provided.

Evil in infinite shapes has held for six thousand years undoubted sway—has got itself recognised for a FACT ;—whilst men, by a natural instinct, still only speak of “*dreams of doing good*”

When a thing is established as a *fact*, it has a stability, one might almost say, a consideration, enjoyed by nothing else in this world. The existence of CRIME, being unhappily a FACT, men are more apt to feel faith in the vengeance they can execute on it, than in any plan for preventing its growth. Preaching and hanging have hitherto been the principal weapons opposed to its progress, and with small success. The pestilential element is not attacked, but allowed to accumulate and form an inexhaustible treasure-house for crime, confusion, and every evil work.

If crime is to be diminished, it is only by dealing with the elements out of which crime arises that it can be done.

If it be Justice to hang a man for being a murderer—it is

no less Justice to ameliorate the influences which brutalised him into one. The same Justice that demands punishment on a felon requires (though this part of her prayer is dispersed to the winds) that he shall have had at least an average chance of taking to good ways.—Justice ought to deal with men *before* their crime, as well as *after* it; and that portion of society which has the power to punish crime, performs only *half* its task if it leave untouched those remote causes which, it can be proved, have a direct tendency to make men utterly brutish, ignorant, cruel, and reckless. Society at large, by its apathy to these previous circumstances, has been an *accessary before the fact* to a vast proportion of the crimes which have thrilled it with wonder and horror.

It is not by building churches, or even schools, that, in the *first* instance, the lower orders are to be Christianized. They must first be raised to the condition of *human beings*, before they can be addressed as *immortal souls* with any chance of success. Men of high and well-known reputation, *practical men*, whose avocations have taken them amongst the poor, have all united in the same testimony to the physical and moral influences that surround the poor.

A medical man (Dr. Ward) has declared that even the admission of *light* into the dwellings of the lower orders would have “a most signal” influence on their moral condition. Dr. Southwood Smith, after giving practical illustrations of the working of the present state of things, which cannot well be transferred here, calls the attention of the public and the legislature to the *physical deterioration* and *moral degradation* which result from the confined space—the want of a sufficient number of separate rooms in the houses of the poor; and this is not the case in large towns alone, but throughout the country, wherever the poor dwell. If Men are obliged to live like Brutes, they *can* be degraded down to their level, and have left to them none of the feelings and affections proper to human beings.

All who have spoken and written on the subject unite in testifying that legislative enactments are absolutely necessary to ameliorate the actual state of things. The poor are too ignorant and too apathetic to take proper care of themselves in matters that most concern them; and they *can* do little or nothing towards bettering their own condition. The amount they have to pay for their wretched dens is such as ought to procure accommodation

proper for human beings ; but everything done for the poor is both bad and expensive. The legislature has passed building acts, and interfered so far in the building of houses in general, as to insert that the walls should be made of a certain thickness, and the timbers of a certain strength, and has taken precaution to diminish the danger of fire,—but it is of equal, or rather of infinitely more importance, that the houses should be fit in other respects for the residence of the human beings who live in them. Those persons who at present invest their money in building small houses and cottages for the poor, are too sordid, too grossly ignorant, to lay out their money in any way that does not promise an actual return in money. Nothing efficient *can* be done towards improving the condition of the lower orders, and thereby lessening the growth of crime, except by *compulsory* regulations, adequately enforced and carried out. Men cannot be *recommended* out of evil ; they must be *commended* from it, by that which has authority to *enforce* it.

Remedies, *before* they are applied, bear no manner of similitude to the disorders they are intended to rectify. The evil is sharp, tangible, well defined ;—the remedy is a theory, a possibility, not identified even in the minds of those who recommend it with the fact it is to grapple with. The most sanguine can only *hope*. At first sight the connexion between improving the streets and dwelling-houses of the poor, and the improvement in their morals and the actual decrease of crime, seems far-fetched and fanciful ; but even if there were not the united testimony of those best able to judge from their extensive acquaintance with statistical facts, the experiment might be tried without any great danger of throwing additional burdens on the higher classes. For it is those who pay the rates who have now to support an immense proportion of the lower orders, either in workhouses or in prisons, and one would think it might be done as cheaply, and much more conveniently, at their own abodes.

It is with those men who have not become actual criminals that any interference can be made with any rational hope of doing them good. When a man has once been convicted of an offence against life and property, he is a marked man for the remainder of his days,—a social Cain, whom all who come near avoid. He is banished beyond the outer court of humanity ; he may repent of his crimes, and desire earnestly to lead a new life, but he is like a GHOST, causing dread and confusion if he attempts to return

within the pale of his former social relations. And this is by no means unnatural or inhuman. So long as the instinct of self-preservation remains in force, honest men *will* have the preference over penitent scoundrels,—they are *safer* to deal with. Very few have the spirit of self-devotion strong enough to offer at their own risk, a fair and frank opportunity for the moral *rehabilitation* of men who have once fallen under the law and been condemned of Justice ; but so much the more imperative is it on all to endeavour to keep them from evil, to *prevent* that which, when it once occurs, is irretrievable in its consequences.



THE GOLDEN AGE IS COMING YET.

BARDS in praise of Golden Ages
 Long have sung in lofty rhyme,
 But, except in their own pages,
 Never was there such a time :
 The æra they so much regret,
 The Golden Age, is coming yet !

Iron, iron, iron only,
 All the ages that have been,
 Barren were they, bleak, and lonely,
 Here and there a flower between—
 With blood and tears they all were wet,
 The Golden Age is coming yet.

By the lofty aims we cherish,
 By the hope that never dies,
 Error's legions soon shall perish,
 Liberty and Truth arise—
 A pair on earth that never met,
 The Golden Age is coming yet.

Up then, brothers, and be doing,
 Ev'ry effort brings it on,
 And the humblest—truth pursuing—
 From its pathway lifts a stone.
 Love then, and labour, do not fret ;
 The Golden Age is coming yet.

SUMPTUARY PRESUMPTIONS.

BY PAUL BELL.

"Let me see," said the Regent,—"*whom shall I dress next!*"—*Thomas Brown the Younger.*

OUR neighbourhood, Sir, has been thrown into a commotion, such as I do not recollect to have known in my time,—except, perhaps, when Miss Adelia Le Grand chose to demean herself (as her sisters put it) by running away with the person "who gave our nephew instructions on the flute." Protection and Paternal care, it seems, wish to take new forms; and these are of extraordinary interest, you will admit, to a population of calico-printers—nor less to our Bombazeen cousins at Norwich, our Bandanna relations at Glasgow, and our United Irish Linen neighbours at Belfast. It is not only the manufacturers who are up in arms—but the "women-kind" too. Since the moment, on the 3rd of this month, when my Mrs. Bell read in the *Morning Post* the solemn declaration, that England desired to be put under Sumptuary Law—because the English people *would be* clothed as their *wisers* and their *bettors* pleased,—she has never, she assures me, enjoyed one single hour's good rest on her pillow, for thinking, as she says, what every one ought to wear up and down Haleyon Crescent!

One or two to whom my wife has mentioned the scheme having doubted whether any popular teacher would be bold enough to recommend such a nostrum in these days:—I will subjoin the very precise words written—my Mrs. B. makes no doubt—by some author dressed in the true author's garb of old times—cloth of pepper and salt—the workhouse colours,—out at the elbows. Thus saith the Solomon:—

"England (to use once more Carlyle's phrase) 'wants to be governed.' We need government for all classes. We need real government. We need government, not merely for the protection of life and of property in masses, but we need government, moreover, for the repression or eradication of those propensities of our common nature, in which social misery in all its forms takes its rise. We need, undoubtedly, among other things, such a censorship of morals as prevailed in Rome during

the best period of Rome's history. We need, not less certainly, such sumptuary laws as were established in Scotland during the 14th and 15th centuries."

"I hope here be truths"—a Clothes' question, with a vengeance, for Mr. Carlyle to settle in some future edition of *Sartor Resartus*; and for Mr. Mosca of Aldgate to propound to his Chancellor or keeper of conscience that it may be properly "improved" in some future edition of *his* transcendental speculations on "the Past, the Present, and the Future!" What a field for inventive genius! what scope for fancy and philanthropy combined! May Fair to wear one suit!—Rag Fair another! Saints in crape! Saints in lawn! Saints in huckaback! Saints in sacking! We are told that Mr. Cobden has gone down to the — print works, full of the idea; only waiting to see what manner of apparel the Editor of the *Morning Post* will himself sport, by way of glorious beginning—before he gets up a waistcoat for Lords, another for Commons—one for engineers, another for poets,—and a new "bull-head and fetter-lock" pattern for "the Country Party!"

Difficulties have arisen, however, on the outset, before the scissors have been put to a single yard of cloth (save in cutting out the editorial coat aforesaid). A regulation uniform apportioned to any given class makes comfortless work of the too Tall, or the too Short—as many a Muffin Cap will bear witness; and I hardly perceive how the paternal and protectionist Toilette can be rendered sufficiently distinctive and embracing, without meanness to some, and misery to others. The glory of the Dukes, for instance, is to be shown forth: so many rows of miniver at Coronation-time being but a beginning. Now, since certain Baronets have had books written to prove their right to thumb-rings,* among other "long pig-tails and such vanities,"—the Buckinghams, Beauforts, and other such more august personages, must be bound to wear rings on every finger,—if they be absolved from the bells on their toes,—with

* The Committee of Baronets claim, however, besides Knighthood for all Baronets, and for their Eldest Sons on attaining the age of twenty-one, the style of "*Honourable*," and "Supporters to their arms, a Badge, a Dark Green Dress, as the appropriate costume pertaining to them as *Equites Aurati*: the collar of S. S.—the Belt—the Scarf—a Star—a Pennon—a White Hat and Plume of White Feathers—the Thumb-Ring and Signet—the Sword—Gilt Spurs," etc.—See Crawford's *Address to the Baronets' Committee*, 1837.

which the wisdom of our ancestors accompanied that decoration; (to quote the *Nursery Saga*). And of course, as in number of jewels, there must be also differences in the quality of the jewelry. It is a chance whether any Mrs. Hardcastle ought to aspire to any ornaments more precious than the garnets which the first of that name, Tony Lumpkin's Mama, pressed on Miss Neville, her niece, by way of pacifying the young lady for the loss of her diamonds. But, if this be so, gentlewomen of "privilege" must prove themselves such by their brilliants (and, seriously, this was in some measure provided for, by the institution of Hair-Looms). When she leaves her "sea of light" at home, My Lady must sink at once to plain Joan, and may be treated as such, without power of appeal to the Red Book, or the Peerage. I cannot think that such an arrangement is wholly feasible: since, well-a-day for Grandeur!—it may be feared that there are some among the nobility, to whom paste and mosaic gold, even, would not come easily. Such melancholy sights are to be seen as Earls' grand-daughters gaining their bread as Governesses—as the Sons of Dukes fighting their way out of the Straights of Narrow Fortune, on board Her Majesty's ships—or teaching clodpole children their catechism in some remote country parish, where the gleam of even Bristol stones would dazzle the farmers' wives and farmers' daughters into fits. Now if people must be hindered by Law from dressing above their Rank, they must also be hindered by Law from dressing below it: (much good, my helpmate insists, would this do to stingy Mr. Crum and his Sister at Number 29, whose clothes would disgrace a scare-crow!) And, accordingly, all the nobility must be provided with competent incomes, by the England which *wants* to be governed by properly dressed people. Was it this, sir, which the writer in the *Post* meant, think you?

If so, what does it all amount to—but that Purse, not Pedigree, must draw the line. My Mrs. B. will not listen to me, while I tell her that the bare idea is rank democracy—an encouragement of that Mammon worship, the name of which makes the Country Party faint! No such proposal, believe me, will ever come from *The Post*! For if it were once acted upon, good by to Lady Salesbury's blaze of splendour, which struck terror into the heart of the Sultan—good by to the renowned Star court diamonds, the appearance of which in the fashionable world is as regularly chronicled as Lord George's last race with Mr. Benjamin for the Secretary or Vice-President cup, or Mr. Manager's last

breakfast to Opera Dukes and Opera Dancers ! The Opium King would go forth, "his kineob waistcoat buttoned with the spoils of Golconda ;" while many a Baronet of ancient Norman descent must put up with, and be thankful for, a few bits of Cairngorm. The Railway Queen would monopolize all the "swimmings" of the "Tyrian murrey ;" whereas, Queens of Beauty could only afford their robes a dip of Campeachy logwood. Again, Colonel Rubini would be enjoined, "whenever he takes his walks abroad," to prop his military and musical grandeur on a clouded cane, "got up with the utmost disregard to expense ;" while Colonel —, whose "valour set the Hooghly on fire," must needs trudge to the Horse Guards, with a bit of blackthorn or bog oak in his hands, liable to be fined five shillings by Mr. Hardwick or Mr. Maltby, if he lost himself in the wilderness of Bamboo, or wandered into the unwholesome labyrinth of African Cane ! So that the end would be the apotheosis (since those who think so much of fine clothes, worship where they are worn,) of Opium Kings or Railway Queens, or of Tenors with a whole unnatural A, B, C, of *false* *setto* ;—that is, of commercial success, and ingenious combination, and artistic merit ! To myself this does not appear the most shocking arrangement of human reverence which the world has seen ; but I am fearful that the Protectionist ladies and gentlemen will hardly like it, as well as England *wants* they should.

Some, Sir, will assure you, that good Religion, as well as good Politics, is involved in the proposed arrangement. What a coil is now kept up about the proper manner of dressing a Church, and *for* Church : about *the* orthodox altar Flounce—the saving grace of such or such another surplice ! Grave men are giving their time and their scissors to cutting out patterns which shall keep the golden mean between Protestantism and Papistrie. The *uniform* humour of Quakerism, which, once upon a time, "found peace" and bore testimony in "black hoods and green aprons" for Women Friends, is up in the market. Henceforth, no piety is to pass as such, save it has been *hall marked* by Patented Interpreters of Tradition ! There are to be degrees in coat collars as well as in copes ; dogmas are to be symbolized by the cut of—*ahem* !—dittoes ; and every maid's or matron's hopes of reaching the Delectable Mountains, and the golden Land beyond, are to be set down as "low," past the power of Synod or Council to raise,—if, having passed an examination under Miss Lambert, that gentlewoman decides that her bonnet belongs to a heterodox period, or that the *materiel* of

her mantle is Pagan. N.B.—An end is to be put to all India shawls, China crapes, Trichinopoly chains, or Smyrna silks: and by this Protection will reap a twofold profit.

I have been much struck, Sir, while watching my Mrs. Bell's delight at the prospect of giving her neighbours a "proper dressing," to observe how fervour and enthusiasm can never remain stationary. These same Sumptuary Laws, which the *Post* declares that England *will* have revived, were coeval with sundry other patronal and protective engines:—Thumb-screws and the like. I could not help inquiring of my good lady, how far she would desire to see these taken in hand, to rebuke "*that* Mrs. Ogle" for the bird-of Paradise tail in her bonnet, or to keep Mr. Thomas Fightington's waistcoats moderate, (which, as worn at present, are enough entirely to destroy the devotion of any quiet person in Church). My question gave offence; for women, though willing to argue for ever, are puzzled by an illustration; get angry or stop. "No; she hoped she was too good a Christian for such wickedness as *that*!—but she *did* think that it would be useless to make people make a suitable appearance, so long as they were allowed to spend what they pleased on their tables, and about their houses." And reasonable enough, too. Mrs. Bell is consistent in her notion of arranging her neighbours, whether they like it or not! Down ought to come all the balconies of houses inhabited by people who can't pay the Income Tax. Individuals who are guilty of "two puddings," like *Sir Balaam*, should pay a fine to the Lady of the Manor; cooks being encouraged to inform. All tea-pots, tankards, posset-dishes, and such like superfluities above the permitted number, must be broken up (the proprietor to be at the expense!) Precise forms to be issued, to be filled up by every householder—according to which the garnishing of garden walks is to be graduated; as for instance, Oyster Shells for the Rector's Lady, Cockle Shells for the Curate's. What an Elysium of Charity, Good Neighbourhood, and Economy is opening before us! As my Wife says—"there is no ascertaining at a moment's warning the lengths to which so great a principle may not be carried out." But this she is resolved; to see it diffused in her own neighbourhood.

The indignant cry of "Stuff!" which has been long ere this raised by such as mistake their own arguments illustrated for the irony of a shabby old Latitudinarian, discomfits me as little, as I hope it does you, Sir. Nay, it is, in some sort, an "*Imprimatur*."

For, indeed, what, more or less, let me venture to ask, are Sumptuary Laws?—the project of their revival, not to be seriously attacked or defended, but to be dealt with in sarsnet phrase, for the use, comfort, and enlightenment of Elderly Ladies. The *Morning Post*, we trust, with its accustomed elegance, will recognise the suitability of my style to my subject,—even though it call me, as it once did Napoleon, “*that ambitious, but undoubtedly talented, enemy to Established Order.*”

THE WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.*

THERE are many advantages in the form of composition adopted by Mr. Landor. Of these, the chief, perhaps, is, that it enables a man who has not, on many subjects, arrived at positive opinions, to dispute, as it were, with himself, in presence of the public, and get credit for whichever side of the argument happens to be most popular. Not that Mr. Landor has much availed himself of this privilege. He loves to speak out, and therefore, the veil and shelter of dialogue are frequently of no service to him. Occasionally, when a notion suggests itself to his mind, of whose character and value he is doubtful, though he determines to give it vent, the accommodating forms of conversation come opportunely to his aid and enable him to deliver himself of the strange birth without those intellectual throes to which an author, under any other circumstances, would be subjected.

Generally, however, he is less solicitous to put forward new opinions than to correct those already in circulation. Both in philosophy and literature he appears, therefore, most frequently as a critic, wedded to no theory, but intent upon sifting, in all things, the chaff from the grain, and bringing about a truce, if not a treaty of alliance, between the possessors and vendors of both. But Mr. Landor is a rough peace-maker. He does not betake himself to those subtle, insinuating, winning processes which throw a spell over the understanding and lead men blindfold, whether right or wrong, to whatever point the author would have them reach; but, taking the disputants forcibly by the ears,

* The Works of Walter Savage Landor, in 2 vols. London: Moxon, 1840.

he thrusts them into an inclosure, from which they cannot get out, and bids them accommodate their differences as fast as possible and live thenceforward in amity. With what success this method is likely to be attended, in the case, for example, of sects and parties, we need not say. Enthusiastic men, worshippers of one principle or opinion, such as in all cases make up the vitality of party, are insensible to ridicule. They take in right earnest the business of this life, and treat all who laugh at it as triflers. Wit, therefore, makes no impression on them, and though severe satire may gall their flanks it will not turn them from their course or impede their progress. And the reason is, that they are deaf to the explosions of merriment taking place around them; and if they behold the lips move, are more likely to fancy that it is in approbation than in censure.

Very shrewd thinkers are often out in appreciating the elements of popularity. They tell you, that to obtain a hold on the majority, a writer must be suggestive, that is, full of unblown thoughts, which, transplanted into the minds of other men, may unfold and flourish there. Mr. Landor is such a writer, and he is not popular. His pages abound everywhere with suggestions, with the finest embryos of thought, with original conceptions, and images with new combinations, generally in good taste, sometimes in bad, with bold judgments of men and things, with enlarged views, dashed and alloyed by coarser materials, such as expressions, allusions, jests, and occasionally protracted passages which true refinement must condemn. He looks forward and backward over the great field of humanity, and by examining what it has produced, so far as yet cultivated, seeks to divine the nature of the crop to be expected from its untried sections.

The very faults of such a writer might be expected to act as a recommendation, being, as they are, the faults of wit betrayed by indulgence into too great license. Conscious of being quite at home with the subject under consideration, and standing in no awe of criticism, he allows his fancy to run riot that he may show his entire independence, and even conducts it occasionally into holes and corners which we would prefer not entering. This is a mistake, criticism is good when it is honest, when it praises heartily, and condemns with reluctance, as Mr. Landor's own criticism generally does. We say generally, because in the case of the French he seems to be under the influence of a rooted dislike, which inclines him systematically to disparage nearly

everything they have done or produced. Not that we ourselves indulge any partiality for that people, but that, from a lurking sense of justice, we should hesitate to condemn them so peremptorily and entirely as Mr. Landor does.

We were saying, however, that in criticism Mr. Landor praises ungrudgingly, and only condemns because his judgment compels him. No man throws more zest into his eulogy of other writers, which argues, in our opinion, a large and liberal soul, sufficiently calm and unruffled to reflect all forms of beauty even when emanating from an enemy. This is a rare merit, much rarer than genius, for genius is not always generous; but Mr. Landor's, upon the whole, is. He may, no doubt, have his antipathies, and find it impossible—as who does not?—to regard the claims and pretensions of all men with equal mind; but with extremely few exceptions we think it will be found that the warmth of genius melts him into sympathy and sets his admiration in a glow.

The most prominent thought in nearly all great writers discloses the desire to promote the peace and tranquillity of mankind. Even the most distinguished orators nourished amidst the strife of the Agora, and rendered fierce by perpetual opposition, infused into their most tempestuous harangues a hatred of violence and bloodshed. This is true, especially of Demosthenes. It is true also of the Modern who approached him nearest in character—Milton: and it is equally true of the distinguished speakers of our own day, not one of whom is found to sympathise with the disturbers of the world's repose. It does not, consequently, surprise us to find a genius like that of Mr. Landor, purely literary, allying itself with the pacific sentiment and inveighing with the voice of *Bel-lona* herself against the wars and devastations of ambition. The remarkable thing is, to see the feeling run like a golden thread through the compositions of a whole life, and that, too, in spite of a naturally martial spirit, quick to resent, impetuous to execute, supported by great physical energy, and a share of health which falls to the lot of few. This, we say, is something remarkable, and can only be attributed to the force of conviction overcoming passions and propensities and making way for the sure deductions of reason.

We alluded at the outset to the advantages inherent in the particular modification of dialogue to which Mr. Landor has almost exclusively confined himself. There are also some disadvantages, and on these we shall touch slightly before we discuss their

opposites. The scene shifts incessantly through almost all countries and ages ; numerous characters are brought upon the stage ; a world of varying interests, opinions, thoughts, feelings and passions are discussed, until the reader, amazed and dazzled by the rich and ever-progressing pageant, scarcely remembers where he is. He finds his attention solicited by too many topics. Too vast a call is made upon him for knowledge. He has to look about him, to inquire, to read, to reflect, before he finds himself in a condition to cope with Mr. Landor's interlocutors, and relish the grave or pleasant things which they so frequently have to say. Had the dialogues been all supposed to pass between our contemporaries, the study of one would have facilitated the comprehension of the next, and rendered it more easy to appreciate all its delicacies. The questions discussed, however numerous, would have been all linked together by an intellectual synchronism. Character would have thrown light upon character, subject upon subject, till something like a system had been developed. This is one of the charms of Plato's dialogues. A long-lived man might have conversed with every one of his characters, and heard, and easily written out all that he has left us. The questions, too, were all of the day, and therefore, though sometimes exceedingly abstruse, sometimes trifling, sometimes even objectionable, they belonged essentially to the time which they now, therefore, serve to illustrate. Cicero, also, whom we would not, in other respects, compare with Plato, on this point resembles him, his interlocutors being all his countrymen, and belonging to his own day ; for which reason, though there be little that is really conversational in his dialogues, we sometimes persuade ourselves that they are but the shadows of things which once really were. Lucian is the father of the obviously imaginary dialogue, and his compositions, though neither profound nor philosophical, have still so unquestionable a touch of nature about them, so much wit, sportiveness, and vivacity, that we almost forget the scene and the speakers, and fancy ourselves dealing with realities.

Among the circumstances which tell in favour of Mr. Landor's plan is the variety of interest it has enabled him to excite. A certain number, for example, of the Conversations take place in Ancient Greece, and are designed to develope many of those sentiments and ideas which distinguished the inhabitants of that country. These address themselves to scholars, though not exclusively. Since we have known even ladies to peruse the

Greek dialogues with pleasure. But in these, as in all other productions of genius, there are, if we may so express ourselves, several strata of meaning, and, contrary to what takes place in the material world, it is the furthest from the surface that is sometimes most prolific of life and beauty. Mr. Landor has gone through Greek literature, not with a net at his heels to drag after him all that he could catch, but with an infinitely susceptible mind adapted to receive and give back the fragrance which rests habitually, like a cloud, on that department of human knowledge. He does not imitate, but thinks and speaks in a kindred spirit. To relish completely therefore this section of his works, it is necessary to possess much instruction, to be somewhat familiar with the relations of the ancient world, to have a love for the creations of art, and to have studied the earlier history of civilisation, not as a pedant, but as a gentleman. In most writers the characters of antiquity are mere abstractions—things which repel familiarity—cold, stately, and distant in sympathy as in time. This is especially the case with the works which undertake to initiate youth in this part of knowledge. There is often no more passion or life in them than in a collection of algebraic signs; and even in works of more pretension, in histories expected to be read by men, the same frigid erudition and antithesis of vitality are found. In the "Imaginary Conversations" the Greeks, on the contrary, are not only Greeks, but men and women invested with all the feelings belonging to them,—alive to all the influences around them,—gay, thoughtful, sportive, impetuous, calm and speculative by turns. Look at the dialogue between Epicurus and two ladies in his garden: it convinces us that Mr. Landor has felt, in reading Plato, the omission which we have often noticed, and elsewhere pointed out: for the descriptions and pictures commonly wanting in the Platonic dialogues are here introduced—with profusion, shall we say?—nay, not so, but with judicious liberality. From the first rapid view of their literature, it would almost seem as though the Greeks were indifferent to external nature. But were they? Socrates once said jocularly of himself that he went seldom into the country because he could learn nothing from hedges and trees. Had we known him only from this speech, he would have appeared to us a sort of wise alderman, talking glumly over hock and turtle, with a keen eye for his ledger, and a warmer for political influence. But the old gentleman had a right to make free with himself, and to jest at his own expense. Not was

he careless of rural beauty? Did he eschew Nature and Solitude? If we watch sharply his whereabouts we shall find, that like Isaac he loved to meditate in the fields at eventide, to stretch himself under a spreading tree, and there, with the chirp of the grasshoppers in his ears, and the wind whistling through the boughs above, to watch the waves of the Saronic Gulf, as they came in tumbling and flashing by the sharp, well wooded, promontories of Salamis. In war, too, he was often found late at night strolling about the precincts of the camp, gazing at the surrounding woods, or watching the silent march of the constellations. Had he possessed the wealth of Epicurus he would have probably bought or planted as fine a garden, though, like him, he would have chosen for it a spot near the city, and been quite as careful to have moist patches in it, that he might enjoy the fragrance of those flowers, the favourites of the Athenian people, which our own great poet has described as

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

We advert to this Platonic personage because throughout Mr. Landor's "Epicurus" there are silent references and allusions to the Phædrus. The very mythological fables which Socrates and his young friend tossed to and fro between them, are here touched upon also. Orithyia, the mistress of the north wind, meets us in both dialogues; and the reader who is familiar with the environs of Athens might in fact, perhaps, have thought it an omission had her story been quite overlooked. But can we accept Mr. Landor's interpretation of Epicurus himself? Perhaps we may, though with some little reservation. He filled up ably the circle marked out for him by his principles: he was generally upright as an individual, excelled in all the arts and duties of friendship, and probably left behind him, when he died, more regrets and streaming eyes than any other philosopher. Yet Epicurus was a bad citizen. His philosophy was selfishness: it withdrew men from what is called the cares of ambition; it nourished in them habits of mind incompatible with public life; it rendered them contemplative, retiring, and for the most part effeminate, and left the business of the state entirely to other hands. It was a sort of philosophical monachism in which the indulgence of sense and imagination and the speculative propensity was substituted for austere devotion. We love gardens ourselves, but we doubt

whether in any other than that of Eden we could consent to pass our lives. Pleasant and sweet it no doubt is to listen to the splash of fountains, the songs of birds, to the breath of Spring among groves and thickets, and above all, to the murmur of sweet voices modulated by affection. But from this Sybarite's Paradise the heart would soon yearn to break away to enjoy the pleasure of conflict, and to be stirred by those powerful emotions which can be experienced nowhere but in the world. Solitude is a fine thing to retire to, but not to live in; and few, very few minds indeed can bear long to consort with it. Mr. Landor himself has not been an anchorite, though he has relinquished all the prospects of public life, and made immense sacrifices, in order to devote his time to the working of the quarry of his own mind. This conduct, sometimes wise and praiseworthy in an individual, would be pernicious in a widely-spread sect, because it would betray into inactivity men only calculated to be useful in the ordinary bustle of life. There should, in fact, be no sects in philosophy, which is properly an art based on the idiosyncracies of an individual. That which can be transmitted is of little value, it being an ore which invariably takes the figure of the mould into which it happens to fall. The followers, therefore, of Epicurus were no more Epicureans than we are, since though they agreed with their acknowledged master on some points, they departed from him most widely in others, and made an application of his doctrine, against which, had he lived, he would have most earnestly protested.

There are many others among this class of Dialogues to which we could have wished to refer, but we forbear, and confine ourselves to the one, or we should rather say, perhaps, two—between *Æsop* and *Rhodope*. We know of few things more subtle or refined. It develops a peculiar phasis of the passion of love, when penetrating through the outward integuments which may be naturally uncouth, or battered by time it attaches itself to that inward essence called the soul, and values the husk and the shell for the precious kernel which they contain. *Rhodope* is a magnificent creation, nor is *Æsop* at all less remarkable. Had some Italian painter, equal to such conceptions, portrayed both on canvass, they would, by their truth and beauty, have excited admiration in thousands who at present know little or nothing of them. The painter works for the public, and leaves it nothing but the task of indolent enjoyment. The author invites it to

intellectual exertion, and compels it, if it would relish his creations, to assist in giving them colour and consistency. Our imagination must go out along with his imagination, and stand by while it breathes upon the dry bones and bids them live. But this, to a certain extent, is toil, and the idle refuse to undertake it. Hence, "Æsop and Rhodope" have not yet found the place they deserve in the popular mind, though, being very pleasant persons, we think they will by degrees make their way to it.

When the works of a voluminous writer are collected and placed before us in a very condensed form, we are somewhat reminded of the dwarfing of the giant spirits in Pandemonium. That which filled whole shelves and showed as many gilded backs as the year does months, now comes to us modestly in a leash of volumes, challenging to themselves little space. But when we examine the characters, we perceive that the whole thing is there. Thus we find the substance of that charming volume, "The Pentameron," compressed into comparatively few pages of the present edition. But literature and typography are two different things. What in the vocabulary of the latter would be called, and of course with much propriety, a very little work, the former would perhaps boast of as a great work, which ought consequently to fill a corresponding space in the world's estimation. And, with regard to the Pentameron, we adopt the creed of this latter personage, not by any means disputing with typography the truth of its proposition in its own sense: the Pentameron, as to bulk, is really a waistcoat pocket affair, and it would do some waistcoat pockets great service if found there. It is a remarkably good companion to take into the fields, to sit down with under an oak, or to turn over leisurely as, with one leg across the other, we support ourselves, half leaning half sitting, on a sunny rock, shelving down into the sea. This we mention, because it is really a solecism to read the Pentameron by a sea-coal fire. It is not a winter book at all. Its characters and its descriptions, its criticisms and its poetical flights, each and all of them, carry us to Italy, with its balmy atmosphere, and scenery of unrivalled richness and variety. But the great fascination, after all, is in the light and sunshine which go glancing and playing over rocks, and waves, and forests, and human faces, till they seem almost transparent, and impart to nature and man an appearance of candour which neither of them always possesses in Italy. But the semblance is there, and we enjoy it as a picture, and they who have not actually seen it themselves may get some

notion of it from the *Pentameron*. Does any one of our readers doubt this? Let him take his stick in his hand, and accompany the Canonico Petrarca from Boccacio's table, all the way to the Church of Certaldo, and observe the merry groups that frisk and twine about it during the half hour immediately before mass. We confess to have always nourished a sort of partiality for Petrarca, with his frank democratic notions, and exalted rhapsodies about love. And it is much to be feared that he is the type of his class. An enthusiastic nature is the root of all sorts of passions, some of which betake themselves to the worship of Liberty, while their brethren, perhaps, are equally assiduous at the shrine of Beauty. Thus Petrarca devoted himself to the Roman republic and to Laura, idealising both, and casting around them a halo of loveliness, which was by no means imaginary, though no eyes but those of affection could discover it.

The *Pentameron*, taken altogether, is a strange book, exhibiting the utmost self-devotion in the author, since it is clear that he cared not in writing it to how small a circle he addressed himself. He knew well that it would prove *caviare* to the general; first, because they can't understand it; and second, because they wouldn't take the trouble if they could. A large portion of it is Dutch to them. What do they know about the "*Inferno*?" What about Dante's Ghibelline leanings? How little even about Petrarca's connection with Rienzi? Nay, Boccacio's own works, so popular once, so widely read, so many times translated, have slipped at length out of public notice, and are piled up with the grand things to be brought forward, like heir-loom plate, on high-days and holidays only. Virgil, Ovid, and Catullus, to be sure, have got their readers, and therefore the criticisms on them may be read with interest. But by how many? It was formerly, and still we believe is, somewhat uncommon to do justice to Ovid, because there is a prescriptive way of judging of genius which, in truth, is no judgment at all, but only servile repetition of what others have said. This, however, as might be expected, is not the principle upon which criticism is based in the *Pentameron*. Ovid is there placed, where he ought to be, at the head of the Latin poets, for imagination, fancy, and inexhaustible interest: his great work, a sort of mythological Arabian Nights, only lacks expansion to be the most charming series of tales in the world; as it is, nothing of the kind can match it, either in ancient or modern literature. In his appreciation of Catullus and Lucretius

also, Mr. Landor differs from most critics, though if they heard him, with his sonorous, rich, and flexible voice, repeat their choice verses, they would, perhaps, find his recitation more convincing than a learned commentary.

But the ancients are only discussed by the way in the *Pentameron*: the principal object is to place the characters of three men, those of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccacio, in their proper light before the public. That, we say, is what is aimed at, though, in regard to Dante, Mr. Landor is sometimes, we think, more severe than just. Not that we, by any means, accept the current estimate of that poet, or desire to see him placed on the same level with Milton, or even higher—as he is by some critics: but we claim for him the credit of having written considerably more good poetry than Petrarca and Boccacio are willing in the *Pentameron* to allow. The plan of the work is exceedingly ingenious. The poet comes to visit his friend when he was lying ill in his house near Certaldo. Both were growing old, and had written most of those works by which they are known to posterity. The circumstances of their meeting, the small delicate touches by which their friendship for each other is indicated, the situation of Boccacio, his house, his garden, his stable, the honest affectionate country wench who serves him, her humble rustic lover, the bold Friar Fra Biagio, who plays the part of physician to our author and confessor to his maid;—all these things we say, and much more, come out admirably in the course of the work, which, had the poets whose merits are discussed, been anything but what they were, foreigners, must surely have become popular. But they who take alarm at the few Latin and Italian verses, are frightened by a shadow, since nearly all that is good in the book may be relished whether they understand them or not. We allude to those thoughts, images, comparisons, reflections, maxims, which the author piles up amid his criticisms to give them weight and splendour. Few Englishmen have ever understood Italy—its history, political relations, literature and art, as well as Mr. Landor. None, we should say, since the days in which Sir Henry Wotton was ambassador at Venice; and in the *Pentameron*, more than elsewhere, we feel the result. It would be impossible for any other writer with whom we are acquainted to revivify Petrarca and Boccacio in the way in which they are here brought to life again and placed bodily on the stage. To render the difference between them less perceptible, and his own task, consequently, more difficult, Mr. Landor has introduced

them when age had mellowed them both, and produced a certain likeness; the influence of which, however, he had studiously to guard against. The fear was, lest he should present the reader with a man and his echo; but he has not done this. Petrarca has his peculiar qualities, and Boccaccio his; and, therefore, though they agree often, and, when they disagree, are too affectionate and friendly to draw their differences with a sharp edge, we are conscious all along that we are in company with two distinct individuals, who have a different system of thoughts within, expressed externally by a different physiognomy, manners, habits, and vocabulary. To use a phrase somewhat hackneyed in our day, the *Pentameron* is a work of art; that is, has been constructed on a plan skilfully conceived and most ably developed. The predominant feeling is joyousness, though here and there, there be a sprinkling of sadness, thus by contrast to render the joy more apparent. The story of Maria, told with much feeling, and unusual reserve of language, may be regarded as a sort of tragedy of innocence of but too frequent occurrence where priests live in celibacy. Nor are individuals so much to blame as the Church, which, by audaciously making war upon Nature, exposes herself to necessary defeat. In one way or another Nature triumphs over everything—our institutions, laws, and superstitions break down before her.

In taste and temperament Mr. Landor belongs to the practical school of philosophy, and bears the same relation to the highly imaginative and spiritual class of writers that a Greek temple bears to a Gothic cathedral. His proportions are regular, and his expressions pre-eminently clear. You can seldom misunderstand him; never, perhaps, if you will be at the necessary pains; because he confines his speculations to "this bank and shoal of time," and takes no notice of those faculties and aspirations which find no resting-place upon all the vast sphere of material things, but project upwards towards the unknown, to which they have the strongest affinity. A work made up of discussion on such subjects would be insufferable; but we love to see secular speculations overhung by a metaphysical atmosphere, which serves them in lieu of an aerial perspective, and beautifully covers their point of contact with the infinite. There is, as we have said, little or nothing of this in Mr. Landor, and this lack of spirituality is his chief defect. His elevation, when he is elevated, springs from the force of eloquence. He is nervous, bold in argument, unsparing of sarcasm. He enlivens his pages with wit, with anecdote, with jests; he passes adroitly from

topic to topic ; calls in to his aid sometimes sentiment, sometimes passion, sometimes reason ; displays a degree of knowledge rarely possessed by an author—a familiarity with all times, and nearly all countries ; a perfect acquaintance with the laws of art and criticism. These are his claims, and they are great and numerous, to public attention. We have endeavoured to be just to him, though we have been compelled to pass over, unnoticed, several of his most important writings, such as the “ Letters of Pericles and Aspasia,” and the “ Examination of William Shakespeare,” each of which would justify a separate article. But where there are so many remarkable productions, some must have the preference, and this is often determined by chance—we mean the chance of the hour,—for it was certainly our intention to have endeavoured, at least, to entertain the reader with some account of his Shakesperian performance, which ought universally to be read in this country, where we, very rightly, look upon Shakespeare as one of the greatest expounders of human nature. Some day, perhaps, we may repair our oversight, as those are not works of a season, but things which can afford to wait till critics and the public find them out, when the balance of benefits will decidedly be in favour of the two latter.

RESEARCHES IN BELGRAVIA ;

OR,

THE WORKS AND WONDERS OF THE WEST.

LETTER VI.

DEAREST MRS. RUSTLER,—

The fluttering sensibilities which have distinguished your poor friend ever since her introduction to this valley of Tears, were never in a state of more active agency than at the present moment. Suspense impending, stands between me and every sober thought—a chaotic confusion involves apparently every halcyon dream—and waters my pillow with the tears of disturbance. The wings of the Dove, my dear, are desirable ;—but, checking finite repinings, let me throw together, for your information, a few of the features which distinguish the moral organisation of this remark-

able province. Happy they in whom the abstractive faculties induce peace of mind !

You asked me to ascertain for the benefit of the watchfully Christian Society at Wailford, how far Lady Tallboys is *received* : dubious in the delicacy of your own charity, to what measure matrons to whom the virtue of England's daughters is entrusted, should hold communion with one so conspicuous ;—and humbly desirous of the guidance of aristocratic example. A question like this, my dear, exuberates beyond the boundaries of established precepts : and while the World's opinion is what no one ought to brave, however summoned by the pleadings of commiserative Humanity, it reserves to itself the power of holding out the golden sceptre, by which a veil of oblivion is cast over the follies of too impulsive Youth, eager alas ! (to quote Mrs. Hemans' " Psyche, ")

To follow wheresoe'er the flatterer sings,

—and, in pursuit of pleasure, to allow Decorum's stately self to stand eclipsed !

Moreover the rigidities of rural censoriousness melt in the more liberal metropolitan atmosphere. So it must ever be ; the sphere widened. The bibulous propensities of your Mrs Wiggs would here merge in the whirl of which she was so undistinguished an atom. Nor do I think that Mr. Podd's unbecoming temper would manifest itself as an evil of such water, in an orbit where the most different opinions must accustom themselves to clash without endangerment to concord. This, my dear, is a city's latitudinarian side : but I am daily learning to temper keen-sightedness with charity, and to veil the abstinence from levity in my own person with the smile that engages, not the frown which dooms the less pure to hopeless despair. Rhadamanthus, dearest friend, was no Christian.

According, then, to the milder rule of * * * * pity suggests that the past of Lady Tallboys should be merged. The active kindness of her disposition warrants the hope that the stray lamb has returned to a sense of uprightness. Every appearance authenticates this. How overflowing with the milk of human charity is Belgravia ! Her breakfasts are sought for by the most luxurious *récherchés* ; Cabinet Ministers take part in them —their Ladies too. The most immaculate among the Peerage reciprocate companionship in vehicles with Lady Tallboys. Her excellent aunt (a martyr to deafness) never quits her side ! We have rea-

son to know that Mr. Niblett's advances have been discouraged—who, planning the cunningly-devised bait of a new painted window for the church at Grace-Marie Hill, doubtless hoped to lay one so rich under contribution. "Not at home to any gentleman!" was the discouraging answer. This is decisive. P—— has manifested a strange anxiety to make herself acquainted with this interesting young creature, "pale as the Latinian lilies by Minerva loved"—but from a tract judiciously selected, elegantly inscribed, and delivered at the door by ourselves, no response has accrued; and we shrink increasingly from undue advances. At the time of our visit, Lady Tallboys was sitting for her picture to Mr. Grant—eldest son of the Lady of Laggan, and strikingly like his mother, with moustaches superadded.* He was mounting the stairs. What munificent patrons are the Belgravians! Diamonds glistened on his bosom. "Is nothing," says Mr. Pecker, whose wisdom ripens like the Sybil's books, and whose utterance becomes more impressive than ever, (partly owing to the evolutions of a dentist)—"is nothing to be reserved for the Aristocracy? Are those, wont of old to bask in their gleam, and think it enough, now to enter upon the audacities of rivalry? Are the easel and the violin to receive honours for which coronets might be proud to contend?" Who can answer this? Our expatriation acquires consistency with each new day's insight into the condition of lost England. A mission of Mr. George Robins to Tinglebury is canvassed. I thrill: but submit.

Think not, however, my dear, that Belgravian reception holds out a premium to the erratic impulses of unholy flame! It can judge as well as pardon. Next door to us lodges a person in very deep mourning, whose pallidity attracted P——'s attention, and is ascribed by her searching eye to the artificial use of pearl-powder. An assumed downcastness of air, intended to propitiate, is enough to excite the most vivid displeasure among all reflecters. By devices no less insidious, did Ninon de L'Enclos, after a cloister had yawned for her frailty, maintain her empire over Louis the Eleventh! An attempt to speak to us, was at once peremptorily frowned aside; for our landlady assures me that no one speaks to Mrs. Drangton! Her husband is abroad—and she is consigned

* The Editor is obliged out of justice to an accomplished artist, to rectify a slight mistake here made by Miss Hill. The Lady Tallboys, he is assured, never sate to Mr. Grant—so that the gentleman with moustaches and diamond studs remains an unexplained fact.

to obscurity. The mean lodging must satisfy one who so late queened it in — shire : the penitential robe circle limbs which Senefelder* of Munich modelled, and features that Lawrence dying wished to limn. Her health is impaired : the use of *ether* being cited as the cause. P——, in her jocund way, replied, “The *spiritual* air you mean,” (*ether* meaning air.) Her children are kept from her : and one deceased not long since in Scotland. Does her levity never think ? Though acquitted by Law of the aspersions marital indignation raised against her, Belgravia is not satisfied : and keeps her distanced. A warning, my dear, — how insufficient is Man’s justice, when Delicacy bids ! As Mr. Pecker says, “If the barrier be not drawn somewhere, the hue will be broken down ! Sad reward of culpability ! Divulge this at Wailford — the name being carefully mentioned to authenticate exactitude, — when next you hear the dwellers of London’s West lightly spoken of. Bridget declares that Mr. Niblett has been seen issuing from the house : but circumstances have transpired which shake my assurance in Bridget’s veracity. The singular nocturnal sound, mentioned in my last, has again been noted by the vigilant Mrs. Pecker. As she always sleeps in list shoes — owing to a distressing vacillation of ankles — the door of her chamber was approached without outer suspicion. She “wil. die,” she declares, but she heard the words “*my dear !*” and those, as you are aware, no known Bird can articulate. Our relative, conceiving thieves, tottered, turned pale — and the sound of her sinking heavily on the bed’s foot, of course gave the alarm. When searched the coast was clear. Topknots have been twice noticed on recent days in Bridget’s cap — the origin of which also she explained with stammering incoherency. So P —— is sure that Mr. Niblett it could not have been. Erratic as he is in the mazes of fantastical divinity, his old friends are reluctant to admit his seeking the society of one so abandoned as Mrs. Drangton. The change of our lodgings, even, has been placed on the *tapis* : but as we may ere long become roamers, not Roman Catholics, dearest friend ! — pardon my outburst of inadvertent wit !) it matters little where the interval is expended. “When Politics press us hard,” as Mr. Pecker says, “private virtue must be overlooked.” An arid cough heard through the wall is all that reminds us of the unworthy being’s vicinity — but we turn away our thoughts on

* Quere Schwanthaler ! — Ed.

principle. Not mine to imbibe feelings derelictious to Woman's brightest ornament, whatever the atmosphere: and I have no fears for the at-present preoccupied P —. She is busy, she assures me, collecting the judgments which have befallen The League; and has already assembled astonishing facts. *The Post* assures us that three of the early members were strangled in an old red curtain. Two have grown rabid since, and were privately dispatched to Australia. Not the Jews themselves, my dear, when * * * * * were more atrocious than the transactions of the Liberal party have been. The blush of shame will crimson some, when P——'s collection makes its appearance: but of this, I have only heard—not perused. Immured in her chamber, the ardour of her composition deprecates present inquiry or interruption. It is my idea, when complete, to take measures to place so soul-strengthening and tonic a British production under the sponsorial superintendency of Lady M'Dawdley; who, herself prohibited by the ramifying devoirs of her refined district, from active participation in the rainbow field of authorship, is willing to give the lustre of her high name to the productions of her less distinguished sisters. May * * * * *. I am called—some confusion pervading the house—Lady Highborough's name mentioned. O, believe me, not mine to fling back with inhumanitarian sternness the apologies of a generous spirit! Expectancy, even adds pain to conscious error! I fly. Adieu, dearest,

Your sympathetic

DIANA RILL.

LETTER VII.—TO MRS. RUSTLER.

DEAREST FRIEND,—

Is it I who write?—my name Rill?—Your Diana?—your fond and unfeigned playfellow of girlhood? Stricken by such a thunderbolt as * * * * * have I nerves?—senses?—a heart? My pen? Will it obey my command? Open this when you are solitary. Even withhold its contents from Mr. Rustler—for a while. Tinglebury and Wailford will presently be too resonant with tidings calculated to make the Sons of Darkness sing for joy, and the Daughters of Delusion clap their hands aloud! Our winning P——! the hope of so many aching bosoms! for every one of whose accomplishments supplication has been cager,

and human skill indefatigable ! And this to be the fruition !—this the concluding scene !—this the grateful repayal of love too deep for tears ! The blow, my dear Mrs. Rustler, has deprived me of words—but let me narrate to you the astounding series as the minutest particulars occurred !

Called down, I was, methought, to Lady Highborough—twining unconsciously between my careless fingers some floral trifle, to give at once a tone of ease and simplicity to an interview I felt must be humiliatingly delicate ; when, on entering the drawing-room, I perceived no courtly guest, but one of the rougher sex, bidden, I was told, on some judicial errand. Legal individuals, I have often had occasion to remark, are notorious for abrupt unobservancy ; nor was the visitant exceptional. Fancy my surprise at the transpiration of the fact, that our swarthy intruder was in quest of one guilty of important abstractions from Lord Highborough's plate chest, who was known to have had harbourage in the house of Mr. Pecker's party. You guess not yet ? Remember you not the person of singularly audacious demeanour and unattractive appearance, whose forwardness on the evening of our ill-starred arrival so amazed us, and whose subsequent familiarities on the occasion of our visit to Lady Highborough (P—— having since confided to me the whispered proposition of a salute) elicited the most piquant aversion ?—His crowning transactions bore out the above. Acquainted by the fatally-facile Bridget with her deposits in the Savings Bank, and working upon that feminine weakness, which, since the days of our Proto-Mother, renders rosy cheeks unable to resist serpentine tongues, or refuse participation in ingratitude to benefactresses,—this treacherous domestic had stimulated Mrs. Pecker's maid to emulate his base example. Her jewel-cases rifled—her purse discharged of its contents—Bridget's chamber empty (her trunks having been nocturnally transported thence!)—you may judge of our relative's discomfiture ! “ This comes,” said dear Mr. Pecker, who never loses an opportunity of unfailingly asserting his principles, “ of the attempt to cancel capital punishments ! ” It has been since ascertained that the unworthy miscreants—whether bound in wedlock's bonds to facilitate crime, we know not,—have taken flight for the Belgian Continent. Our landlady affects a significance which is almost intolerable on the occasion. By *our* desire, indeed, that Lady Highborough's butler was admitted ! Lax woman ! The moralism of Tinglebury

is, thank * * * * * not that of Belgravia! Twice, admit as you will recollect*, I mentioned to you,—we passed the youth on the staircase; as also, that P—— detained him for a few unimportant inquiries with regard to the families in the vicinity. But if, by this, collusion establishes itself, adieu freedom of intercourse! Britons will then, indeed, have degenerated into automati, subject to a manufacturing despotism, the counsellor of which is Babylon, concerning whom it is written * * * * *.

I dally. During all these agitating disclosures, the absence of P———usually how central in any disturbance or emergency!—excited no surprise. Some one at length inquired, “Where is P——?” No response; and Mr. Pecker hastening to her chamber to demand the reason (his partner’s shaken nerves taking the form of distressing wailings, which required the support of every one—and my own giving way in sympathy)—found it void. Nor was mistake allowed to be possible. I shall never forget his countenance as he re-appeared among us! Priam’s at the discovered evasion of the Golden Fleece, when Ariadne fled with her perjured boy—wore no sublimer aspect! For Wrath, my dear, when unaccompanied by Sin (*Proverbs* * * * * *), is sublime; and “a strong man, struggling with the gods, is a sight for the unfortunate.” How much sweeter the Christian than the Pagan Version! Presenting a book to our gaze—“Jane Pecker,” said he slowly, in his deep tones,—“this Theory of Dev-elope-ment! Whose is it?” A billet traced by P—— was in his hand: another, more lengthily expressed by the Destroyer accompanying it. . . .! The bewildered Mrs. Pecker faintly repeating her husband’s solemn adjuration—of which the syllables “elope-ment” were alone obvious to the ear—fell back on the sofa in convulsive wretchedness. You will yet be incredulous. Learn the whole. P—— has left us; the partner of her flight, Mr. Niblett! Dealt ever Rome a darker blow against the * * * * *? Thus to turn the romanticity of a guileless spirit to evil courses!—thus to monopolise the promptings of impulse!—to plant the

* Here, again (and he hopes, for the last time) the Editor of this correspondence is obliged to interpose in behalf of his own correctness. The letters are printed as received, without omissions or transpositions; and, though the elastic nature of Miss Rill’s memory will excite a smile, and possibly wonder, in those who have not studied the remembrances of controversial ladies, his own veracity remains unimpeached.

Upas of Japan where the spotless rose of Sharon should alone have waved its petals to the breeze . . . ! May * * * but I refrain.

Every particular elicited combines to deepen the shock, and to exasperate tacit wonder. We have reason to believe that the unworthy scheme had been nurtured in the mind of the culprits for many weeks preparatory to the metropolitan journey. My simplicity, dear friend, long tried and well known, was put in motion to suggest the plan. It is galling to learn one's self a puppet in the hands of the Ungodly. But woe to those who jerk the string ! When I recollect the vigilant assiduity with which Mr. Pecker has watched over the accumulation of the fortune of which P—— was heretrix ; when I recollect the heavenly patience with which that suffering angel, his wife, encountered the caprices of one of the most vague and violent natures which ever disturbed the feminine frame ; when I count up my own chastenings thrown away, my own counsels in semblance pursued, in reality listened to with heartless indifference or Jesuitical mockery,—do you think I am unable to foresee issues in the shadowy web of Time, or to turn a deaf ear to the bolts of Retribution ? No, dear friend, in such junctures as ours, complance is culpable, and meekness but a disgusting latitudinarianism ! Remember the pious women of old. What Judith underwent * * * *

On the turpitude of P——'s leave-taking *billet* (registered against her, where * * * * *) I will not write. Here is a copy of Mr. Niblett's laid before you in all its literality—a suppressive discretion exercised with regard to the more vituperative portions of which your peculiar friend is the victim.

“Both my beloved Penelope and myself were too well aware of the persevering nature of your attempts to seclude herself and her fortune to have any alternative, save in a temperate reserve and a wise secrecy. The expedients by which misunderstandings had been encouraged between us, coëval with the perpetual announcement to the world of an engagement as yet undeveloped, made us both aware, that no unconstrained intercourse could take place so long as she remained your inmate and the object of your schemes. This much in explanation of the self-denial we have felt ourselves called upon to practise, and to account for our employing my admirable friend, Mrs. Drangton, as a vehicle of communication. The height of living up to the semblance of so unnatural a line of

conduct, while purpose works its Heavenward way secretly, is what few are privileged to realise so successfully and humbly as

“ Yours, &c., &c., &c.

“ AMBROSIOUS NIBLETT.”

Poscriptically subjoined to this revolting document, is a formal request to Mr. Pecker, to demand the immediate transmigration of P——’s fortune, hitherto so wisely administrated by him. A portion of it—we apprehend for the express purposes of insult—is wanted immediately:—to be applied to the consummation of the Popish structure erecting on Grace Marie Hill.—It is the intention of the unworthy pair to winter in Rome!—But they may meet, in their guilty security, writings on the wall they little expect!! The abstraction of so large a sum of ready money as Mrs. Niblett’s fortune *will not* be accompanied by a chasm in the well-regulated affairs of our brother-in-law—so that we engage you to contradict every credence to that effect, which may be diffused at Wailford. Well, are we aware of the insuppressive activity of Mr. Niblett’s machinations. But Tinglebury is become painful to us; and wider spheres of activity are developing their vistas before our ken, among the benighted populations of France, Germany, and Italy, than the daily routine of a small and unintellectual country village can satisfy. Our souls expanded by Belgravia, provincial life becomes henceforth distasteful to us! We shall travel,—and it may be, shall meet with the fugitives in a strait place, where no tergiversation will suffice to screen them from the awful sentences of Mr. Pecker’s eloquence.—I do not promise journalism—but you *may* hear from us on our progress. Secresy involving the dates and the place of our departure, may I beg your heartfelt participation till permission to divulge is accorded to you. Thus they went up into a ship. . . . All is haste, here; confusion and incertitude. You will hardly receive this, indeed,—until our England joined to democratic idols, and handed over to the governance of Papistical domination, no longer numbers among its denizens,—Your discouraged, but indignantly resigned

Sister and friend in . . .

DIANA RILL.

His own burden Mr. Pecker could bear, he says,—devotedly—but that his country should be lost owing to the intrigues of an

artful woman, is indeed, of galling bitterness ; though nothing is new under the sun ; and I recal the precedent of Cleopatra in allayance of his self-reproach. He cannot forget that it was at Mrs. Niblett's instance he quitted Tinglebury. Had he remained there firm to his post as head of the Anti-Free-Intercourse Association, (which you may remember, was always my anxious counsel and sincere aspiration)—the hideous torrent which has overwhelmed Britain, might, he has reason to think, have been stayed :—and the Anti-Corn Laws not have passed into the legislature of the Empire !

FEUDALITY.

THE Feudal System—Pride and Shame
Must still contest that dubious name ;
Plumed Valour boast his efforts crown'd,
And Freedom shudder at the sound.
The feudal system—Force and Wrong
In tower and donjon built it strong ;
And clank of chains and clash of swords
Reverb'rate in those iron words.

From fortress grim that fenced above
The narrow limits of his love,
Of wide domains—the single part
That own'd allegiance of the *heart* ;
Enforcing for each stern demand
By title of a sheathless brand ;
Gold—freedom—life in his award,
How proudly sway'd the feudal *lord* !

But 'neath such despot Man became
The vile in nature as in name ;
Spurn'd back from battle's bright array
To burrow in his kindred clay,
Or flung in scorn from lance to lance
The barter'd soil's appurtenance ;
His life a stain, his soul a grave,
How abject crouch'd the feudal *slave* !

It passed—Religion's sacred breath
Slowly relax'd that rule of death ;
Some gleams of letter'd wisdom caught
Subdued fierce minds to milder thought

The spreading links which Traffic bound
 Knit patriots too on common ground,
 Till Fear reposed as gen'rous awe,
 And Force was rectified to Law.

The feudal times—those times are flown,
 Power leans not now on steel or stone ;
 Escaping from his lonely den,
 The serf's become the citizen :
 Society, one pervious whole
 For all the lightnings of the soul,
 Bursts the coarse bondage it abhorr'd,
 And crowns *opinion* as its lord.

J. S. D.

COTTON MANUFACTURES IN MALTA :

OR,

A VISIT TO ZEITUN.

It was the afternoon of one of the hottest days ever felt in Malta during the month of May, 1846. The thermometer had stood at 84 degs. in the shade ; and in the sun, owing to the great refraction of the paved streets and white houses, it would have risen nearly 20 degs. higher. As evening approached, however, a light breeze from the north-east gently fanned the heated island, and it became possible to undertake with pleasure our contemplated drive to the manufacturing town of Zeitun. Let not the reader smile at the pompous expression. Within the narrow limits of Malta the blessings diffused by this and other centres of industry are as great, comparatively, as those which Manchester and Leeds and Sheffield and Birmingham distribute over our own beloved island. They employ the poor, and by employment preserve them from want, and its child beggary, and its companion—crime. Valetta swarms with paupers ; in Zeitun not a single hand is held out to solicit charity from the stranger or the resident.

Passing through Porto Reale, we threaded the intricate labyrinth of fortifications which renders it inaccessible to an enemy, and emerged through St. Ann's gate into the open country. A short drive round the head of the harbour, which already was agitated by a fresh breeze that sent the billows dashing high in foam and fury against the entrance points, brought us to a large prison,

erected by an experimental governor on the principle of "solitary confinement." The walls are there, white and shining in the sun, as smiling and as gay as if they encircled a palace; and they have little reason to look sad, for no prisoner has ever heaved a sigh within them. Many years have rolled by since the public money was thus spent, and there seems every likelihood that the building will be transmitted to posterity under the appropriate name which it now bears, of "Bouverie's Folly."

Half-an-hour more found us asking the way of an old man who was strolling home from his work, and beguiling the walk with the notes of a pastoral pipe. He directed us through the Casal of Tarxien, and then continued his amusement, playing as earnestly as if the eyes of an audience were upon him, but evidently quite absorbed in the rude melody which he himself made, and completely regardless of us and the whole world.

I like the Maltese. They are not angels, except in comparison with the Italians; but they have a thousand good qualities, among which love of country is pre-eminent. That they do not love the English is explained by the contempt with which we thoughtlessly treat them. Every time we call them "snaitches" we knock a nail into the coffin of our supremacy. For my own part, I have never received an uncivil word from a Maltese; and must say, on the contrary, that a more obliging people I never met. From personal experience I can testify that they have not that accursed habit of "asking for more," which seems to beset every other nation on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Thus much I say, because my light-hearted piper did not ask for a "*pour boire*," as he might have done had he been a Frenchman; nor for a "*bottiglia*," like a Neapolitan; nor for "*qualche cosa*," like a Sicilian; nor for "*laksheesh*," like an Arab. He went his way, and we went ours, forgetting us as, except for this circumstance, we should have forgotten him.

Zeitun is about six miles from Valetta; the roads, or rather lanes, are rough, and our four-wheeled carriage jolted tremendously. There is nothing worthy of remark on the way, but the extraordinary parched appearance of the square fields, divided by stone walls; the absence of trees, except a few stunted mulberries, and abundance of Casals or Burghs, with large domed churches. The approach to Zeitun is good; the streets are clean, though extremely narrow; and the people at once strike you by their comfortable appearance. We were bound to the house of Mr. P——, a mer-

chant and manufacturer, who had invited us to his native place, that we might inspect his gardens and the mode in which he employed his poor neighbours. We found him in his store-room, weighing out cotton for a woman who had come to ask for work; and, from the account which he had previously given me, I was enabled to explain the whole process to my companions.

The cotton of Malta, though not of first-rate quality, is surpassed by the growth of very few countries indeed; and every means is taken by the Agricultural Society to improve it. Sea Island seed has been sown with great success by Mr. P——, and there is little doubt that, before many years are over, Malta will acknowledge no superior. When gathered, the cotton is cleansed by beating, a laborious and unwholesome employment, as the particles which are detached penetrate into the lungs and produce frequent consumptions. It is now restored to the owner's magazine; and the process of reducing it to yarn and cloth commences. In this, the manufacturer, as he is called, acts little more than a passive part. The method pursued is as follows:—A woman, possessing a wheel, saves enough to buy a rotolo (30 Maltese ounces), or half a rotolo, or a third of raw cotton, and then makes an agreement with the seller to bring it back spun at a certain price. She returns home, and as soon as she has done fetches a quantity of raw cotton equal to what she has worked up, and receives the price of her labour. Sometimes they are so poor as to be obliged to come on this errand thrice a day. On Saturday they do a little extra work, in order that they may have something to spend on the day of rest.

Marriage takes place in Malta very early; and before the women are thirty they have generally five or six children. As soon as these are five years old they begin to learn the art of spinning, and by the time they are eight, with a little wheel, spin as well as a grown person. By these means the mother and children manage to add threepence a day to the family income. But as the husband averages fourpence a day throughout the whole year, earning as much as ten in sowing time and in harvest, the united gains of seven persons amount to sevenpence. Their common food is small potatoes, bread of inferior wheat, sometimes mixed with barley, and, though they may occasionally taste wine, their ordinary drink is water. A few condiments with their potatoes are the luxury which they chiefly prize. In Passover they eat a little meat; because they generally keep a pig, on fattening

which they spend one half-penny or six grani a day. When it is very young they manage to pick up sufficient vegetables for it in the fields; but they are soon obliged to go to market. They are often asked why they do not lay by some money; but they always reply that the pig is their Savings Bank. What they spend upon him comes back to them in due season; so they wisely continue to cast their bread thus upon the porkers. When he is killed they get ten or twelve dollars for the best parts; and feast themselves besides on the remainder for a week. Being honest, sober, and industrious, they manage in this manner to pass a quiet and useful life; and form a class of subjects whom we are bound to treat with respect and consideration.

In the store-room where we found Mr. P——, we saw numerous sacks of cotton, raw and worked; as well as a heap of wool from the Merino sheep, which he has introduced. It is cut before it is washed; there being here no pure stream into which the flocks can be driven at shearing time. We also saw his Nankin cotton, Sea Island cotton, the maize with its diuretic beard, San Antonio barley, exactly resembling wheat. In a pretty square court, in the centre of the house, were the jasmín and the honeysuckle; and beyond, in the back garden, not more than twenty yards square, grew Portugal and Mandarin oranges, Sea Island cotton, pomegranates, lemons, ground pistachios, kidney beans, figs, cardamoms, vines, and a variety of other trees and plants. Over the way, in front of his house, another small garden, every inch of which was brought into use, contained, among other things, the rose of Jericho, the prickly pear, the olive, potato, cumin, &c.

From his gardens, after a collation of Malta, Malaga, and Marsala wines with Cassabar melons, we went to one of his offices, where some pretty women were weighing cotton, and receiving and paying for yarn. It is the custom to tie each bundle with a piece of red thread, which amounts to a considerable quantity in the year, and is rather expensive; but this ornament cannot be dispensed with, as the merchants of Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Genoa, &c. are accustomed to it, and will not look at the cotton secured in any other way.

We were now led through several streets to a house with a pretty little court. A flight of steps round this led to a loft where two looms were at work; with one a man was making a piece of striped white stuff for trowsers; with the other a boy was producing a sort of Maltese blue plaid. A hard day's work brings

them in each tenpence a day. In another place we saw a loom with a narrow cotton piece for sailcloths. Further on we were shown a Maltese jenny, spinning white cotton and nankin at the same time. The centre wheel was turned by a smart looking young woman, who seemed rather awkward at performing her circunvolutions beneath the eyes of a parcel of strangers.

An analysis of the annual distribution of money caused by the cotton manufactures of Malta may be interesting. Taking the year concerning which I have been enabled to collect most accurate information, namely 1843, it appears that nine thousand and ten persons were employed as follows :—

During the whole working year (*l'anno lavorativo*), calculated at 300 days, the beating of 9450 quintals,* or 189,000 pese, at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per day per man, fully occupied 252 individuals at $7\frac{1}{2}$ taris per day.—Total, 47,250 scudi.

Spinning the same (at $\frac{1}{2}$ rotolo per day) occupied 6400 persons, receiving 1 tari $2\frac{1}{2}$ grani per day.—Total, 180,000 scudi.

Weaving 34,000 pieces of sail-cloth and other manufactures, partly mixed with English yarn, occupied 1500 persons at 3 tari 17 grani.—Total, 144,375.

In the next stage (*l'incannatura, torcitura, orditura, e far cannelli*) 800 persons were occupied at an average of 1 tari $5\frac{1}{2}$ grani per day.—Total, 25,500.

The concluding operation occupied 58 individuals at 3 tari.—Total, 4350.

So that the cotton manufacture, in its present state, distributes 401,575 scudi among nine thousand persons; whilst 480,755 scudi go to the landed proprietors for the raw cotton, making a grand total of 882,330 scudi, or 73,527*l*.

Malta exports cotton, raw and manufactured, to Barbary, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Genoa, Marseilles, Trieste, the Ionian Islands, Ancona, Venice, and other places. Most of the sail-cloth it produces is sold to the various vessels, especially the Greek, that come into harbour. At one time, also, it sent a good deal of Nankin yarn to France and England; but since the imitation of this once valuable article has been brought to perfec-

* Cotton is weighed by the quintal of 114 rotoli, or 20 pese *colla ragione*, with allowance, the ordinary quintal being only 100 rotoli; 175 pounds English is one quintal of 100 rotoli.—One scudo contains 12 taris, equal to 20 pence, at the rate of 12 scudi for *l*., Malta currency. One tari makes 20 grani, of which 12 make one penny.

tion, it has rapidly fallen off in price. What sold for 78 scudi in 1843 sold in 1845 for 60 scudi; and this year was offered for 52. I must mention, however, that 1843 seems to have been the palmy year for trade in Malta, the value of the exports having fallen off by 10,000% since that period. This may account for the increased number of beggars in the streets of Malta.

Before quitting our kind and hospitable friend, we accompanied him to the church, a very fine building, supported by voluntary contributions; and also to the Campo Experimentale, or experimental field of the Agricultural Society of Malta, where we saw the progress of numerous experiments which were being made for the purpose of ascertaining what will best grow without being watered. Where there is so much sun, there is little doubt that if sufficient rain fall most plants will come to perfection; but in Malta, where drought is so frequent, the essential point is to discover those portions of the vegetable kingdom that thrive best in the absence of moisture. Sweet potatoes, common potatoes, maize, and several kinds of cotton seemed to succeed admirably.

During this little trip I learned a great deal, and was reminded moreover that we commonly give too little thought to what is going on among our own subjects, in our own possessions. Would not a wise government foster the spirit of industry which has sprung up in Malta? How easily might the superabundant population of the island, which now overflows the narrow limits assigned by nature, and spreads over all the countries on the shores of the Mediterranean, be employed usefully in developing the infant manufacture which has been created! Competition with Great Britain there would be none of course to fear, and any effect that could be produced on the vast trade of our country would be beneficial; in all fine works it is the practice to mix English with Maltese yarn. And, on the other hand, how worthily should we be fulfilling the responsible duties which we undertook when we assumed the protectorate over the Maltese people, by directing their energies into such a path. When we cease to allow our attention to be diverted by a net-work of impregnable fortifications, and a magnificent harbour, from the interests, the wants and wishes of a hundred thousand souls, we shall be better consulting our dignity as a nation than we do at present.

HUNGER.

I SHALL not struggle more,
 Nor longer strive for food,
 I've lost all vital power,
 And energy of blood :
 I sink apace, and feel
 The stillness of the grave,—
 To whom can I appeal,
 Or what is left to save ?
 Still I want bread, and bread I
 crave,
 Or scraps or dusty crumbs,
 Until my senses rave,
 Or madness numbs.

O Heaven ! and thou art kind,
 To grant a soft release,
 By waste of flesh and mind,—
 By gradual decrease !—
 Not torn away in pride,
 Nor mow'd in fulness down,
 Nor frenzied out to suicide,
 By intellect o'erthrown.

I sigh'd for bits of bread,
 Oft thrown unto the dogs ;
 And gnaw'd my gums until they bled,
 At victuals mash'd for hogs ;
 And fancied that this earth
 Was barren to mine eye,
 Where beasts could fatten from their
 birth,
 And man with hunger die.

What pangs I felt, when pain'd,
 My first desire for food,
 As if my stomach drain'd
 My arteries of blood !

And then I raved, and wept,
 And long'd with starving glare,
 Until exhausted Nature slept
 'Midst banquets rich and rare.

Why dread the angry cloud
 Of thunder, tempest, rain,
 When there's an element as loud,
 That rages in our brain ?—
 When dizzy ears no more
 Can hear the howling cry
 Of famish'd organs, in their roar
 For hopeless charity ?

By genius was I cursed,
 By passion undermined,
 Or was I in that cradle nursed,
 Which desecrates mankind ?
 No matter—let me glance
 Above, below, around,—
 Oh ! where, save mimic countenance,
 Can charity be found ?

Nought left, but to desire
 That in another life
 No more can hunger dire
 Promote such vital strife !
 I have no use for stomach, jaws,
 Teeth, gums, or bowels—let it be,
 As here I fail'd in Nature's laws,
 I need them not eternally !
 Still I want bread, and bread I
 crave,
 Or scraps, or dusty crumbs,
 Until my senses rave,
 Or madness numbs.

Sick Bed, Manchester, 8th July, 1846.

A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.*

"The judgments of God are for ever unchangeable : neither is He wearied by the long process of Time, and won to give His blessing in one age to that which He hath cursed in another." WALTER RALEIGH.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

HENRY THE THIRD.

1216 -1258. SURROUNDED by evil omens, the son of John succeeded to the English throne. The sister of Arthur lived, the phantom of a disturbed succession. The actual power if not the name of King, was held by a foreign prince ; to whom a great part of the English baronage adhered, and who claimed the country in right of his wife, a niece of the dead king. Henry was himself a child, little more than nine years old. And when, on the tenth day after his father's death, he was led to the abbey church of Gloucester to take the oath administered to English kings, his head was encircled, not by the round and top of sovereignty, but by a plain gold fillet hastily prepared to supply its place. The crown lay embedded in the Lincoln marshes, with the other treasures of his father.

But the oath was taken ; the new reign was proclaimed ; the guardianship of the king's minority was entrusted to Earl Marshal the Earl of Pembroke, with the title of *Rector Regis et Regni* ; full amnesty for the past and lawful liberties for the future were announced throughout the kingdom ; and clouds which threatened at the outset began to melt away. " We have persecuted the father for evil demeanour," said the moderate and wary Pembroke, " and worthily. Yet this young child whom you see before you, as he is in years tender, so he is innocent of his father's doings. Wherefore let us appoint him our king and governor, and the yoke of foreign servitude let us cast from us." In the spirit of this address, and with the hope of uniting against Louis the chiefs of both parties of opposing barons, he summoned a great council to

* Continued from Vol. iii, p. 472.

meet at Bristol in a fortnight after the accession, on the 12th of November, 1216.

It was attended by many leading members of the confederacy against John, and the Great Charter appears to have been discussed at this council, probably for the first time, with nothing of party virulence or personal hostility. Every clause of a temporary nature was struck from it. The Regent, who acted as mediator, suggested a suspension of those clauses in relation to aids and scutages, and forest abuses, which bore the hardest on the ancient claims of the crown; but he expressly limited the suspension to such time as a more ample consideration could be given to them, by a yet fuller assembly. On the other hand, several manifest improvements in regard to heirships and wardships were introduced; and the council closed with a solemn ratification of the provisions of the Great Charter.

The proceedings of this council determined the fate of the French invasion, and settled the succession. The Earl of Salisbury headed a band of popular nobles who left the side of Louis Capet; even William d'Albini, who had narrowly escaped a halter at the hands of John, joined the standard of his son; and in a battle which was fought within little less than a year in Lincoln streets, and which was in those days quaintly called *The Fair of Lincoln*, the French, and the barons who still adhered to them, were decisively routed. In September, 1218, Louis bade farewell to England, and the standard of Robert Fitzwalter himself was unfurled for Henry the Third.

A second confirmation of the Great Charter signalled the departure of the French. The word of Pembroke had not been given vainly. Could it even have been safely so given, the Regent was wiser than to hesitate, seeing the temper of the time. The suspended clauses, as he had promised, reopened popular counsels, and formed the basis of important additions to the Charter. The subject of dower and alienations occupied many of these; and to them were added enactments that all men should enjoy equal liberties, that escuage, or scutage, should be levied as in Henry the Second's reign, and that every castle built or rebuilt since the commencement of the civil war should be at once demolished. The clauses relating to forests and warrens were at the same time withdrawn, and formed into a separate instrument, with the name of the 'Charter of Forests,' by which all forests inclosed since the death of Richard the First were ordered to be thrown open;

all outlawries for forest offences in the same interval taken away ; fine and imprisonment for killing the royal venison substituted in place of torture and death ; the violent and unjust forest-courts made subject to regulation and control ; illegal tolls abolished ; and the right to cultivate and improve their own lands confirmed to the holders of estates within the royal warrens. These statutes passed through many later vicissitudes ; but in the state wherein they received confirmation on that memorable 6th of November, 1217, they remain upon our English Statute Book to this day. They were now also extended to Ireland by the prudent suggestion of Pembroke ; and every English sheriff received copies, with command to read them publicly at the county courts, and strictly to enforce their observance.

The remaining two years of the regency of Pembroke passed in comparative quiet ; with such occasional interruption as tended but to show the not unhealthy spirit of inquiry and insubordination now abroad throughout England. Pope Honorius the Third, in right of feudal claim declaring himself Henry's guardian, had commanded legate Gualo to watch over Henry's safety and protect his rights ; and in the name of the regent and legate, the young king's mother having somewhat indecently left her son, to fly back to the embraces of her first husband, the government was administered. On the great Earl Marshal's death, Hubert de Burgh the Justiciary succeeded him by a kind of general agreement as regent ; but Pandulph had now taken the place of Gualo, and appears to have intrigued to procure for a Poitevin churchman, Peter des Roches, one of John's bishops and favourites, the custody of the person of the king. Hubert (who was a well-intentioned though not a very sagacious man, an unshaken servant of the throne, and of sufficient family pretension to have saved him from the 'dunghill' epithets of Shakespeare) represented and protected what were called the English interests at the court ; Peter des Roches (chiefly famous for his extravagant tastes and supple talents), championed foreign favourites, and surrounded the throne with those secret jealousies, and that open profligacy and profusion, which gave its first impression to the 'waxen heart' of Henry, and had such influence on his reign.

The earliest great council to which the name of Parliament appears to have been given, was called together six years after Pembroke's death, under an urgent pressure of necessity. The court was impoverished and wanted money. The barons refused it. The

pretence was made of a threatened invasion by France ; but still the great tenants of the crown refused. Negotiations were then opened. It appeared that within the last few years the officers of the court had openly disregarded the provisions of the Charters, and laughed at their so-called confirmation ; and it was now demanded that a final and solemn ratification should be made of *Magna Charta* and of *Charta de Foresta*. This was done. They occupy the first page of the statute book, under the entry of the 9th of Henry III., but are in all respects the same as were ratified in the second year of the reign. Upon this, a subsidy was no longer withheld. It was yielded in the shape of a fifteenth of all movables ; but the money was to be placed in the treasury, and none of it taken out before the king was of age, unless for the defence of the realm, and in the presence of six bishops and six earls. One sees, in this great transaction, the germ of all that was worthiest of a free people in the after-course of English history. The check of popular and parliamentary control is for the first time brought into direct collision with the royal prerogative, and the issue of the unequal conflict determined at once and for ever.

But the discovery was made last where it most behoved it to have been earliest made. Within four days of the ratification of the Charter, the commissioners for assessment and collection of the subsidy were at work ; and as the only thought seemed to be to get the money, the only care was to spend it when obtained. In the difficult part he had to play, the regent lost favour both with the court and the people. With the aid of the one he had driven des Roches from the government, with that of the other he had put violent restraints upon popular disorder and insubordination ; but he had not sufficient help or sympathy from either, after the expiration of the regency in 1227, to retain his office of justiciary for more than five years ; though in the days of his fall, when dragged out of sanctuary by some soldiers of the king, it is recorded that an honest blacksmith refused to put fetters on the man " who had fought so well against the French, and who had preserved England from aliens.

Alien favouritism had meanwhile succeeded under the championship of Peter des Roches, not without warning of its danger. In the very year of Hubert's disgrace, the great council (or, as I shall hereafter call it, the Parliament) refused an aid to Henry. In vain he pleaded poverty. The Earl of Chester, speaking for the rest, plainly told him that his faithful barons suffered not less

than he did, by the same wasteful expenditure. Irritated by refusal, he threw himself more completely into the power of the Poitevin. Upwards of two hundred foreign creatures were brought over into England, and placed in offices of trust. The men of ancient family, now wedded to the land of their fathers as jealously as the Saxon had ever been, saw themselves displaced for the foreign jester, tool, or pander; and they turned—these so-called Norman barons—as even Norman kings in like ways unfriended or deserted had seen it to be their interest to turn, to a *PEOPLE* now neither Norman nor Saxon, but united inseparably on their English soil.

Historians have been very reluctant to admit this element in the Plantagenet government of England; and it is still the custom to treat of this reign of Henry III. as a mere struggle for the predominance of aristocracy or monarchy. But beneath the surface, the other and more momentous power is visible enough. It is that which now heaves and stirs the outward and visible influences of authority. It is that which is to turn what might else have been a paltry struggle for court favour or military power, easily terminable, into that war of principles which ran its course with varying fortune through all later history, awful and irreconcilable. The merchants and tradesmen of the towns are for the first time cognizable in this reign as an independent and important class; enriched by that very intercourse with foreigners which was so hateful to the barons; invested with privileges wrung from the poverty of their lords; no longer liable to individual services, but in place of them paying common rents; with guilds and charters as inviolable as the fees of the great proprietor; and with the right, as little now to be disputed as that of the feudal superior had been, to hold fairs and demand tolls, to choose their own magistrates and enact their own laws. On the hearing of such men as these, the provisions of the Great Charter, read aloud from time to time in their County Courts, could not have fallen as a mere empty sound. It might be but half enfranchisement thus proclaimed; with still unresisted slavery in the classes directly beneath them, it could be little more than that; but it pointed to where freedom was, accustomed them to its forms and claims, and helped them onward in the direction where it lay. They knew, now, that it assuredly lay not with Peter des Roches and his associates; and they joined the barons against the foreign favourite.

Henry, urged by his necessities, made two attempts in 1233 to

call a parliament. His summonses were in both instances refused; and the messengers who bore the refusal, might have added the as unwonted tidings, that songs were now daily to be heard against the favourite, filled with warnings to the sovereign. Amid other signs and portents of social change had arisen the political ballad. In it shone forth the first *vera effigies* of the Poitevin Bishop; nimble at the counting of money as he was slow in expounding the gospel; sitting paramount in Exchequer, when he ought to be in Winchester; pondering on pounds and not upon his book; preferring lucre to Luke; and setting more store by a handful of marks than by all the doctrines of their namesake saint. Would the king avoid the shipwreck of his kingdom, it asked? then let him shun for ever the stones and rocks (Roches) in his way. The warning was quickly followed up. The standard of rebellion was let loose in the Welsh districts by no less a person than Pembroke's son; the clergy, oppressed by Papal tax and tallage, began to take part in the general discontent; and in midst of a feast at the palace, Edmund of Canterbury (Langton's successor) presented himself with a statement of national grievances and a demand for immediate redress. His father, he reminded the king, had well nigh forfeited his crown: the English people, he added, would never submit to be trampled upon by foreigners in England; and for himself, he should excommunicate all who any longer refused, in that crisis of danger, to support the reform of the government and the welfare of the nation. This was in February, 1234. In April a parliament had assembled; Peter and his Poitevins were on their way home across the sea; the ministers who had made themselves hateful were dismissed: and the opposition barons were in power.

This will read like the language of a modern day; but if these events have any historic significance, they establish what can only in the modern phrase be properly described as ministerial responsibility and parliamentary control. Nor were they the isolated events of their class which marked the feeling of the time. Again and again, during this prolonged reign, the same incidents recur, in precisely the same circle of resistance and submission. Subsidies are requested, and contemptuously refused; grievances are redressed, and aid is given. Then, when Court coffers are filled, Court promises are forgotten; till distress brings round again the old piteous petition, and assistance is once more yielded, with new conditions of restraint and Constitutional safeguards hitherto

undemanded. In five years from the time of which I have been treating, the money granted was paid into the hands of selected barons, with as strict a proviso for account as modern Parliaments have claimed over public expenditure: while in two years later, on the payment of certain monies to the Exchequer, the city of London exacted a stipulation that the Justiciary, Chancellor, and Treasurer, might hereafter be appointed with the consent of Parliament, and hold their offices only during good behaviour. And thus it was that the great lawyer, Bracton, at the close of a reign which he adorned with his judicial talents, and made remarkable by the composition of a treatise which went far to establish uniformity of legal practice, found himself able to reckon as superior to the King, 'not only God and the law by which he is made king, but his great court of earls and barons; so that if he were without a bridle, that is the law, they ought to put a bridle upon him.' This court, this *Curia Regis*, consisting of Chief Justiciary, Chancellor, Constable, Marshal, Chamberlain, Steward, and Treasurer, was what in modern time might be called the Cabinet of the King.

In 1236, being then in his twenty ninth year, Henry married Eleanor, the daughter of Raymond Count of Provence. Great were the festivities at the marriage and coronation, and most minute are the descriptive raptures of the contemporary chronicler, who declares that the whole world could not produce a more glorious and ravishing spectacle. Yet all that so moved the good Mathew of Paris may pass away for us into quiet oblivion, saving one figure of the coronation crowd. He who served at the feast as High Steward, with the basin of water, has outlived the rest of the pageant. He was of the great family of de Montfort. His grandfather, descended from a French king, had, by marriage with Robert of Leicester's heiress, obtained his English estates and earldom. His father had led the terrible crusades against the heretic Albigenses, which stained with so much gentle blood the popedom of Innocent the Third. But with the son the fame of both had increased; for to the extraordinary personal stature, strength, and beauty of his race, he joined a power of command and a persuasive genius which subdued or fascinated all men. At a time when to be of foreign descent was to be marked for popular distrust, de Montfort, alone among the nobles of the court, was singled out for the favour of the people. He was but seven years older than Henry; yet the gravity of his repute, the dark ground of religious enthusiasm which set off the lustre of his military

fame, his patronage of learning, and his knowledge of the peaceful arts, were spread afar over Europe. The men of the court intrigued against him; but their leader Richard, the skilful and powerful brother of the sovereign, he swiftly changed into his own associate and peculiar friend. The King was jealous of his power; yet in two years from the date of his own marriage, and while he was yet childless, he saw de Montfort wedded to his sister in the chapel of St. Stephen. There passed a whisper at these nuptials that he was surely aiming for a throne; but with that old chapel, and the name of Simon de Montfort, there came to be connected in after years a yet more daring and more enduring ambition. The birth of Prince Edward in the third year of Henry's marriage gave fresh direction to men's thoughts, but Henry's impatience of his kinsman only strengthened. He looked with vague discomfort and fear on one whom the people honoured, whom the clergy trusted, and whom the barons were content should represent them. One day an insult, an office of trust the next, showed the vacillation of his doubts and dread. At length he sent him to an honourable exile in Guienne; appointing him its governor by royal patent, and committing it in charge to his fame to save that province from surrender and loss in a serious existing rebellion.

Much happened in the interval before Henry and de Montfort again stood face to face. The connexions of the young queen had inundated the land with new foreign adventurers. Three of her uncles grasped the chief offices of state. William of Valence became paramount at court, Peter of Savoy seized the honour of Richmond, and the archbishopric of Canterbury was obtained by Boniface of Savoy, through whose peaceful robes there glittered a coat of mail on the day of his inauguration. Loud was the national dissatisfaction. Judgment, it cried out, is now entrusted to the unjust, the laws to outlaws, peace to the turbulent, and justice to wrongdoers. It appealed to the king's brother to place himself at the head of another successful opposition; but the prudent and powerful Richard, who enjoyed the confidence of the popular barons, had suddenly become captive to the charms of the queen's young sister, and for the present found himself perforce a favourer of the alien faction. Then came over Beatrice, Countess of Provence, whom Dante celebrates for her four daughter-queens, to see the good fortune of her children. Then *bethought herself* the dowager Isabella, now Countess de la Marche,

that this family of Provence might surely spare, to herself and her Poitevins, some share of the treasures and offices of her son's wealthy court. Wherefore, over came Alice her daughter, her son Guy of Lusignan, another William of Valence, her beloved Aymar, and her whole second family. And with them came foreign artists for the royal kitchens, the queen's favourite cook being brother to the Papal Legate. And there were King's men and Queen's men, each devouring the other; palmerworm eaten by locust, locust by cankerworm, and cankerworm by caterpillar. And whether Poitevin, Provençal, or Savoyard, should seize the highest place or flaunt the gayest colours, was the only reasonable doubt that could occur to the discomfited Englishman.

And then there fell suddenly on all this gaiety and glory the grim shadow of a Parliament. In 1242, to Henry's importunate demand for separate aids from the clergy (already overtaxed by hideous exactions from the Court of Rome) and the laity, a stern refusal was accompanied by a declaration that in future no supply could be granted but by the whole body of the kingdom. Certain grievances having then been removed, the money granted was placed in one of the king's castles, under the care of four barons in the confidence of parliament, in trust for its proper expenditure. In 1244 another piteous parliamentary appeal was made. But as the last previous grant, obtained like all the rest on solemn promise that the Great Charter should be sacred, had been followed by special and gross violations of its safeguards, this parliament took a tone more bitter and refractory than its predecessors. It taxed the prince with the grossest extravagance; detailed his successive breaches of the Charters; told him it would not trust him further, and that it should take into its own hands the appointment of the chief justiciary, the chancellor, and great officers. The plan, as it was afterwards detailed, seems to have been: that four of the barons should be declared conservators of the liberties of the nation, two of whom should always attend the king, to watch over the administration of justice and regulate the public expenditure; that these should be appointed by parliament and be removed only by common consent; that parliament should have absolute election of the justiciary and the chancellor; and that two justices of the bench and two barons of the exchequer should be nominated by the same body, and hold their offices independent of the crown.

Henry seems for a little while to have roused himself at this point;

to have seen at last, through the thoughtless fumes of idleness and parade which commonly surrounded him, that the prerogatives of the crown were seriously menaced; and to have thought it possible to avert the danger by trial of (what was really foreign to his nature) a direct and sharp tyranny. He declared that parliament and himself henceforward were enemies. He stretched every available prerogative, in defiance of every charter. The subject was tortured on all the ancient racks of fine, benevolence, purveyance, and other indefinite sources of plunder and exaction. The Jews, by inconceivable oppression, were turned into revenue. Nay, he canvassed for even private aids on specious pretexts, from town to town, and from castle to castle, till the bye-word was common against him that the kingdom held no such sturdy beggar as the king.

But the inevitable issue awaited him. In 1248 he was obliged to meet his barons and knights in parliament once more; and the old chronicler recounts, with evident unction, the bitter upbraidings to which he was compelled to listen. He was told that he ought to blush to ask aid from a people whom he had shunned for the society of aliens; he was reproached with disparaging English blood by foreign intermarriages; he was reminded, in reference to late atrocities of purveyance, that the wine and food consumed, the very clothes worn, by himself and his un-English household, had been forcibly taken, without compensation, from the English people; that foreign merchants now knew that property was no longer sacred in England, and therefore shunned her ports as though pirates held her in possession; nay (such the minutiae to which they descended), that the poor fishermen of the coast were forced to flee for a market to the other side of the channel, in avoidance of the hungry thieves who purveyed for royalty. The king reiterated, in answer, his old, penitent, and often broken promises. Determined to have additional security, the barons demanded an oath. The oath was given; and, of course, broken.

In 1251 de Montfort and Henry met in the royal palace. The Earl was known to have been in correspondence with the popular nobles, and to have advised them from his government of Guienne through the course of their opposition to the king. He now sought personal audience of Henry to repel certain gross charges of tyranny and extortion invented to discredit him in England. He appealed to Henry's own knowledge of their falsehood, of the character of his own services, and of their inadequate rewards.

“ Let your words be made good, my lord king,” said de Montfort ; “ keep your covenant with me, and replace those expenses I have borne for you to the notorious beggary of my own earldom.” The king, seeing his brother Richard pass over in the council to de Montfort’s side ; seeing Gloucester, Hereford, and the greatest nobles prepared to champion him ; broke into violent passion, and let fall the epithet of ‘ false traitor.’ Upon this, it is said, the impetuous earl threw the lie in Henry’s teeth. ‘ You are a king,’ he added, ‘ Who believes that you are a Christian ? Of what use, indeed, would be Christian confession to you, without repentance and atonement ? But were you not a king, you should atone and repent that insult to my name.’ ‘ I shall never repent of any thing so much,’ retorted Henry, ‘ as that I allowed you to grow and fatten within my dominions.’ And so the council broke up, and this strange scene ended. De Montfort returned to Guienne, and opposed Prince Edward’s government ; but was again in England, when the dark necessity of a parliament presented itself to Henry again.

I do not advert to those incidents which have chiefly occupied the histories of this reign, but which seem of trifling import to what has been dwelt on here. The miserable wars in France and Gascony, the disputes and bickerings with Scotland and with Wales, the negotiations for the crown of Sicily (accepted by Henry for his younger son Edmund, after Richard had refused it to become king of the Romans) ; these things have no veritable interest or conceivable importance for us. But many causes arising out of them, increased the troubles of the king ; and it was with despondent humility and submission he met de Montfort and the parliament on the 3rd of May 1253.

At the suggestion of their great leader, the barons had resolved to surround this new pledge and promise of the king with such circumstance of solemnity and dread, as would give a new and more striking character to its certain subsequent violation. In the great hall of Westminster, the prelates assembled with the barons and the king. The Great Charters were unrolled and read ; and the awful curse was pronounced by the archbishop, which ‘ excommunicated, anathematised, and cut off from the threshold of holy church, all who should by art or device, in any manner, secretly or openly, violate, diminish, or change, by word or writing, by deed or advice, either the liberties of the church, or the liberties and free customs contained in the Great Charter or the Charter of

'Forests.' Rymer, in describing this scene, adds that the original charter of King John was afterwards produced, and that in testimony to posterity of this dread confirmation of it, the king, the prelates, and the barons impressed their seals. It is certain that while the sentence was read by the archbishop, the king held his hand upon his heart in token of earnest assent; and that when at the close the prelates and abbots, dashing their lighted tapers on the ground, exclaimed, as the flames went out in smoke and ashes, 'So may the soul of every one who incurs this sentence stink and be extinguished in hell!' the king made answer aloud: 'So help me, God, as I shall observe and keep all these things! as I am a Christian man; as I am a knight; as I am a king, anointed and crowned!'

It would seem incredible that one short year should have witnessed the outrage of these sacred oaths, but that it rests on authority which cannot be disputed. Soon after the ceremony, with the money obtained by consenting to it, the king went over into Gascony, recovered those parts of the province that had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, and concluded a treaty of peace with the king of Castile. Keeping the treaty secret, however, he sent over into England for new subsidies, as though continued necessities of the war demanded them. At the same time he petitioned the clergy for an aid, on pretence of a new crusade. The Queen, associated with his brother Richard, was Regent in his absence; and a letter written to her husband now exists in the Tower, containing singular confirmation of the course of events above detailed, of the jealous watchfulness abroad in every class, and of the rapid advance of the crisis which de Montfort was to turn to that memorable use of which we feel the blessings to this hour. It is plain from this letter that the king's word was believed by none. It is plain that the subsidies would not be given. It has not been concealed from the greatest ones of the court that the renewed violation of the Great Charter will exact retribution and punishment. Thus runs the most remarkable passage of this epistle of Eleanor to Henry, as published from the original Latin manuscript now lying in the Tower:

'The archbishops and bishops answered us that *if the King of Castile should come against you in Gascony each of them would assist you from his own property*, so that you would be under perpetual obligations to them; but with regard to granting you *an aid from their clergy*, they could do nothing without the assent

' of the said clergy ; nor do they believe that the clergy can be
 ' induced to give you any help, unless the tenth of clerical goods
 ' granted to you for the first year of the crusade, which should
 ' begin in the present year, might be relaxed at once by your
 ' letters patent, and the collection of the said tenth for the
 ' said crusade, for the two following years, might be put in
 ' respite up to the term of two years before your passage to the
 ' Holy Land ; and they will give diligence and treat with the
 ' clergy submitted to them, to induce them to assist you according
 ' to that form with a tenth of their benefices, *in case the King of*
 ' *Castile should attack you in Gascony ; but at the departure of*
 ' the bearer of these presents no subsidy had as yet been granted
 ' by the aforesaid clergy. Moreover, as we have elsewhere signi-
 ' fied to you, *if the King of Castile should come against you in*
 ' *Gascony, all the earls and barons of your kingdom, who are able*
 ' *to cross the sea, will come to you in Gascony, with all their*
 ' *power ; but from the other laymen who do not sail over to you*
 ' *we do not think that we can obtain any help for your use, unless*
 ' *you write to your lieutenants in England firmly to maintain*
 ' *your great charters of liberties, and to let this be distinctly per-*
 ' *ceived by your letters to each sheriff of your kingdom, and*
 ' *publicly proclaimed through each county of the said kingdom ;*
 ' *since, by this means, they would be more strongly animated*
 ' *cheerfully to grant you aid ; for many persons complain that the*
 ' *aforesaid charters are not kept by your sheriffs and other*
 ' *bailiffs as they ought to be kept.*

Yet it has been said, by learned and candid historians, that the
 praise of good intention and strict religious observance must not be
 denied to Henry the Third. It is a somewhat dangerous mode of
 defending such a character. A man can hardly be said to have
 religious impressions, who took every impression submitted to him
 and retained not one. His waxen heart, *cor cereum*, was the
 phrase applied to him in his own age. And when, some few years
 later, the poet Dante (how the great men cluster in these days of
 opening Freedom ! Roger Bacon was now amazing the monks in
 his Oxford cell) put him into purgatory, it was in the character of
 a simpleton. You find him there, among children ; punished by
 nothing heavier than darkness and solitude ; as one who has been
 useless in life. Yet was this incapable and irresolute prince very
 far from useless. Under a man more resolute and capable, Freedom
 must have made less rapid strides. We are, in this as in all else,

taught to bow submissively to the Providential scheme, and wait with humbleness till the truth is entirely known. From this long, most miserable, most distracted reign, sprang that which in later years took the awful and majestic shape of the constitutional liberties of England.

The next parliament of Henry the Third was the MAD PARLIAMENT OF OXFORD. The chapter which illustrates it and closes the reign, will also illustrate the truth of Burke's noble image: 'Always acting as if in the presence of canonised forefathers, the spirit of Freedom carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits, its monumental inscriptions, its records, evidences, and titles.'

New Books.

THE PRIVATEER'S MAN, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N. 2 volumes. Longman & Co.

THE present novel is an attempt to simulate the adventures of a race of men whose daring in danger and thirst of plunder have been long upon record, in the unchristian system of warfare pursued by those countries that profess to be Christians. The form of the work is that of extracts from the log book of his vessel, made to oblige a lady, who desired to know something of the privateer's man's career at sea. The narrative is not, it must be admitted, in the exact style of the supposed date when the occurrences it describes took place, the phraseology being too modern for illusion; but this it would have been no easy task to rectify, and may be dispensed with by the majority of readers, in times when a just discrimination in literary matters is so rare. Not much resembling those other publications in the production of which Captain Marryat's pen has been fertile, there is here a saving object in a moral end, from the present work holding up to our abhorrence the detestable evil of war, under one of its most man-degrading aspects; and this is no slight praise, amply compensating for any little deficiency of merit in the composition of the story, or the delineation of the characters that are placed before us.

There is no greater want of deep thinking than we find in other novels; but there is more of adventure and less variety of character. *The hero* himself has indeed no great personal interest; he is the *instrument* of a moral end rather than the delineation of a character.

He commences his active life by an attack on the property of a West India planter, where he is driven back to his vessel, which is attacked in turn by an overwhelming force, and captured, after an action as gallant as the well-remembered contest between the *Terrible* and *Vengeance* privateers in one of our past wars. Adventure then treads upon the heel of adventure, until the hero imbibes a distaste for the unhallowed course of life he pursues. He turns trader, and goes through various adventures among Portuguese and Indians in South America. Dangers surround him here; he is sent to labour in the diamond mines, and of these a particular account is given, with the author's escape, and return home, where he marries. Innumerable pictures of a sea life and the situations into which those who embrace the profession are drawn, will be found in this work, sketched by the hand of a master. If the writer be not as happy in the present as in some of his former productions, there is still a good deal of very interesting narrative that will not fail to fix the reader's attention, and while affording him no slight amusement, unfold some of those evils or rather crimes, which the vicious rulers of nations sanction when they make war to gratify false pride or regal vengeance, under the pretence of supporting national honour, and of systematizing religious hypocrisy, from declaring at the same time their law of government to be the rule of faith, they condemn in their actions. The pictures of Indian life given in these adventures, appear to us more allied with the usages of the races north of the Isthmus of Darien than those to the southward; but we are perhaps hypercritical. The introduction of the Liverpool merchant and his daughter imparts something of a humanizing character to the work, and aid in the *dénouement*—but it would require more space than can be afforded here, to enter farther upon the merits and defects of a book which to our seeming must repose upon a sound practical moral for its highest recommendation.

THE THREE STUDENTS OF GRAY'S INN. A Novel, in Three Volumes. By WILLIAM HUGHES, Esq. T. C. Newby.

THE author of this novel claims the authorship of an article in "Blackwood's Magazine," entitled, "It's all for the Best;" and it is to be presumed, upon that ground pleads for the character of a novelist here. There is some difference, however, between the diffuse character of a novel like the present, and the condensation of a story comprised in a few pages that may really confer a merit upon the writer of one which does not attach to the other. There is in the present work a sufficiency of the materials usually worked up into the three orthodox volumes of which that species of composition is expected to consist. We have love, old-maidenship, roguish attorneys, peers, squires, admirals, colonels, a quack-doctor progeny, some distress, and a little—a very little sentiment. We have marvellous virtue in high places,

and very great mediocrity of everything seemly in lowly professions. We have a sort of amalgamation between the families of a quack doctor, Vanbrunner, and a noble family, arising as usual out of the attractions towards plebeian wealth, before which aristocratical high-mindedness gives way. But we have a novel without much novelty: ghosts and haunted houses are resources pretty nearly exhausted. We want something that will evolve new traits of human character. There are numerous skeletons of description here, which are left almost in a state of nudity, neither clothed with flesh nor habiliments,—not worked up in the rough semblance of beings in any fresh type of humanity. One mark of genius in the novelist of better times was the drawing out interest and amusement from a few finished characters, not the successive introduction of new ones sketched in faint outline, and then passed across the scene to make way for others equally crude. Even considered in this view, there is a want of connection and of nature in working out the details. The *Whits* and *Gullems* and *Cobrolyns* are common faces. Jack Price, the hero of the story, seems placed where he is from no necessity of circumstances, and the writer only more and more convinces us, that to write a good novel requires a tact which he does not possess. He is utterly wanting in that refinement which should mark every literary composition. What sort of female servants are kept in reputable families, who make a practice of coarse swearing at the children—a matter of which no wonderment is made—the author can best inform us. His own phraseology, of “looking thunder” here, and “looking daggers” there, together with numerous gross errors in composition, tells us that he is an unpractised artist. This might be pleaded in his behalf did he not spoil such an excuse by his opening commencement and his implied demand to notice, from having had a tale admitted into a cotemporary publication. We regret we cannot say more in favour of “*The Three Students*,” it being at all times a more pleasing duty to us to praise than to censure.

THE DEBATER. A New Theory of the Art of Speaking; being a Series of Complete Debates, Outlines of Debates, and Questions for Discussion; with references to the best sources of information on each particular Topic. By FREDERICK ROWTON, Lecturer on General Literature, &c. Fcap. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

It is with many persons a mooted question whether Debating Societies and a habit of discussion do not produce more harm than good. whether the readiness of reasoning and utterance they impart is not more than counterbalanced by the conceit they are likely to engender and the superficial knowledge they encourage: whether they do not produce smart smatterers and rapid prattlers rather than close reasoners and just thinkers. We rather incline to the adverse side of

the question, but refrain from a decided declaration, lest we should have "The Questioners," or "The Demosthemians," or some other juveniles of the rostrum, challenging us to prove our assertion and to open the inquiry as to "whether Debating Societies tend rather to improve or injure the intellect." Leaving this point, therefore, to be settled by the future Ciceros, we proceed to examine Mr. Rowton's book with regard to its execution, abandoning the question of the subject. There is one merit in the book we think should be noticed. The model debates are extremely short and very much to the point. It might have been better if the ancient formula had been less closely followed, and the language more colloquial. The arguments are very fairly stated on each side of the question, and show that reference has been diligently made to the best modern sources. The logical predominates over the *spirituel*, as may be expected, and is ever the case in such societies. The questions are exceedingly various and all of an interesting, and many of a novel kind. The reader who has no ambition to rival the gentlemen of the bar or the senate may yet find agreeable reading and a brief view of many important questions well stated; and it will be of real value to many who have no idea that much may be said on both sides of a question. The summaries of arguments at the end are really useful to any one considering the subjects of which they treat, and are ably composed.

THE POOR COUSIN. A Novel. In 3 vols. Edited by the Author of the "Scottish Heiress," &c. T. C. Newby.

THIS is one of those novels which will be approved by the particular class which looks for love and sentiment in works of a similar nature, rather than any new developments of human character. The style is good, the language unimpeachable; but there is a want of novelty in the story, and in some cases the reader is obliged to draw largely upon his faith to reconcile the incidents to probability. It opens with a description, quite in character, of a rustic parsonage in Westmoreland, where a Mr. Herbert resides, an exemplary clergyman, who having had a brother in India, suddenly receives a letter from that distant land informing him that his relative is no more, and has left an heiress, who is to be sent to England to be under his guardianship. This orphan, Eva Herbert, is the principal character in the novel, and is safely placed beneath her uncle's roof. From this beginning are worked out numerous situations for an almost equally numerous race of characters, brought successively upon the scene. All the accessories to the most extended works of a similar class are made available. There is love fashionable and unfashionable; a couple of adulterers, duelling, scenes in Italy, France, and England, whose chief merit is that they are marked by no extravagance of description, and are stamped with no peculiarity that can excite censure. The love scenes

have nothing to distinguish them beyond the dialogues on the same subject in numerous other works of the same kind. A singular incident occurs where Eva, the heroine, betroths herself to a dandy baronet, as the price of his interference to save a man she loved from drowning, who has fallen through the ice while skating—as if at such a moment, when the existence of a human being depended upon instantaneous action, there would be time and presence of mind enough in a female so circumstanced to contract a similar bargain. There is an effort also to condemn the education given to women in France, and to raise a prejudice against that country, by making two married sisters, so educated, elope from their husbands. While there are a few pleasing and natural situations, we have many that are wild, common-place, or improbable. The fulfilment of the author's intentions in the narrative is brought about in the shortest mode, and by having recourse to the expedient which will best serve his purpose, without regard to the ordinary sequence of events.

The Aylmer family affords a picture not often in accordance with existing life, and the little difficulty in making Alice change from situation to situation, without any very apparent end, seems to impart to her character a taint of convenience for the writer's purposes, which is too obvious to be natural. Stuart Aylmer is not a very interesting hero, we sympathise little with his movements and feelings; while Alice Norton is put out of existence after a career which is, to say the least of it, too much perturbed to answer any reasonable object that can excuse its want of purpose and variance with the common course of things. The writing is good; the pen that executed it being capable of better things by adhering to simplicity, and drawing upon pictures of real life, with a view to truth and the agreement of incidents with this common and natural course, so as to produce that harmony in the execution which constitutes the merit of fiction. As to a moral end we discover none in the present work; and it may be questioned whether familiarising the mind to vicious scenes, can be, under any circumstances, serviceable. However strong our reprobation of the immorality connected with the passions may seem to ourselves, there is always a species of palliation to be found in the reflection that it arises from the abuse of what is not blameable. To the circulating library this novel will but add one to its peculiar class; and it is to be lamented that its author did not choose to walk in a track purer and less beaten, of which his powers are clearly capable.

THE DIPLOMATISTS OF EUROPE. From the French of M. CAPEFIGUE. Edited by MAJOR-GENERAL MONTRITH. Nickleson.

POLITICAL partisans are bad biographers, for they are generally unscrupulous and too often wilful in their misrepresentations. M. Capefigue is a zealous adherent of the old despotisms of Europe, and of that state

of things which existed before the French Revolution, and called it into existence. In the introduction to the present volume the author does not conceal his preference for the instruments of those bad rulers who brought on the fearful hurricane which then devastated Europe; a convulsion which it would appear he attributes to any but the true cause. That such a writer should think the greatest characters of modern times the men who were the favourites of the absolute sovereigns of Europe is very natural. He has sketched, with all the warmth of partisanship, Metternich, Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Pasquier, Hardenburg, Nesselrode, Wellington, and Castlereagh, in the present work. We have not before us documentary evidence to test the truth or falsehood of what he advances respecting most of the diplomatists above named; but, reasoning from analogy, when we find nothing new in the character of Wellington, and in that of Castlereagh, whom M. Capefigue declares he has made it his business to elevate above the position in which we believe those who remember his career will not hesitate to state their belief he was worthily placed—discovering statements notoriously the reverse of truth, we can place small reliance on the verity of the whole. As it is, the volume will be read by those who think with its author: by the rest of the world it may be read also, but it will be with a very strong feeling of its dubious fidelity.

REVELATIONS OF AUSTRIA. By M. KOUBEKIEWICZ, ex-Austrian Functionary. Edited by the Author of "Revelations of Russia," &c. Two vols. Newby.

THESE revelations, making full allowance for the feeling of the author, are well worthy of being perused, because they disclose a good deal of the secret and unscrupulous policy of Austria. They are rendered still more interesting by the recent statement of M. Montalembert in the French Chambers, when he charged upon the Austrian Government the horrible crime of inciting the peasantry in Galicia to murder the nobles. After the perusal of the present work, which we trust will be widely read, the charge thus made is strengthened, and we no longer hesitate to credit things which, without this auxiliary testimony, might not be credited. The present author has been in a position to witness the secret workings of that system by which Austria has upheld her power over her own territories, and embarrassed the position of other cabinets. He has seen the perseverance with which Metternich follows up his undertakings, and the small concern he exhibits about the means through which he obtains his ends. A native Pole, the author may have been somewhat severer in his judgments than another writer, but the Austrian policy has been, for half a century or more, a reproach among modern nations. Nor is this state of things likely to change, without something of popular influence being infused into the Government; an effect only to be produced by a united people, and therefore hopeless in a country divided into petty states speaking different lan-

guages, and moved by varying interests : yet in process of time a change must happen when outrageous wrong can no longer be the main instrument of government.

ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS ; OR, SKETCHES FROM TRANSATLANTIC LIFE.
By CAPTAIN R. G. A. LEVINGE. Two Volumes. Colburn.

THESE volumes contain sketches taken partly in the British province of New Brunswick, and partly in the United States and Canada. The last portion of the work can boast of little novelty, as the numerous tours which continually appear, made at later periods than the visit of Captain Levinge, which dates as far back as 1835, may enable the reader to conceive. In regard to New Brunswick, with which Englishmen have but a slight acquaintance, we have some considerable information. The towns are described, the scanty remains of the aborigines, the natural productions, and the pursuits of the sportsman. Captain Levinge crossed the Atlantic in a miserable transport, passed through the fogs off the Banks of Newfoundland and in the Bay of Fundy, with some hazard of shipwreck. The town of St. John's was made in safety at last, and there the voyagers landing, were solaced for their sea fare with bowls of wood strawberries and cream. The first settlement of the province and a sketch of its history then commences. We are enabled by the author's notes to obtain some idea of this valuable colony and its geography, written, it must be confessed, in a style which convinces us that the author saw much more than he recorded, and that he is not accustomed to the ungentle craft of authorship. The climate, it appears, is in severe extremes ; in summer the thermometer ranging from 85° to 95°, and in winter oftentimes twenty degrees and more below zero. The perils of the sportsman are, in such a climate, of a very formidable character. The bivouack excavated in the snow and lined with fir branches—the feet at the fire and the head in a freezing atmosphere of the most intense character—is one of the modes in which the winter must be passed in such excursions. Skating, sleighing, and dancing, in the same degree of cold, are considered common amusements, and the danger at the breaking up of the ice, are encountered as matters of common moment. The native tribes of Indians remaining are but two in number, called the Micigates and the Micmacs. The language of the latter people is said to be comprehensive and full of lofty imagery. It has a dual number like the Greek, and the changes of mood, person, tense, and number are formed by changing the terminals. In the Micmac tongue two thousand terminals are made on one radix. The birds here described as belonging to New Brunswick have all been classed by Audubon. The animals are bears, a species of wolf called a lucifer, and a kind of wild cat, being the only animals of prey. Vernun are numerous, and among them the ill odoured *skink* or *skunk*, which neither man nor beast will knowingly approach. *Wolves* have been found following the wild deer, though not indi-

genous. Small game is numerous. The moss-deer is met with, and several of the smaller tribe, as well as the rein-deer. In fact, the back-woods of New Brunswick furnish plenty of amusement for sportsmen—the water not less than the land.

St. John's, subject to fires from its wooden houses, is a very considerable place, and the whole province numbers not less than 200,000 inhabitants. Captain Levinge thinks it one of those best adapted for the purposes of emigration of all our North American colonies. His volume contains considerable information upon the subject. Out of 16,500,000 acres, of which the province consists, 12,000,000 are capable of immediate cultivation, while 3,624,280 only have been granted by the crown, and 440,000 cleared. Here we must close Captain Levinge's work, the whole of his second volume being devoted to countries described by later visitants, and his entire work gaining its recommendation from his account of New Brunswick alone.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HORACE SMITH, one of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses," now first collected. Two Volumes. Colburn.

WE greet these poems in their collected form, many of them being old acquaintance, and some having been exceedingly popular. Witness the "Lines to the Mammy," nearly the first piece in the present volumes, written more than twenty-five years ago. The collection has been apparently divided into the serious, serio-comic, and comic pieces. Some of the last are exceedingly humorous, and have served to beguile many a weary moment with those who belonged to a departed era in our literature, or from 1820 to 1831. The blending together deep moral reflection and agreeable humour, is a marked feature in much of Horace Smith's poetry, and is sometimes very happily achieved. The author has introduced almost every kind of metre into his works, and often with a very happy effect. We can cordially recommend the volumes.

POEMS, by CAMILLA TOULMIN. Fcp. 8vo. London: W. S. Orr & Co.
A BOOK OF HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY, by MRS. D. OGILVY. With Illustrations by R. R. M'Ian. Fcp. 4to. London: G. W. Nickisson.

PREVIOUS to passing an opinion on any volume of poems, as they are uniformly termed by their producers, it is almost necessary to declare our own theory of poetry. This it is not convenient, from many causes, ever to be doing; and it were greatly to be desired that some generic term could be invented, and be received, to express that large class of authorship delighting to manifest itself in a form which is neither poetry nor prose. Eloquence, fervour of feeling, delicacy of discrimination and powers of observation, and descriptive talents to record sensations and observations, although all necessary to the poet, cannot make poetry, any more than a knowledge of perspective or anatomy

can make a painter. Unless the enunciator stand in that peculiar relation to Nature, that he sees and feels her operations in that mode, which perhaps occasionally many men have glimpses of, but no power of recording; unless he be thus posited, with regard to the outer world, he cannot be a poet. Perhaps it may be said briefly, unless nature and the outer world become subjective to him, he is no poet. To all other classes of mind the outer world is objective; but to the poet the case is reversed.

With the objective writer we can have great power manifested, but it must be essentially a prose power; very great, very valuable results accrue from it, and those who possess it in excess are giants among their fellow pigmies. The poet, however, is not a giant by comparison, but in reality. We have stated thus much, that when we assert that neither of these volumes manifest the slightest proof of poetry, it may not be supposed they are cavalierly treated, and dismissed as worthless. Quite the reverse. They both possess much that is pleasing and entertaining.

Miss Toulmin possesses the art of versification: has delicate perceptions and tender feelings; and the perusal of her volume will afford an hour of placid gratification. There is too indiscriminate an adoption of the contagious feelings of the time. The political economists of the day are doubtless sufficiently in error, but they should not be represented as Atheists:

“Behold a Poor-House of the Modern School,
The Trial test of Atheistic Rule.”

This probably arises from an excess of good feeling; and there are many pieces in the volume which contain some thoughts well expressed, and others which a judicious friend could have wished omitted. Miss Toulmin, however, may console herself, (if she pays any regard to our standard of poetry at all,) by the self-assurance that her volume contains verses which quite equal, if not surpass, that of versifiers who have been enrolled among the genuine poets of the land.

Mrs. Ogilvy's work is more ambitious in appearance, though perhaps less in reality, as she has called in the assistance of the artist. The book is very readable, but more on account of its prose than its verse. The legends of the land of the mountain and loch must ever have a strong interest. The passions and the affections are there manifested in unadorned strength, and our sympathies correspondingly excited. Imitations of imitations can have no intrinsic charm; and such we must really pronounce both the verses and the illustrations to be: the one, of the modern revivers of the old ballad, and the others, of the received forms, as filtered from the old masters, through German models. It would be doing injustice to Mrs. Ogilvy, however, not to say she understands the mechanical part of her art better than the *artist does of his*. It is handsomely printed, and after all, quite *worthy to lie beside most Annuals and Picture-books*.

THE SCENERY AND POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LAKES, &c. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. With Illustrations from Original Sketches. Engraved by THOMAS GILKES. 8vo. Longman and Co.

WE opened this volume in the expectation that we should find something pleasant in the way of description, and novel in regard to the poetry of an extensive and beautiful tract of country. The object of the work, its author rather ostentatiously informs us, is "to imitate the romantic history, and cull the poetry" of a celebrated district, and "to describe every scene that has claims upon the admiration or attention of the visitor." We naturally expected that the professions of the writer would be fulfilled to a reasonable extent, but confess our hopes have not been realised. There is little or nothing more in Dr. Mackay's book relative to the lake scenery than may be gleaned from long existing guides—from Mr. Wordsworth's descriptions, and publications of the same nature. We have nothing original, nothing with which that reader is not already familiar, where attention has been at all attracted to the subject; while, viewed in the light of a guide book, Scott's unpretending little volume furnishes much more information. The wood illustrations which adorn this volume are exceedingly creditable to Mr. Gilkes; indeed, the descriptive portion of the letter-press might in justice be considered as an appendage to them, rather than they its accessories. With large pretensions we are put off with small things. We find no vivid delineations of the endless picturesque beauties which the lakes everywhere present. Nothing relieves the arid descriptions, few as they are, which appear to be the author's own. From numerous familiar sources more than half the volume is borrowed; Wordsworth figures in almost every page. "Tait's Magazine," Hone, Gray, de Quincy, Southey, all that can swell out the page, are laid under contributions for what, it is presumed, the author calls the "romantic history" in his undertaking. The poetry of the district is much of the same character; Wordsworth's, Punch's, and Moncton Milnes', reciprocated sonnets, commenced from Wordsworth's horror of railway improvement, that have had the run through all the newspapers. Next, copious and numerous extracts from the poems of Wordsworth, from Wilson, Shelley, Scott, Percy's "Ballad Reliques," Ritson, and Southey's "Lodore," are denominated the "poetry of a celebrated district." The truth is, that the author, if he possess a true feeling for scenes of natural beauty, which from his book is doubtful, has not the power of delineating them in language. If he had it is impossible but he must have exhibited it, incited by a country so picturesque, abounding in the beautiful, the grand, and even the terrible, calculated to move the most sluggish spirit, and kindle it into enthusiasm. The professions made in the preface with such confidence are not realised. It would be easy for one who had never seen the lakes at all to compile from existing guide books, and the lake poets, a volume equally useful and entertaining, without the assumption which marks the present work only but to quicken disappointment.

THE BOOK OF COSTUME ; or, Annals of Fashion. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By A LADY OF RANK. Large 8vo. Colburn.

THE idea of a book of costume, carried out with care, and filled with genuine representations of the dresses of all nations, forms a part of the personal history of every people. In the present instance we have before us a very handsome volume, beautifully printed, and illustrated very satisfactorily, as far as the subjects described extend. But this book is not the production of an antiquary, who, to perseverance of research, joins the desire to illustrate one portion of the characteristics of nations. It professes to be the production of a Lady of Rank, a profession too much and directly applied to the attraction of the butterflies of fashion, to impress the reader with the sterling merit of the undertaking. We cannot get ourselves to credit this authorship; the classical authorities come up too appropriately for quotation at a call so obliquitous, and though history is marvellously complaisant, poetry highly gallant and obedient, and the style as masculine as any lady of rank can desire, we imagine the author, to place the saddle upon the right horse, to be a diligent compiler of other works besides the present.

The idea of the present work then is excellent, but the author has endeavoured to do too much within the limited space of a volume. As a mere elementary treatise it may be useful enough, but as furnishing what it pretends to do—a description of the costume of every country—it falls far short of its end. It is a neat and well-complexioned work to lay upon a drawing-room table; but it is not a work of reference for the library. We do not desire to discommend it, save for its sickly affectations about authorship, and the air it endeavours to put on, awkwardly enough, of a genteel, or as the cant word is, a “fashionable” recommendation, under the idea, perhaps, that the vulgar part of the aristocracy may be thus attracted to its contents. The writer has been at considerable trouble to make a book which will suit a certain class of readers, who do not go deeply into things, and who will find some entertainment in loosely contrasting the attire of one country with another. To the artist it can furnish nothing new. In fact, works of the present class must take their station among the luxuries of the wealthy, or may be placed in the hands of the young, to impart to them the vague outline that superior treatises on the subject must fill up. The examples given, and very neatly engraved, are too few in number to do more than this. We are of those who would rather see a perfect work of the kind sent into the world at once, or one as perfect as time and research can make it. But the tendency of the time is otherwise, and the communication of some knowledge is praiseworthy; so we must even accept such things as they come to our hands.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

SAMPSON HOOKS, AND HIS MAN JOE LING.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

As I have said, before my day all the old race of the village and neighbourhood—all those who made the staple talk of the older people—old Squire Fletcher, old Kester Colclough, Bill Newton, Jack Shelton, and the rest had passed away, and we saw the last of all the tribe, once the sun of mirth to the whole circle, like many another sun of the same kind, burnt out and laid, after having been long sorely torn and gnawed by Melancholy, as if she owed him a grudge for having chased her for so many years from so many hearts, the wasted victim of this Melancholy in his narrow house. Sampson Hooks, and his man Joe Ling, were now figuring on the scene in a very different fashion. But before we proceed to paint them more at large we must pause a moment to sketch some traits of a mighty revolution in this country, of which thousands and tens of thousands are now daily feeling the effect, and of which thousands have no adequate conception, and few or none of those who have, have yet adequately described.

It is a fact that, within the last two hundred years, almost every acre of land in this country, except the large entailed estates of the aristocracy, have quite changed hands. There is quite a different race and class of men now living on all the small possessions of land, or on what has been formed out of those small possessions; but the greatest and most rapid and striking alterations of this kind have taken place within the last fifty years. The French

Revolution, in fact, introduced an English Revolution, which, if it did not shed so much blood on the British soil, it thoroughly altered the title and holding of property, and pressed the blood as perfectly out of thousands of oppressed hearts.

That possession of small portions of land by the people, which now so strikingly distinguishes the people of the Continent from those of England—which makes, indeed, property so different a thing there and here—would seem at one time to have been almost as general here as anywhere. If we still go into really old fashioned districts—into those which the modern changes have not yet reached, where there are no manufacturers—into the obscure and totally agricultural nooks—we see evidences of a most ancient order of things. The cottages, the farm houses, the very halls are old; the trees are old; the hedges are old; everything is old. There is nothing that indicates change or progress. There is nothing, even in furniture, that may not have been there at least five hundred years; there is much that induces you to believe that eight hundred years ago it existed. In common labourers' cottages, before the late rage for old English furniture, which led the London brokers to scour the whole empire, penetrate into every nook, and bring up all the old cabinets, hall tables, old carved chairs, carved presses and wardrobes, and retail them for five hundred per cent., besides importing great quantities of similar articles from Holland, Belgium, and Germany, I have myself seen old heavy ample arm-chairs, with pointed backs, in which one might imagine an Alfred or an Edward the Confessor sitting, with the date in great letters on their backs, of 1300 or 1400. There are plenty of houses so ancient, that in the roofs and woodwork the ends of the great wooden pegs with which their framing is pinned together are not cut off. But without how old is everything! The trees are dead at top and hollow at heart; there are ancient elms and oaks standing, whose shadow is said to have covered their acre of ground, but which have now neither head nor heart; huge hollow shells, so capacious, that whole troops of children play in them, and call them their churches; and whole flocks of sheep or herds of cattle seek shelter from the summer sun in them. These old villages, too, are lost, as it were, in a wilderness of ancient orchards, where the trees produce apples and pears totally unlike any now grown in modern plantings. The villages are surrounded by a maze of little crofts, whose hedges have evidently never been set out in *any general inclosure*, for they do not run in regular squares and

straight lines, but form all imaginable figures, and with the true line of beauty go waving and sweeping about in all directions. They are manifestly the effect of gradual and fitful inclosure from the forest in far-off times, many of them long before the Conquest, when this dense thicket and that group of trees were run up to and included as part of the fencing. These old hedges have often a monstrous width, occupying nearly as much in their aggregate amount as the aggregate amount of the inclosed land itself. They are often complete wildernesses of stony mounds, bushes, and rank vegetation. The hawthorns of which they are composed are no longer bushes, but old and wide-spreading trees, with great gaps and spaces often between them, having ceased to be actual fences between the old pastures, and become only most picturesque shades for the cattle. In the old crofts still flourish the native daffodils, and the snow-white and pink primroses, now extirpated by the gathering for gardens everywhere else.

Such, there is no doubt, were our villages generally all over the country formerly, and for at least a thousand years. The whole country seemed to lie in a long and sunny dream. So little did population seem to increase, that rarely a house was built. The army and the distant towns took up the small surplus of people that there was. So little did land seem wanted that the forests and wastes lay from age to age unchanged. Every man had his little plot, or could inclose it for a small annual acknowledgment, and the rural race lived on with little exertion and no care.

The first shock to this state of things was the Reformation. The breaking up of the monasteries at once turned a vast amount of monks and nuns on the country, nearly destitute of means of existence; and a still vaster amount of poor people, who had to be supported on the third of the church revenues, given expressly for the poor. These, suddenly deprived of all other resources, were converted into a monstrous mass of beggars and thieves, that overrun, from the days of Henry VIII. to those of Elizabeth, the whole land, and bade defiance to constables, stocks, and gallows. Never were there such swarms of misery and vice and terror known in England, even in the fiercest heat of the civil wars. Henry himself hanged, of these wretches, his thousands annually without at all sensibly diminishing the misery or the terror. This, however, was only the pressure on one side of the case: that on the other was as great. The people, greedy courtiers, gamblers, commissioners, and speculators, who got hold, by a variety of means,

but seldom by any honest ones, of the church and abbey lands, rose, or wished to rise, into the ranks of the aristocracy. They would have their halls, their parks, their chases; their children would no longer follow trades; they, too, must be provided with land; and hence came the growing jealousy of all encroachments by the poor on waste lands—nay, the violent disposition to encroach, on one plea or another, on the small proprietor. Then, in fact, began those scenes so well described by Goldsmith in his “Deserted Village.” Every one of these *noti homines* would have an establishment like the ancient aristocracy.

“The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park’s extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.”

But when we had discovered and civilised new countries, so far from giving relief in this respect, the grievance was rapidly augmented. Those who emigrated were chiefly those who had no land here; those who stayed were those who had it and wanted more. With colonisation and improvement, manufactures increased, and this gave additional population and higher value to land. The story of Auburn was acted over and over, more frequently, every succeeding generation. But after the French Revolution broke out, and the flames of war spread all over Europe, *then* how did this system progress at home! Every inch of land became a lump of gold. Forests and wastes were inclosed, but went only to the rich. The selfish absurdity by which the rich managed to claim every inch of waste land, on the plea that it was held by feudal tenure from the days of the Conqueror, and therefore belonged to the lord of the manor, came richly into play: as if by their pieces of parchment these men could justly hold in fee all England: as if they had not by ages of neglect and non-occupation forfeited every pretended title that they once might have had to wastes that never had been delved or ploughed since the days of Adam. But this was recognised by the rich as law for the rich; and “unto him that had was given, and from him that had not was taken away even that which he had,”—the custom of turning his cow and his geese upon the waste.

Well: but it had been tolerable had the mischief stopped here; but it did not. Such was the value of land, and such the numbers who had made money by trade, by manufactures, by government contracts, &c., &c, that the pressure on the small proprietors became like an overwhelming flood, and in a great measure swept them from the face of the earth, and English poverty became what we see it now—the most frightful poverty in existence. The poverty of the Continent is the poverty of men who have all their little portions of land and nothing more. They and theirs by industry can with frugality live on this land. It is a constant support, a constant sheet-anchor; and though they have *poverty* they have *no fear*. That horrible condition of total destitution, of total dependence on the employment by others—the total dependence on the labour of their hands—which, when that employment is not given, drops them at once into the bottomless pit of pauperism, and makes the lives of millions one great heart-ache, one great agony of the vultures of *necessity and uncertainty* gnawing at their vitals, is only known in the midst of this land of luxury and unexampled wealth.

With what monstrous strides has this great English Revolution stalked on since the impulse of the French Revolution, which gave a tenfold life to our manufacturing and to all sorts of jobbing and speculation! The men who had made large sums by government contracts, stock-jobbing, lotteries, corn-dealing, and by the legal operations which all these things brought into play, were all looking out for landed investments, especially in old fashioned places, where land was still cheap; and where, therefore, a large tract could be purchased for a trifle, and a great house be built and a park laid out. In many cases, nay in few, could these swelling fellows find a piece of earth large enough for them, and soon began to cast greedy eyes on all the little inclosures around them; and in a wonderfully short space of time did their great Aaron's rod of money manage to swallow up all the rods and roods of their lesser neighbours. Oh, many a piteous tale of huge oppression, chicanery and violent or treacherous wrong, could the history of these things unfold!

The little proprietors were, like the ancient Danites, men who had lived on with much ease and little knowledge. They knew little of the arts of life. They knew little of lawyers and of mortgages and foreclosings. What little town is there yet of four or five thousand inhabitants which does not still possess its people

who can remember when it could maintain but *one* lawyer; and who, by-the-bye, was half starved? But the moment there came another, both flourished, and now there is a perfect swarm. There needs no other evidence of rapid change of property, by fair and foul means, by one thing and another, and nothing more than the growing pride and lust of accumulation and rascality of the age has effected. There are plenty of people who can well enough remember the old dormant, the old petrified state of things, and know the time when scarcely a drop of tea was drunk in the village; who know what a stir the introduction of umbrellas made; how effeminate they were deemed; how the men marched about in whole days' rains, in oilskin-covered hats and caps; and women even rode long journeys on pillions and in oilskin hoods. There are plenty who recollect the introduction of parasols, and how the old people contemptuously called them "cabbage leaves." "There go the women with their cabbage-leaves hoisted, as if the sun would make them worse favoured than their mothers were."

But of all the new-fangled introductions, none has been so sweeping as that frightful legerdemain by which the old cottages have vanished—whole hamlets of them—to make room for solitary ponds, and parks, and long winding carriage approaches to them, by which the common and the very village green has been swallowed up; by which all the old hedges of a thousand years have been stubbed up—the old trees have been hurled down, and gay great houses have risen where once a score of thatched cottages covered as many contented families. Some of the arts by which this laying of field to field and house to house have been managed, we may trace in the story of Sampson Hooks, and his man Joe Ling.

The village of old Squire Fletcher and Dick Redfern was exactly one of the old-world kind, of which I have spoken. In their day no single change had come. No manufacture was carried on there, and none of the new species of honey-laden bees, the stock jobber, the London great soap-boiler, or sugar-baker, the war-contractor, the great spinner who had spun a golden cone around him of a most marvellous size, nor the lawyer who had fattened on each and all of them, had yet found their way thither with a desire to suck good mouthfuls from the simple inhabitants, and to build their gaudy nests on the old hereditary lands.

Where Hooks sprung from, and what he had been, I am utterly ignorant of; one thing, however, is certain, that though

the race of phrenologists had not arisen to proclaim the fact, he had the organs of acquisitiveness and constructiveness very large. He purchased the house and lands of old Squire Fletcher, who died without issue ; and, as the place was considered so out of the way, purchased it for what is called "an old song ;" that is, he purchased it at what a host of such estates have been got for, before the days when there was such a sharp look-out for eligible investments—a price which the mere thinnings out of the timber at once paid for.

The old hall was what is called an old rambling place. It was low, with low rooms, every one of which had a step up or a step down into it. The buildings, stables, kennels, barns, and so forth, occupied a much larger space than the house itself, and the whole set of premises were buried in a perfect wood of gigantic trees, especially elms and walnuts, and around lay a multiplicity of little fields with great, tall, wild hedges, and huge hedge-row trees.

What light did Sampson Hooks speedily let into it ! First, down toppled the great trees which, as we have said, were doomed to pay for the house and lands. Then, down went whole troops of others to build up the new house. Well do I remember when those fine elms, and fine rows and avenues of limes strewed the ground ; and what fine fun we found it to play at Robin Hood and his merry men, with cross-bows and tobacco-pipe bolts amongst their arching boughs ! Then, as rapidly disappeared scores of lines of old hedges, and what was so shortly before a labyrinth of little crofts ; opened itself into a fair lawn, and God wot, a great park. Then came a fine fellow, a landscape gardener and layer out of grounds, and before his magic touch the old garden, with its clipped yew-hedges and pleached alleys, disappeared. A lofty wall inclosed a much larger space, and shut out the whole view of the place from the village. Great iron gates reared themselves here and there, through which alone the passers-by could catch a glimpse of what used to lie open to the pleasant view of every one. Woods and hedge-row trees danced, as it were, into shape as groups and single spreading trees. A lofty new hall, with stone vases on the top, exalted itself above the highest trees, and sunk fences, and winding gravel walks, and glittering greenhouses, and pleasant fountains, made a wonderful spot of it. One thing, however, the villagers took notice of : the bees fled out of their hives when the old garden was destroyed, and the

rooks out their favourite wood just by ; and this, they declared, boded no good. Fresh bees were purchased, and seemed to do tolerably well, but never could they lure the rooks back, though they tied wisps of straw and artificial nests, for several successive springs, in the trees.

Every trace of old Squire Fletcher was obliterated, but the village remained the same—nay, as it seemed, only the more doggedly, for the dislike felt to the changes at the hall. All round the village was a wilderness of crofts and great wild hedges, with their thatched cottages and old ample weedy gardens, such as I have above alluded to. Scarce a new house or even a new piece of wall was to be seen in the whole hamlet. Every family was just where it had been for generations ; but Sampson Hooks had his eye upon it, and it was doomed to feel the effect of his necromantic power.

I remember him well—a large, stately looking man, riding on a large old roadster. No one could say that he was a violent and arbitrary or tyrannical person ; on the contrary, he was particularly polite to all his neighbours, very mild, and ready to inquire, as he met his poor neighbours on the road, how they and all their families went on, and to offer them his advice, not officiously, but with the utmost suavity, for the better management of their land. His wife too everybody declared to be a perfect lady ; so graceful, so smiling, so kind to every one, at least in words, and often in little attentions when ill, and wonderful for her admiration and bland affection for her dear Sampson Hooks. But as mildness is proverbially insinuating, so it was soon seen that by some means or other Sampson Hooks had obtained possession of this cottage and that croft, which had been in the same family for ages. People wondered how it was that their neighbours should sell the property of their fathers to a stranger ; but it was, in fact, no wonder in itself. Plenty of these neighbours had been living on their little estates without any thought or exertion more than was practised by the bird that lived in their old hedges, or the owls in their barns. Their fields were ploughed up to give corn enough for bread, and their cows grazed in pastures that never knew what improvement was. They were, on the contrary, overgrown with hillocks which once had been thrown up by the moles, but so long ago that they were now covered with a turf as thick as the rest of the field, and had been so increased by ants or somewhat else, till many of them were big enough to fill a good wheel-

barrow. Then, for long tufts of yellow ragwort, for tall crops of thistles and rushes and bushes, they were actual wildernesses, and their cows had sometimes been known to be so hidden and lost in them that their owners have run all over the parish to seek them while they were quietly chewing their cuds in some jungle of thistles or furze in their own pastures.

Such were the Newtons, the three sons of old Bill Newton, and such were their fields. There was young Bill and Tom and Ned. Young Bill was so called though he was now near fifty and had sons growing up. He was the bell-ringer; Tom, the village barber, and Ned the village sleeper, if he were anything. Such things as management or industry they had no conception of. To live and enjoy themselves was all they thought of; but unfortunately they had each of them only a third part of what their father had had for that purpose. But they lived in true gospel order, taking no thought for to-morrow. They have been known to kill a pig and never give over feasting till the whole was eaten up; and to brew, yet never have any occasion to tun, for they drank the liquor out of the tubs while it was working.

To such people what so tempting as offered money? Sampson Hooks saw that their cow-houses and pig-sties were in bad repair, and kindly advised them to put them in order. They naively asked,—where the money was to come from? Oh, there was no difficulty about that; he would most willingly lend them such a trifle for the sake of seeing the village look respectable. That was very kind, thought they. They gladly accepted it; nothing was asked of them but to put their names to an acknowledgment. They did that at once; but it was a much easier thing for them to borrow than to pay again. The day for the annual interest arrived. They scratched their heads, but had not just then the money. No matter, it might stand; they would be able to pay when the crops came in. But the crops came in and they had nothing to sell, none to spare; there would be but just enough for the family. They were short even of seed. Their fences were bad, and their neighbours' cattle got in and eat their corn while it was green, and trampled half of it down. Oh, well, they need not distress themselves; they might have some money for seed and for fencing, and then as their crops would be better, they could pay. They were glad to hear it; it really was very kind, and very pleasant to have money for everything so easily. They lived like fighting-cocks. The gentleman had plenty; it would be

long before he wanted it, and before then *something* would turn up. So they went on, the Newtons and others. Why had they not gone on so long before? Because their neighbours before had no money themselves to tempt their neighbours with, and had that sort of simple consciences that they had a horror of coveting their neighbours' goods.

Nobody could be more forbearing, more considerate, more kind, than good Sampson Hooks; he never asked them for the money nor for the interest; on the contrary, he always had a smile and a nod for them when he met them; stopped his great lofty roadster and asked how they all went on.

But in a while there came riding into the village a singular little fellow, on a little yellowish pony, with whitish legs and a face white all on one side. The man was a little lean man, yet with a considerable paunch, as if all his food turned into fat there. He had an old hat on, particularly sun-burnt and slouching in the brim; an old blue coat with metal buttons: a waistcoat that folded over and buttoned across the front of a tawny kind of checked stuff; a blue-spotted cotton handkerchief on; corduroy small clothes, and old fustian gaiters well splashed with the roads—the roads then were abominable. His horse was also splashed up to the sides, and he urged him on by the constant use of one old jingling spur. There was a still, close look in the solid ruddy face and small black eyes, nearly lost under the slouching hat-brim of this little man; and the little horse had also a look as if he would be always going just the way that his rider did not wish him, for which he got incessant jerks in the mouth with the bridle, kicks with the one spur, and thumps on the flank with a tough and heavy ash plant.

This man, who was destined to be well known in that village, rode up to the door of Bill Newton, tied his horse to the hook in the wall, and walking in with one hand on his stick as a staff, and the other in his breeches pocket, with a sort of stealthy and unsteady gait, announced himself as Joe Ling, the bailiff of Mr. Sampson Hooks.

He said, that as he put Mr. Hooks' accounts in order, he had found two or three trifles which related to him, Bill Newton. He did not want to hurry him. Mr. Hooks hurried nobody—in fact, he was such a man, that if he, Joe Ling, did not take care of *things a little*, he would soon be like the child that gave away *his breakfast* because another cried for it, and then had to cry

itself. Never was there such a good-natured, careless fellow. He had put these little matters together, and if it were not convenient to pay just then, why he, Bill Newton, could put his name to a bit of paper which he had brought with him, and which he presented. Bill Newton, who, of course, could not pay, and did not half like the looks of this fellow so well as those of Sampson Hooks, told Joe Ling that he had no doubt but that it was all right, and that he would see Mr. Hooks himself about it. To his great mortification he then found that Joe Ling was as deaf as a door-nail, and that he could do nothing at all with him. He only answered quite beside the mark; as, "Yes, it really was fine weather:" "No, there was really no hurry at all: he had only to sign that bit of paper."

Bill Newton shouted into the man's ears that he could not sign it,—he would see Mr. Hooks about it.

"Oh, very well, I can wait a little; I did not know you were busy: don't let me disturb you: I can wait!"

He clapped himself down in an old arm chair, poked the children on the hearth in the ribs with his stick as they lay there staring at him, and, making a low chuckling sort of half-laugh, half-wheezing, added, "Oh no; no hurry at all!"

Bill tried again to drive his meaning into him; it was hopeless. He only replied, "Oh yes, he was sure the amount was cast up right; but he could take his time, and look it over. He had only to put his name where he had shown him."

Bill, then, making a sort of funnel of his hands, put them to his ear, and shouted into it that he had to go out, and bid him good morning. "Oh, yes," said Ling. "Mr. Hooks is an uncommon good-natured man: everybody knew that!"

Bill Newton went out; and Ling, waiting for some time, took a stroll into some of the neighbours' houses on the like errand, leaving his horse at Bill's door. Three hours afterwards, at dinner-time, Bill returned, and saw, to his desperate vexation, the fellow's pony still hanging at his door; and scarcely was he himself got within, where the pudding was already smoking on the table, than in walked Joe Ling, and on Bill's saying that he had no occasion to wait, he replied, "Why, yes, he would take a bit of dinner with them, for waiting so long had made him hungry." Without ceremony he drew a chair, helped himself liberally to the pudding, and talked on of Mr. Hooks, and all his good-nature, and what a heap of concerns he had on his hands in the village

he himself (that is, Ling) came from, till Bill Newton wished him at Jamaica. But Joe Ling was in no hurry to be off, either to Jamaica or any where else. He sate, ate, drank, joked with the wife, poked the children in the ribs, and made himself very much at home. Bill Newton's choler began to rise, for the Newtons were a very choleric family, and he thought several times of knocking the impudent fellow off his seat; but he remembered Sampson Hooks, and the debt, and restrained himself. But he ate his dinner sullenly; and with the disappearance of the last mouthful strolled out of the house, and betook himself to the King of Prussia. Here, with his cup before him, but boiling with wrath, he despatched a little lad several times to see whether Ling's pony still hung at his door. He returned every time with the same tale—it still was there. Roused to a pitch of fury, he started up, hastened down the village with murderous thoughts in his mind, when, to his very agreeable surprise, he saw his door, but no pony there. He wheeled round, and once more regaining the public house, spent the evening there in endeavouring to drown his chagrin in the company of the jolly frequenters of the old house. What was his surprise, however, at ten o'clock at night, to find, as he entered his cottage, Joe Ling comfortably ensconced in the old arm-chair, and the pony well-suppered up in the stable!

"Thou'st kept me long, my lad; thou'st kept me long. I did not know that thou meant to pay all up this time; but well and good, well and good; I can stay till morning—it will never do to venture home on such roads in the dark. I've got my night-cap, luckily, and ony bit of a bed will do for me."

Bill paused for a moment, considering whether he should not pound him to a jelly with his own ash sapling; but another thought occurred to him: he whispered to his son Jem, and betook himself, without wasting another word on Ling, to bed.

This son Jem made signs to Ling to follow him, took him into his room, and made signs to him that he must make shift with half *his* bed. Joe Ling nodded his approbation, adding, as if to himself, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

He was soon between the sheets, when, to his astonishment, Jem Newton, a great brawny fellow, heaped a great pile of malt bags on the bed, and crept under them himself.

"What's that?" said Joe Ling, half crushed and half smothered.
"What does the lad mean? Why, man, this mountain would

crush a horse's ribs in, and swelter him to death ;" upon which he began to fling them off. But in this process he was interrupted by Jem, with a knock on the chest, followed by another on the nose, and a loud outcry of "What does the fellow mean? If you will lie wi' me, you mun lie as I do. I've gotten th' ague, I tell you, and mun ha' my bags on me!"

Ling, who found that he had got a terrible fellow to deal with, ducked down quietly, but with many a groan and many a sigh did he bear his mountainous burden till the daylight began to peep, when, springing up, he saw that the young rogue had laid all the bags on his (Ling's side), and had been sleeping most comfortably himself with the usual quantity of sheets and blankets on him. Ling soon descended below, and appeared again at breakfast time with a note from Sampson Hooks, who begged in most courteous terms that Bill Newton would just sign the trifling account which his bailiff had brought. "He was a good soul, was Ling, but a perfect formalist in business. He would oblige him by signing, and letting him go about his affairs. All would be right; there was no occasion in the world for hurry."

Bill signed his name to be rid of the fellow himself. This was the first appearance of Joe Ling, but it was a sample of what they would find him. On all occasions he was just as deaf, and just as invariably imperturbable. He always lauded the good-nature of Hooks, and Hooks praised him for a thoroughly good fellow, but such a man for business!

So things went on some years, when at once a regular storm broke out. The Newtons, and many others, found that they actually, drunk or sober, had signed mortgages, and that for sums of such amount as they vowed they had never had. How this was we cannot pretend to tell, but certain it is, that when old Joe Ling met any of these people at the market town or elsewhere, he was always most civil, treated them like a king, and on one occasion posted off to Derby in the night, in a great hurry, while he had one of them drunk as a piper at an inn in a neighbouring village, returned before the sun was up, paid him over a sum of money, and saw him sign a deed. Soon after the man was called upon to evacuate his cottage and fields, according to terms of sale, when he declared he had never made a sale; but found a regular deed drawn out of the pocket of Joe Ling, with his signature there to a certainty, in his own undeniable hand.

In short, never was there such a hubbub! The Newtons, and

five or six others, found their mortgages foreclosed, and their little property gone, as in a dream. This man had sold, and did not know when; and the whole place was up and vowing to tear down Sampson Hooks' house about his ears, and murder him and his rascally swindler, Joe Ling.

What did Sampson Hooks? Did he shrink? Did he defy, or even justify? No: he rode through the village daily, calm and smiling, and inquiring into the health and happiness of those he met; and when he met with black and threatening looks, asked, with the greatest and most simple mildness, what was amiss? Had he done anything to offend them?

"Have you done anything?" said indignantly some of the sturdy villagers; "has not your scoundrel man, Ling, robbed and cheated us all? Has not he got almost every man's property into his clutches? Have we any of us now a home of our own? When was it before that any of us had our houses and fields in debt? And how the devil has the fellow managed to heap up charges against us?"

To this Sampson Hooks replied with a look of surprise, which, if it were feigned, was well feigned; it looked very genuine and very natural.

"Oh! dear," said he, "it grieves me extremely that you should think that any body belonging to me should use you unfairly. I am sure my only wish has been to see you comfortable. Have not I lent you money for that purpose? Have not I always advised you to good and prudent management? Oh! dear, this is very unpleasant! But let me be assured that Mr. Ling has done anything unhandsome, and it shall be instantly righted—instantly. High as is my opinion of him, nothing in such a case should screen him. But my good people, I cannot think, I really cannot think it, indeed. I have seen so much of Joseph Ling, and never could I detect him in any dirty action; on the contrary, he has always appeared a most innocent, faithful creature; quite careless of himself—quite; but his faithful spirit makes him, perhaps, too eager to serve his master. But let all be examined—let all be examined into—and if any wrong be done, let it be righted; nay, if you can pay off all your debts, or can find any one else to take up your property, willingly will I relinquish it! Oh! what good would it do me to win the whole parish, and yet make enemies of all my good neighbours? Why should I? Have I not enough? Have I any one to save for? Have I child or chick? Let the thing be searched into—let it be searched into—for this state of matters grieves me,

said Mr. Sampson Hooks to his attorney. "Reflect that you are seeking satisfaction for them rather than for me. I want no satisfaction but to see them satisfied."

The examination went on; their own lawyer was keen and subtle, and every one now said in his heart, "Now old deaf 'un, now old Ling, thou 'lt catch it." But old Ling seemed by no means cast down, nor at all in any eagerness to justify himself; indeed, he seemed not to be capable of understanding that any complaint lay against him. He drew document after document and book after book out of his bag, and gave every question its appropriate answer; but his deafness seemed as complete a coat of defence as the shell of the tortoise. When the opposite lawyer told him that heavy suspicions were entertained of his proceedings, he only replied, "Oh yes, Mr. Hooks was always too good-natured."

As he could not be got at through his ears, he made a direct pass at his eyes in the shape of a piece of paper, on which he wrote the same conciliatory assertion. Ling read it, and then laughed, as at a most capital joke. "Oh Lord! oh Lord! What nonsense! Who says I've cheated 'em? Who says it? Stuff! Ar' n't all the accounts here? Is not every figure here? Is n't all right cast up? Try, see! try it—try it ony one on you! Who says I've cheated 'em? They say! They say, is the first word of a lie! There, cast 'em up, I say; examine 'em ony way yo like, and if yo catch old Joe Ling in a trick, why I'll never eat bread again."

They cast up; they examined; they questioned and cross-questioned, but they could make nothing appear, but that the villagers had been very foolish, and made very bad bargains; and that Joe Ling had made very good ones for his master; but all was regular, most regular. The only thing that stood somewhat in the way of fair play, was buying the land from the drunken man. But Joe Ling stoutly denied that he was then any more drunk than at any other time.

"Can ony on yo tell me," said he, "when he is right sober, and when he is not? Can ony on yo find him morning, noon or night, without his pot o' beer? But, what if he has made a bad bargain, now is the time to unbargain it! Hasn't Mr. Hooks said, 'Pay me the money back and I yield the purchase?'"

Nothing could be fairer. The man was asked if he could get the money somewhere and pay it back. He desired time, and the

opposite lawyer offered to find him a man ; but somehow the time went over. Two or three people came, saw the land, shook their heads, and went away, and so the matter ended.

The villagers were defeated, though it cannot be said that they were silenced, for they were very savage, and talked in the King of Prussia more fiercely than ever. It was said that the whole was a juggle ; that the opposite lawyer had been fed by old Ling ; the men who came to see the land that had been sold were sent on purpose by this villain lawyer ; and the whole was a hoax and a smoke.

Be that as it may, many years went on. Hooks was as mild as ever - Ling as deaf as ever. He rode on his yellowish little horse in the very same old hat, old blue coat, spattered gaiters, and jingling spur, as usual, into the village at certain times ; and it was observed that after every one of these visits there rose a furious clamour, and many curses and some conspicuous change followed. But it was only when a number of years had passed that the whole change was visible. Then it was seen how many old cottages had actually vanished, how many of the old croft hedges had got stubbed up, and what great wide ploughed fields lay in their places ; what numbers of old orchards and gardens were gone. The place, in truth, looked much spruicer, much more open and modern. There were new cottages arisen in long rows, without gardens and pigstys, it is true ; and what was more striking was, that almost all the people were mere labourers without a yard of land, and almost all the land and the village belonged to Sampson Hooks.

What now struck them also as almost as extraordinary was, that not only had the people no longer a foot of land to call their own, but all the old foot-paths which used to run in every possible direction round the village, and away over the fields and commons to the next hamlet had got stopped up and lost. There had been no application to the sessions for the purpose, yet the paths which used to give most delicious Sunday and holiday walks to the villagers were somehow gone. This had been done by stubbing up a variety of hedges, and ploughing up the land, so that the real direction had been, for a time, lost, especially as the rain made the newly dug and ploughed up ground such a perfect slough of mud and wet, that, in winter, it was impassable ; and then, when spring came, and the corn sprung up, it was found to be let to some poor fellow that the people could not find in their

hearts to do a damage to. But they were very clamorous to Sampson Hooks himself, who always was put into a great flutter of concern at these matters which he himself never attended to. Mr. Ling should look better to these things, and avoid such complaints. Certainly, the people must have a path. Oh, certainly! But as it would now injure Thomas Hobson's or James Simpson's corn, they would perhaps be so good as to go a little round, or in another direction. Nay, a way should be opened for them through his own park, much nearer, much pleasanter. And this was done. Could anything be more accommodating?

In a few years, however, when the right to the old way was lost, then came that eternal old Joe Ling and stopped up the new road through the park; but such depredations had been committed on the trees in the park, and the hall was so exposed to thieves by these foot-roads so near it, that really they must be closed. But the people *should have a road*. Mr. Hooks would see where it could go to the advantage of all parties. But time went on, and it never *could* be settled where the road should run. Then again rose the choler of the villagers; hatchets and picks were taken, gates were cut down, fences cut through, and the old roads opened with much triumph and jubilee. The whole village was in a ferment, and the women stood at their doors and shouted to each other, and the men in the King of Prussia shouted all at once, "Well, now we shall see what these tyrants will do!"

And truly did they soon see that. It was declared that it was very grievous to Mr. Hooks, but that such proceedings could not be allowed; the peace must be preserved, the laws and property must be respected. The offenders were summoned before the Justices, and, spite of all their representations, were fined for their outrage, and threatened with the House of Correction; for when did a county magistrate entertain a complaint against the closing of a foot-path? It is too much to be expected from human nature. Why, this man has these same obnoxious paths on his own lands, and wants to be well rid of them.

So the crofts and cottages were gone, and the foot-paths were all gone, yet not a legal complaint could be exhibited against the virtuous and compassionate Sampson Hooks, nor even against the faithful Joe Ling. Could any man say that they were not really most innocent, falsely-accused, fair-dealing, conscientious, though clever, successful men, as men with money in their pockets usually

are, and of which the money itself is a sufficient proof; for, were they not clever, they would never have got it, or would never have kept it when got.

Years went on, and all seemed bright and prosperous at the Hall. Neither Sampson Hooks nor his great roadster, Black Jack, seemed to grow a day older. Mrs. Sampson Hooks drove out in her handsome pony-chaise, and smiled and nodded to every one. And old Joe Ling occasionally was seen riding to or from the Hall on the same little yellowish horse, with the pye-bald face and whitish legs; and as to Joe Ling himself, he was just the same figure, and wore the same jingling spur as ever. The old sun-burnt hat, and the old blue coat with the metal buttons, seemed never to get worse. It was said that Sampson Hooks was making a mint of money in collieries and farming, somewhere a good way off, and that Joe Ling came loaded with money like a bee. If he did, it was not the fruit of the blessings and the prayers of the poor, for never did so many curses roll out of the cottages of the poor as when he rode by. But they might curse, and they did it pretty loud too—he was deaf to all and when some surly fellow, or a knot of them in the village street, has said fiercely out, just as he passed, “The devil fly away with him and his dog-tit too!” he has made his bow. No doubt he saw the fellow’s lips move, and said, “Oh, pretty well, I thank ye, and I hope that you are all yourselves comfortable.”

Spite of all show of prosperity, the villagers noticed that the rooks never came back, and never could be lured to settle in the old trees again, and they nodded knowingly to one another, and said in their broad dialect, “We’ll wait a bit; the dee wull come!”

And truly, in a while there occurred some little matters that did not bear so easily smoothing out, and that made the villagers prick up their ears, and open their mouths, more confidently than ever; and, what was more singular, in these there was no visible hand of old Joe Ling.

Such was the reputation at a distance of the substantial wealth and integrity of Sampson Hooks, that poor people who had saved a little money, could think of no safer means of depositing it than in his hands. The villagers, who would not have trusted him a crown, called those who did all the stupid “flats and goslings” in the language. Old Ling was at the bottom of all this, they said, for he went canting about on his “scue-bald pony,” crackling

of his master, like a very saint; but this might be only their prejudiced supposition—there was no evidence on the subject. However, a poor widow, who had put a few score pounds into Sampson Hooks' hands, came one day for her interest. Sampson was not at home, but Mrs. Sampson had the poor woman into the parlour, kindly inquired her business, lamented that Mr. Hooks would not be at home that day, and asked the poor woman, who had thus come a long and weary way for a disappointment, to have some refreshment. While the poor woman ate, and lamented her hard case to have to come and go so far for nothing, she found Mrs. Hooks so tender and sympathising, that she begged of her as a great favour to pay her the interest herself, to save an old woman another long journey. The poor woman, to convince her that all was right, drew out the note, and handed it to Mrs. Hooks. The lady looked at it, declared that for what she knew of such things it might be right or wrong, but that she never ventured to meddle with such matters. As the poor widow went on to relate many of her own domestic affairs and troubles, Mrs. Hooks laid the note on her work-table, and as soon as the poor woman had done wiping her eyes on her apron—for she had opened up a whole history of her life's past and present trials—she folded up the paper and returned it to her.

The widow came again in a few days, found Sampson Hooks luckily this time at home, and presented her note. What, however, was her astonishment, when Mr. Hooks put on a very strange look, and said, "Truly, good woman, here is a promissory note; but who promises, or what I have to do with this note, is more than I can tell, for here is no name to it."

"No name!" said the poor woman; "no name! Oh, Lord bless you, dear sir, why do you like to frighten a poor body so? Here is your own honest name to it, just as you wrote it!"

"I tell you, woman, that what I say is true! See here, there is no name whatever; and who and what you are is quite unknown to me. I have no recollection of you, and must believe that you are an impudent impostor. Go, get away with you. Go, as fast as you can!"

"No name!—you don't know me!—you!—great God! what do you mean?" exclaimed the poor woman, turning as white as a sheet, and trembling till she could not rise without holding fast by the chair.

Hooks held the note angrily open before her; and when she

had gazed at it, and saw that really there was no name, she dropped senselessly into the chair. When she recovered from her swoon, she found herself laid on the sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Hooks were busily sprinkling her with water, and in a great bustle, but there was no servant present.

As soon as the widow looked up, and with a heavy sigh, and tears that began to gush forth in torrents, attempted to rise, Sampson Hooks said in a flurried way—

“There is some mistake, good woman; there must be some great mistake. I don't understand it; you have come to a wrong place, or have brought a wrong paper. Compose yourself, and make what haste you can home, and see whether you have not another paper somewhere.”

“Oh no, no! the Lord above knows!” exclaimed the poor woman, wringing her hands in her apron, wetting it through and through with her tears, and trembling every joint—“The Lord above knows I have no other paper than this! This is my little all—my all in this world; it is the saving of a life. Oh, sir, sir! don't kill me with fright! You know me—you know the paper—you have paid me the interest these years! See, it's all written on the back; it is in your own hand! Oh, worthy, worthy sir, do take pity on me!”

“But what!—but why!—there is no name, I tell you!” said Mr. Hooks.

“Oh, the name was there when I was here only a few days ago! The good lady here saw it; and she knows that she read your name aloud, and said, ‘Yes, that's my dear Sampson's own name, sure enough.’”

“Oh, you wicked woman! Oh, you false tongue, you! Oh, how dare you say such a thing!” exclaimed Mrs. Sampson Hooks. “I read the name! I say it was my dear Sampson's name! Woman, I say, how dare you utter such a falsehood before God!”

“Before God and man I dare utter it!” now cried the poor woman, who seemed at once to recover her strength, to lose her trembling, and to stand a head taller, and looked no longer the same, but a woman in the prime of life, and with a figure and face full of fire. Such was the change which indignation can make sometimes in the weakest and most timid creature.

“I tell you!” she exclaimed, advancing to Mrs. Hooks, “I tell you, woman—for I have as much right to *woman* you as you

have to *woman* me!—I tell you that there's *guillery** here, and I've a notion, madam, it's your doing, too. Didn't you read the name? Didn't you say it was your own dear Sampson's name, and that it always did you good to see it? Deny it if you dare! And so, mister," said she, turning passionately to Sampson Hooks, "pay me! pay me now, without more ado, or depend upon it worse will come of it. Pay me, I say, or I'll blow you far and wide, and make your name stink from here all the way to Lunnun! Pay me, or ——"

"Softly, softly, good woman," now said Mr. Sampson Hooks, in his blindest and yet most commanding tone. "Let me advise you to moderate yourself. I say there must be some mistake; if you are sure that this is the paper that you had here but a few days ago, and that my name then stood on it, by what unaccountable circumstance can it have been removed? Have you no person at home who can have done this?"

"No, I have not a soul; there is not a soul who can have come into my chamber where I keep this note. No, no!"

"Then, can it have been a rat, or a mouse, or a moth?"

"A rat! a mouse! a moth!" cried the enraged widow. "See there; does a rat, a mouse, a moth, gnaw an edge like that?" showing the place where the name had been most cleanly cut away. "I tell you," she continued, "a woman's eye can tell how that was done better than a man's can. That has been cut, and with scissors, too; no knife leaves an edge like that! There's guillery, I tell you, and I'll venture to tell you, too, when it was done. It was done when the lady had it at her work table; and the lady did it herself."

"What! Jezebel—huzzy—abominable woman! Do you say that I cut away the name?"

The widow nodded short and fiercely at her.

"Oh, do you hear and bear that, Mr. Hooks?" began his wife, sinking away into violent hysterics.

"Woman—woman!" cried Hooks, catching his wife in his arms, "see what you have done! You have killed the dear innocent! You have killed her by your wicked lies! Oh, never did she hear such language before in all her days! Poor, dear innocent, who would not hurt a fly, a gnat, a ——" Mr. Hooks was confused by his terror for his wife, and in his hurry rung the

* Deception.

bell with one hand, as he supported Mrs. Hooks to the sofa with the other. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when he became sensible that he had not taken a wary step, and turning to the widow, who gazed on the scene with a savage indifference, "Good woman," said he, "be discreet; preserve delicacy before the servants; all will be right, no doubt."

But no sooner did the vindictive widow see two or three servants in the room, than, regardless of the hysterics of Mrs., and the flurry of Mr. Hooks, she raised her voice, and held aloft the mutilated document.

"Pay me, then, I say," cried she, "and let me go! Do you think that God's curse will not alight on such as you, that can rob a poor widow of her all?"

"Woman!" cried Sampson Hooks, in a voice of thunder, "cease your slanderous, insane lies! I say, begone, and if you have anything to say to me, come another day. You have surely done enough now."

"No, nor half enough," said the immovable woman; "not a quarter enough; you have cut off your name from your own note! You have cheated me of my all, and I *will* speak. Ay, I will shout it at the top of the street, and through the whole country, if you don't pay me!"

"Put out the mad woman!" cried Sampson Hooks, in a fury, quite losing that mild suavity which he had so many years maintained; and the servants, who had stood staring and drinking in the strange words with astonishment, at length went up to her, and taking her by the arms, showed her the door.

"Ay, go indeed! Yes, go will I," shouted she; "but I will make you glad to give me my money again, yet!" And with great strides she marched off, and at the first house she reached in the village she began vehemently to relate her wrongs. This was glorious fuel to the fire of the villagers; they soon ran together; the woman, vehemently, and with tears, and vows of vengeance, detailed what had just taken place; and in less than a quarter of an hour the news was over the whole village. Men, women, and children, all rushed into the street. The tailor left his shop-board with his breeches knees unbuttoned, his stockings half down his leg, and a skein of thread round his neck. The smith's bellows ceased to blow, and the red-hot iron was left to cool on the anvil. The carter stopped his team, and the village street was full of eager groups, who were all at once talking, listening,

and gesticulating, as if about to execute some great vengeance. The poor woman was stopped every few yards to relate over and over again the story; she was taken into a house to have something to refresh her, and the crowd besieged the door as if there were some great wonder to be seen within—an angel with a broken wing or so. All declared that the wickedness of these tyrants would soon be properly exposed, and a dozen or more of the sympathising villagers accompanied the poor widow down the lane on her homeward way, exhorting her to have legal advice, and to “trouble” old Sampson; though it would have required a much more learned man in the law than any of them were, to tell exactly how.

And what, then, was the real state of this case? Could the Hooks have been guilty of this great crime? Was this mystery, indeed, cleared up? Another anecdote which has yet to be related will best answer all these questions.

There was once a poor man—oh, how often has this been the fate of scores of poor men at once; or in how many instances, where, as by an infatuation, they have been, for a whole country round, in the habit of putting their hard-earned mite, before the days of savings banks, into the hands of some fair-faced scoundrel, who at once has stopped or *run off*—it was all the same to them—and their all was gone for ever! There was a poor man who had put his money—it was a good sum for a poor man, it was a hundred pounds—into the hands of Mr. Sampson Hooks, on his note of hand. The interest had been paid duly and to the day, for five long years. The poor man was secure in his confidence, as if his money had been in “Lunnun Bank.” He came at length on his half-yearly day, and Mr. Hooks paid up his interest, and was particularly civil; but on settling the payment on the back of the note, he observed that the paper was become much worn—it was actually in pieces at the folds; and he told the poor man that he had better leave it a few days and he would have it carefully copied for him on a new piece of paper. The man, in true country faith and simplicity, readily complied, nay thanked Mr. Hooks cordially for his obliging behaviour. He came a week or two afterwards for his new note, and was shown into Mr. Sampson Hooks’ presence.

“Well my good fellow,” said Mr. Sampson, who sat at his desk, with a tremendous heap of papers before him; “and pray what is your wish with me?”

The poor man looked naturally astonished ; but smiling, said, " I've called for my note, sir."

" Your note ? What note was that ? "

" Oh, the note you were so good as to offer to copy for me."

" Ah, indeed ! a note of business was it to some of your friends ? "

The poor man felt a cold, queer sort of sensation about his heart, and a sudden trembling went through his limbs, and he answered, with a great air of anxiety—

" It was the promissory note for my money, which you were so good as to offer to have copied out, you know, the other day—the note I have had my interest on these five years."

" A promissory note ? To copy ? My memory must fail me strangely. My good man, I can recall no such circumstance. Or, if I had it, it must be here ! " beginning to rummage amongst and turn over the wilderness of papers. " There is an offer of money by Thomas Harrop ; is that it ? or this, an offer to mortgage a tenement and some copyhold land —is your name Kettlebender ? "

" My name ? Why, you know my name well enough ! You know me—Simon Ragley, well enough its my old note, my old crumpled note for a hundred pounds ! Oh, laus, oh, laus ! if it *should* be lost now ! "

The poor man had come forward from where he had been standing by the door, and now cagerly leaned over the desk and its chaos of papers. He was a tall, thin, bony man, with a worn and clay-smeared jacket and breeches, of a sort of coarse drab plush, smeared as if he were a brickmaker, with yellow and red. His knees seemed stiff as if with rheumatism, and his ankles clad in thick cloth short gaiters, and his big feet with such lumps and protuberances, as also marked the desperate battles he had had with this rheumatism. He limped and stood leaning hard on his thick stick, with a keen face full of ruddy, fine striny veins, and deep tawny wrinkles, and with an expression of devouring anxiety that would have delighted the eye of a Rubens.

" Pray God ! " said he again, " it ben't lost ! but if it be, sir, you know the sum, and all the interest is paid up—so you can give me another. You can do so, sir—can't you ? Ay, do it now, sir," said the old man.

" Oh, very true. I could give you anything if I did but know that it was right. But as to this note—why you see, I can't call it to mind ; my affairs are not like *yours*, my man ; they are so vast they quite overwhelm my mind. I depend wholly on my papers—

I must do so ; but as to this paper of which you speak, I see nothing of it."

"Is that yaller 'un it?" said the poor man, attempting to stretch forth his hand and take one up ; but Mr. Sampson Hooks pushed him rudely back with his hand on his chest, crying.

"Stop fellow ! what are you about ? Do you think I allow any churl to come and thrust his paw into my private papers ? Stand back ! stand back, I say ! I will look at my leisure for this note you speak of, and if it be there, rest assured you shall have it. Your name is Webster, you say—"

"Ragley—Simon Ragley is my name ; but give me another note ; never mind th' ould 'un : burn it when you find it ; give me another now. I can't go away wi'out it."

"A strange fellow are you !" said Sampson Hooks ; "do you think that I give notes for a hundred pounds to any scamp that pleases to ask me ? Show me any document proving that I owe you as much, and I will pay you it ; but document I see none, and no such note can I call to recollection. A very likely thing indeed it would be to give you a note on such grounds. Go ; come again in a few days. I will search—I will search ; and if it's here—why, you 'll have it."

"But you know me, Mister Hooks ! You 've seen me often enough—you wunna deny that !"

"Yes, I have seen you, Webster, or Ragman, or whatever you call yourself ; but where or when I am not so sure of. Have you worked for me ? Where was it ?——"

"God Almighty !" exclaimed the old man, now transported with rage ; "but a pretty villain you are ! I know you now, if you dunna know me ! Gee me th' ould note ; or, by the Lord, I 'll break your villain's skull !"

And with that the bony fellow raised his huge knotty stick, and held it in act to strike, while his eyes blazed with actual rage ; his teeth ground in his head, and his bony, sinewy figure looked like that of a giant skeleton, so high and gaunt and rigid did it seem. Sampson Hooks, who stood near an open French window, at one leap stood in the garden and attempted to close the window on his antagonist, but the fierce peasant banged it open with his left arm, making the glass fly ringing around with a noise that caused the gardener, who was at work among his flower-beds at some little distance, to raise his head and stand staring at this strange scene. Sampson Hooks, who had evidently

avoided calling in this time the help of the servants, as in the case of the widow, and had obeyed, at the man's menace, the merely instinctive feeling of self-preservation, without staying to reflect how he was to get rid of this ugly customer, now seeing that the gardener was aware of the scene, called hastily, "John! John! Help! help! Here! here!"

John came up, and Hooks cried hurriedly, "Seize him, put him out! Another of these desperate impostors who are always now making false claims—most probably a gang—most probably a gang! Seize him and put him out!"

"Ay, seize me!" said the man, in a tone of defiance. "Thrust me out if you dare, John Bushy! You know better than to come within the reach of my stick! You are too honest a fellow, Bushy, to hurt a poor man that is robbed; ay, robbed, cheated by this villain!" and, stamping his stick on the gravel walk, he went on to relate all that had passed, while Sampson Hooks had slipped away round the house.

John, the gardener, who saw the coast clear, came quietly up, and said softly to the man:

"Mr. Ragley, God knows that I won't lay a finger on you. I know you to be as honest as the day's long; but listen to me. You will do no good striving here. Let me advise you to go away for the present and see what turns up. Remember, there's a God in heaven! I can't help you just now; if you stand five minutes longer you may lose me my place too; but I will, with all the pleasure in the world, give you any advice I can. I'll come on Sunday—that's the day after to-morrow—to your house, and we'll talk it over. But go now, only go!"

"John," said the old man, trembling with rage and agony of mind, "I am out of myself—I am mad. I don't know what to do; but I won't be any harm to you, neither. I'll e'en go; but as sure as God's in heaven, or the devil's in this hypocrite's soul, I'll have justice or his heart's blood!"

The old fellow stalked off, limping and wiping his eyes on the back of his great bony hand, and coughing with rage. Once or twice he stopped, looked back as if he were resolved to return, but he only gazed wildly at the house, shook his stick threateningly, and again hobbled off. John closed the yard gate after him and then returned, with strange feelings, to his work.

It may be supposed that this, added to the widow's affair, made no small rumour. It spread through the whole country round.

Other rumours grew quickly out of it, that, with all his gathering and cheating, Sampson Hooks' affairs were in a wretched plight. There were rumours of writs and executions, and heaven knows what; and every strange man that was seen to advance to the Hall was supposed to be a lawyer's messenger, or bum-bailiff, or some such respectable character. But spite of all this the Hall itself was very quiet, and Mr. Sampson Hooks and his roadster, Black Jack, were seen as composedly as ever, jogging to and fro.

But one thing was certain: the man Simon Ragley had gone to a lawyer, and the lawyer had written to Sampson Hooks, threatening all the terrors of the law, leaving the clergyman to threaten all the terrors of the gospel, if he did not forthwith pay to the said Simon Ragley his money. On which Mr. Sampson Hooks most properly and most reasonably professed his readiness, nay his excessive pleasure in such readiness, to pay Mr. Simon Ragley one hundred, or one thousand, or ten thousand pounds, if he could by any species of legal evidence show that he was so indebted to him. And therefore that lawyer felt, as well he might, no little perplexed, for his client had just no such proof to produce. But the lawyer nevertheless put on a very knowing air, and wrote to Mr. Sampson Hooks notice of further proceedings, accompanied by mysterious hints that more evidences of the fact would be forthcoming, than he the said Sampson Hooks might possibly dream of. Sampson Hooks, however, strong in his own conceptions of the case, only repeated his former liberal offers and lay still.

Things were long in this interesting position; rumour was dealing very freely with Mr. Sampson Hooks' character round the country, and Mr. Hooks, like a very saint, was bearing all with the most admirable patience; while old Joe Ling, to whose knowledge these things were occasionally coming by slips of paper as he paused at different public houses to refresh himself and his pony on his peregrinations, said, "Was there ever such a pack of fools, as to expect people to pay money to any scamp as asked it, and with no more to show for it than he had to show for the crown of England? Are you that good-natured fool or you?—or you?" asked he tauntingly and triumphantly of the different persons in company. "By Leddy! now-a days one finds it quite enough to pay what is clearly shown to be due!"

But Providence had not been asleep, nor had he been awa-

from the world during these transactions, and a very simple turn of his finger placed poor Simon Ragley and his lawyer in a triumphant position. The gardener of Sampson Hooks, after the affair of Simon Ragley, was constantly falling, over his work, into deep reveries, from which he seldom awoke without some solemn shakes of the head. He was frequently so very much impressed by the recollection of the scene, that he would suddenly rise up and stare at the window out of which his master had so suddenly bolted and old Simon had so violently plunged after him. Nay, as he came past that window he could not for the life of him help stopping and looking into the room itself, when he was sure nobody was there. As he saw his master take his walks about the garden, his eyes got a habit of involuntarily following him; and one day as he saw him there, walking to and fro, he observed that he pulled various papers out of his pocket and became very much interested in their examination. As he did this the gardener observed that one paper fell from the lot, and that Mr. Sampson Hooks went on, evidently without noticing the fact. The gardener bent to his work, but with a constant look under his hat to ascertain whether his master ever noticed this fallen paper, but he did not, and soon after left the garden. I need not say that the door was hardly closed behind Mr. Sampson Hooks, when John Bushy was very briskly yet sedately walking along the path where the paper had fallen, and first stooping here, and then stooping there, as if to gather some weeds, he finally picked up the paper, stuck it into his jacket pocket, and went at once home to his dinner, though it was half an hour too soon.

The moment he was out of Hooks's gates, he flew with rapid strides into the adjoining churchyard; and, as if he had got some particular fancy to run round the church, got on the opposite side of it, and in a corner formed by a huge buttress, pulled out the paper and opened it. Any stranger who could have caught a glimpse of the worthy gardener at that moment, need not to have inquired whether he had learned to read, for the moment he opened the longish, narrowish bit of old paper, he first turned red, then turned white, then looked round him, then stared right away into a great holly-bush, in a garden just beyond the churchyard-wall, and finally, putting the paper in his pocket, set off home as fast as his legs could carry him.

What honest John Bushy had got—if *honest* we can call him who had got something which should have seemed to be his mas-

ter's—he never told, not even to his wife: but that same afternoon, stating that he had to go to the next village about flower-pots, he went off as numbly as he had gone into the churchyard. As he never told anybody what he had got, it is not for us, who indeed never spoke to John Bushy in all our lives, to say what it was; but we may state a simple historical fact, and that is, that from this very time old Simon Ragley's lawyer began to assume a much more confident tone in his communications with Mr. Sampson Hooks, begging him, at the same time, not to allow himself to fall into the expense which awaited him, if he would not pay Simon Ragley his hundred pounds. Mr. Sampson Hooks, however, only repeated that the said Simon must first show cause, and there was an end of the matter. This seemed reasonable enough; but lawyers are often very unreasonable, and this man seemed now to have a particular pleasure in urging the matter on. Sampson remained relentless; the lawyer issued his writ; Sampson put in appearance to it, and the matter came on for trial. The day had arrived; the parties were arrived too in the town, when the lawyer made a last offer to settle the affair in private. He was tender of Mr. Hooks' character, he said, which Mr. Hooks contended meant only that he was very tender of his own, and too shrewd to bring a case for trial where there was no evidence against the defendant. Hooks again gave his old answer—show proof, and there needed nothing more.

To his overwhelming surprise the lawyer assented; declared that he would show proof, to save Mr. Hooks from universal shame, and perhaps utter ruin; and appointed an hour to meet at the office of Mr. Hooks' attorney.

They met.

"It is a pity," said Ragley's lawyer—"it is a great pity, Mr. Hooks, that this matter should have been permitted to come on so far as this."

"A great pity, indeed," replied Mr. Sampson Hooks; "I have always said so. But why bring it so far? I certainly did not."

"A very great pity," responded the lawyer; "but will Mr. Hooks allow me to propose one thing, in order to show who has brought it thus far? Will Mr. Hooks swear—nay, I will not go to such a length—will he merely lay his hand on this Bible, and say from his heart and his conscience, before God, and before these present—" There stood Simon Ragley, gazing on Sampson Hooks with an expression that seemed to say—"I shall eat you up in another minute, and with a relish!"—and there stood also Mr. Hooks' lawyer, in a

serious attention ! “ Will Mr. Hooks do that, and declare that he knows nothing of the note or the debt in question ? ”

“ Sir,” said Sampson Hooks, “ this is the most extraordinary conduct I ever knew in my life ! Surely it is not come so far as oaths and solemn protestations ; they, surely, will be time enough when the matter is before the court. But was it for this that we came here ? Was it not to see proof ? And what I have to say here or elsewhere is, show your evidence ! Show it at once, Mr. Attorney, or I take my leave.”

“ Then there it is ! ” said Ragley’s lawyer, with a most solemn and significant look, laying before Sampson Hooks an old strip of paper, at sight of which he gave a sudden start, as if he saw the clothes of a man just dead of the plague.

“ Do you know that hand, Mr. Hooks ? ”

“ Ay, dun yo know *that hand* ! ” exclaimed old Simon Ragley, clapping his great bony hand on the lawyer’s desk, close to the paper, with an astounding knock, so that it would have been difficult for some people to know which he had meant, the handwriting of the old paper, or his own ample member. But Mr. Hooks knew which in an instant. His face was in a moment full of blood : the whole mass in his body seemed to have rushed there. It seemed to fill his throat, to swell his tongue ; his eyes started half-way from their sockets, and the whole man seemed at the point of dropping in a fit of apoplexy. He staggered, seized the brass railing that surrounded the lawyer’s desk with a wrench that made room crack, and clanging, trembling there, said in hoarse and choking tones—“ A mistake ! a bad, a dreadful mistake ! Oh ! pay the man ! pay the man directly ! ”

Old Simon Ragley, who gazed on this scene with a strange air of vengeful triumph, now stood close, face to face to the trembling wretch, thrust his flaming fingers into his very nostrils, and shouted—

“ So to know it then ! To the execution now ! ”

But Hooks did not move ; he had a grandiose way to the floor. Ragley’s attorney and a crowd of lawyers were

“ Enough ! ” said he : “ I have said to the executioner : ‘ Take him to God ! ’ ”

How long Sampson Hooks lay on the floor, how he was recovered and carried away, how he was buried, how he was buried in the country, and especially how he left, there were many people who and strange things in the affair. The very executioner was

rung—yes, the bells of the steeple which fairly overlooked the Hall of Sampson Hooks were rung the whole remainder of the day in obstreperous revelry over his fall. Everybody said that he would never hold up his head again,—that he must fly his country. But how false is the judgment which only hears one side! Sampson Hooks did hold up his head again, though it was with the sorrowful meekness of an innocent and a cruelly treated man. Had he ever refused to pay the money on the production of the necessary note? Had he not always expressed his readiness to pay it? Had he not begged again and again, if they had anything more than a vague charge, that they should bring it out, and were it for ten thousand pounds he would instantly and gladly discharge it? Yet for this petty hundred pounds, which had entirely escaped his memory in the multiplicity of his affairs, he had been wantonly dragged forward; the necessary evidence wilfully withheld; his peace and feelings trifled with; his character dreadfully exposed to malignant slander, when five minutes of an open and generous treatment was all that was necessary.

Of course Simon Ragley was paid—nay, the widow herself was paid, for she immediately put her note into the same able lawyer's hands; and though it had no name to it, yet there was enough of Sampson Hooks' hand upon it—and it was paid.

The villagers and the common ignorant people were little moved by Sampson Hooks' pathetic appeals; they cursed him for a tyrant and a hypocrite, but the wealthy and the better informed despised their modes of thinking. Their daily intercourse with the Hookses was unabated; their carriages rolled as gaily as ever in and out of the great iron gates; the Hall was as gaily lit up for entertainments to which they crowded, when music and delicious viands made the house and gardens a paradise, if they did not make them a heaven.

And a heaven they did not make them. A blight and a blackness as of seventy years had fallen on both Mr. and Mrs. Hooks. That was a very superstitious time, and probably both Mr. and Mrs. Hooks had been brought up in the country. By the country firesides of those days what stories circulated! When but little occurred from day to day to form topics for conversation, how far back did country people then go with the histories of their ancestors and neighbours for matter of discourse! and a mass of superstitions had gathered about these relations, like moss

and ivy around old trees. You heard gravely-related stories of ghosts and warnings, as of actual and undeniable facts. There were those who could tell you how they had met this and that man, suddenly, in solitary places, that had been dead these twenty years. How, as they passed over fields a raven had gone before, and perched on every stile till they came up to it, when it flitted on to the next. How they had seen a coffin borne on before them in the moonlight, and followed, wondering for whom it could be, having heard of no death, till, as it should have passed the brook behind the village, coffin and bearers had dissolved as it were away, and immediately there struck up a passing bell from the village steeple.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Hooks had, most likely I say, grown up among such superstitious people and talk, for now it was a fact that they became very timid, and ready to start at any shadow. They were never to be seen out late at night; they were very strict in their attendance at church; and yet there were strange rumours one evening abroad about them. It was said that old Joe Ling, spite of his old hat and old coat and old splashed gaiters, had grown rich. It was believed that he had amazingly robbed his master. Nay, it was a fact that he was once dismissed from his office of bailiff, and he went to the public-house of his own village and declared it himself, and began to hint strange things—and offered to bet any one that he would be in his office again in less than a month. And sure enough it was so. His mouth grew again as close as that of a fish, but he built a new house, bought land, and did not care to deny that he had feathered his nest most warmly. It was said that Hooks would gladly have seen him poisoned, and yet he seemed to depend upon him, and defer to him as much or more than ever.

But what a change would any one have now seen in Hooks who had seen him only two years before! His great, tall, broad frame was shrunk, and he stooped in the shoulders; his face was sallow, his hair was grey and thin, and his once plump and ponderous cheeks flabby and cadaverous. Old Black Jack still went stately, but he went slowly, to accommodate his master.

Hooks had been one market-day at Derby on business, which had detained him far later than it was his wont to be out. The roads were so dreadful then that no carriage could travel that road at that time of the year, which was November. He was

accordingly alone and on Black Jack. It was a wild stormy night, and he had to ride for the greater part of the way along deeply muddy lanes, overhung by thick trees, with high branches and lofty wild hedgerows on each side. Occasionally the way came out of these lanes upon high and open commons. Hooks would have given a great deal to have avoided returning that night, but weighty affairs, he said, compelled him to hurry home.

He pushed on Jack, therefore, faster than he was generally wont to do; and, in truth, as fast as the roads would permit. The moon now and then broke out from the flying clouds as he hurried over Breadsall Moor, and then again lost itself. As he descended into the valley towards Gilt Brook, the gloom in the hollow before him had something fearful in it; but when he had just ridden through the brook, and began to ascend the dusky and winding lane before him, he thought he saw an animal—a dog or fox it seemed to be—run across the road, dragging a chain with it. It lost itself in the bushes, and for some time he heard and saw no more of it. But when he was plunging along in the deepest shadow and the deepest mud, it again caught his ear, though he could not discern it.

His horse snorted, started, and broke out into a strong perspiration. This alarmed Sampson Hooks, for superstitious people place a great reliance on the instinct for the supernatural in horses. He went on peering around him in the gloom to catch a sight of the strange apparition; but apparition it seemed determined not to be. Whether he went faster or slower the creature accompanied him, for he could still hear the dragging of the chain, now on one side of the road, now on the other. When he came out on a high-lying heath, he made himself sure that here he must get a glimpse of the animal that had taken this strange fancy to accompany him. But he was mistaken. The moon was just at this point most deeply overcast, and Jack trotted on along the high dry road at a great rate; but, somehow or other, the dragging chain travelled on as fast as he did. When he was about again to plunge into the next lane, there came a fierce wind up the heath, that seemed ready to crash down bush and tree; and, as he was driven before this resistless and roaring hurricane into the black jaws of the lane, he saw, or thought he saw, the strange animal rush in before him.

The wind was now accompanied by rain; thunder, also, came in a sudden and terrific crash; and as Black Jack actually groaned

as he toiled and smoked and snorted along the pitch-dark road, the rushing chain seemed to be under his very feet.

When Hooks reached home he was rather dead than alive. The clatter of Jack's hoofs on the stones of the court announced his arrival, for his master had no strength left to do it. He was found lying on his horse's neck, clinging with his arms fast round it. He was lifted off by his servants and conveyed to bed, from which he never again arose. There are strange tales of the terrors of a guilty conscience still circulated in the village, of Sampson Hooks' death bed; but not a soul pitied him; on the contrary, there was a sort of sullen rejoicing, and there were even those who vowed that the corpse should not reach its grave in peace. My brother, Richard Howitt, in his "Antediluvian Sketches, and other Poems," seems to have had this man in his mind, for he traced his story well, in the poem entitled—

THE VILLAGE TYRANT'S FUNERAL.

The cottage psalm, it was sweetly sung,
As the evening bells of the village rung,
And calmly was closed that Sabbath of rest,
As faded the last crimson beam of the west.

The psalm has ceased, but a crowd is there,
And curses are breathed on the darkening air,
And many are busy, as falls the gloom;
And they talk of a tyrant and his tomb.

And they look to the old church, lone and grey,
And then to the hall of the olden day,
Where the hated in life lies cold on his bier,
And the few that are with him are pale with fear.

And loud is the throng, and they curse the dead
As they wait by the church for the coming tread
Of the few and the fearful that form the train
Of the dead they condemn; but they wait in vain.

The moon is up, and the crowd is gone;
The open grave is deserted and lone,
For the wrong'd and revengeful have pass'd away;
They had waited and vowed; but vain was their stay.

The moon is on high, and the funeral comes;
And lightly they step by the villagers' homes;
They have gained the church-yard, yet how softly they tread!
They have fear in their hearts; but not fear of the dead.

Ah! the hate to the dead of the living they fear,
The hate of the many who lately were here;
Who, enraged by the wrongs of the cruel and proud,
Would have torn out the corpse from its coffin and shroud.

They have let down the coffin, and heap'd in the mould ;
But no service was read, and no bell has been toll'd :
They return from the grave, yet how softly they tread !
The living they fear, and lament not the dead.

But though the idea of this poem must have had its origin in this too true story, yet the circumstances attending his funeral were not exactly as here described. No moon shone thus peacefully on the tyrant's open grave, nor lighted him calmly to his rest. Man raged, and Nature raged with him. The villagers, to whom he had not left one single foot of their paternal soil, vowed that he should not have one foot of church-yard earth to rest in. They watched and watched, as described in the poem ; but Nature was more successful than they. Nature, which takes to her bosom all her children, spite of their errors or their crimes, raged, but only in mercy. Such a night as that on which the village tyrant actually went to his grave, the villagers declare never came down before or since. Wind in fierce tornadoes, rain in drowning deluges, thunder and lightning terrible and incessant, came sweeping, dashing, roaring and flaming together. The villagers, waiting in deadly wrath for the coming funeral, which had feared the face of day, were fairly driven by the fury of the elements from their purpose. In the midst of the tempest the appointed bearers staggered and reeled along to the grave, and every moment expected to be dashed with their burden to the earth. As they hurried along the avenue from the Hall, a stupendous tree fell with a crash of thunder across their path, and had nearly been the death of them all. As they approached the church, the storm was so furious, that they were compelled to lower the coffin from their shoulders, and bear it low, scarcely above the surface of the earth. At one moment the whole church and church-yard were lit with the fire of heaven ; the lightning seemed to play round every pinnacle with a lurid radiance, and to fill the church with its blaze, and then there was a darkness as of Egyptian denseness. And amid the blind buffeting and drenching of the tempest, the cowering attendants, without bell or service, light, or the hearing of one another's voices, lowered down the coffin into its muddy, watery pit, and fled.

So went Sampson Hooks to his grave ; and thus, only by the gracious fury of merciful Nature, were his remains protected from the relentless fury of embittered men.

THE DETHRONEMENT OF SUMMER.

A BEAUTEOUS Queen most desolate,
 In the thick wilderness bewailing sate
 As one by one her loving subjects passed away;
 Bowed was her gentle head, around her lay
 The tokens of her sway;
 And ever through all time,
 Came music mingled with a melancholy chime :

The music of light reeds that grows
 To melody, accordant with the throes
 Of stormy winds, whose advent o'er our leafy earth
 Brings messages to testify the birth
 Of a sere-featured worth,
 A golden crownèd king,
 Ever breathing desolation in his ministering.

The shadows of those old oak trees
 Have trembled at this murmur of the breeze ;
 Trembled over dell and pasture, over lea and stream,
 Like the faint uncertain action of a dream,
 Whose visionary gleam
 Looks half reality,
 But soon hath left our senses, born to die.

Anon a louder, wilder shout
 Hath shook her fair dominions all throughout ;
 She cannot choose but weep, that solitary queen ;
 Sighing, she leaves her trophies on the green ;
 While mourning what hath been,
 From their wood secrecies
 Her nymphs peep out with hollow-sunken eyes.

In vain they strike her fallen lute,
 No sweet voice answereth their plaintive suit ;
 The redbreast hearkens not, a truant slave is he
 Preparing for his winter company ;
 They scarce find heart to flee,
 But with dishevelled hair,
 Mournfully to their forest haunts repair.

In vain the odorous breath of flowers
 To cheer the sovereign of their sunny hours ;
 She cannot choose but weep, she hath no part but grief ;
 Her sorrow paints itself on every leaf,
 And fading russet sheaf ;
 Meekly she yields her crown,
 And with sad gestures lays her sceptre down.

W. BRAILSFORD.

THE GIBBET—ITS DEATH AND BURIAL.

My Lord Judge has just gone out of town with the black cap so smooth and unruffled in his wig-box, that it might be a seraph's wing for the mercy and gentleness that lies upon it. Yes ! snug in the veritable wig-box has it lain the whole circuit through, in all probability astonished at its quiescent innocence ; for it is a tough, hard, iron-souled old cap, that in its day has sat mighty and flaunting on the gorgon head of Statute Law, and crowned its judgments of blood ! But now Christ's mercy hides and blots out for ever the shadows of the pale anguished features that have gazed upon it, and left graven pictures of unutterable human woe !

Not that it hasn't on this day been near its work ! A school-man's atom would have weighed the balance and brought it forth. But jurymen on this day have belied their consciences and tricked the law, and said " Not guilty " when guilt has been as evident as the blood that has been spilt. Yet, no ! Better let us cry scilicet of Statute Law ; better let us knowingly for once leave the unscotched slimy serpent Evil crawl forth to prey upon society again ; better leave the Law of Conscience to fashion its own unerring Law of Justice, than for us to give another text for another sermon of blood, and for another canonization of another saint, who in a week shall reach such an irrefragable, perfect, white-souled state of innocence, that not the equable justice of a good man's life might compare with it in glory. O hangman ! O halter ! O gibbet ! you have crowned more saints on earth than ethical foresight and political justice have had men courageous enough to shout into the disregarding ear of convention the eternity and progressiveness of *their* TRUTHS.

And yet, because of this unruffled and seraphic thing, *one* man

must starve! Yes! Thugg, the hangman, who the summer circuit through has slunk upon the heels of criminal law and cried "Give, give!" with the vociferating and endless croak of the carrion vulture! Yet not one knot, not one noose; no, the very rope frayed and limp in his pocket, and he starving: for isn't his gaudy bandana, his flash ring, his knife, his waistcoat (that has once closed in a gasping, fluttering, ebbing human heart), all pawned? and this for mere bread, till shall come a week's satiety and debauch after the jolly Farce of Saintship won by Slaughter! Yes, but judge and jurymen have plainly said injustice rather than blood: the crowd outside the court door re-echoes the verdict, till it reaches the hangman's ear, and "Not guilty" creates anew his ravening hunger: till the already printed dying speeches are a unit without per-centage or use, unless to boil the provincial Catnach-pot; and not one nature, save it be the few debased who scout upon the hangman's heels, crave the law's senile prerogative!

He slinks to the jail to borrow a few pence of the outer turnkey; but the good man, well fed and safe in office, hasn't any to spare for a vagabond so cleanly grown out of fashion as a hangman; and with a gruff "Be off!" he turns calmly to his pipe, leaving the other famished and drooping to creep away into the meanest streets of the populous town. Ha! ha! Vice may soothe him, may give him bread; he curses Good; it is a demon pursuing his starving footsteps! He searches with greedy eyes for Sin; but no! through humble windows the peacefulness of the virtues smiles, and words from the social heart make the wretch's desolation more pitiful! One word with these many social ones. "The Cup, the Cup," never omitted in parentheses or otherwise, not by artisans, at their meagre suppers, who give savour to the hard-earned bread by words of the triumph of principle; not by old grey-haired schoolmasters, who rejoice to see at last the coming harvest from the seed long sown; rarely by mothers, who whisper to their little tiptoed listening bedward children "that the wicked man is not to die;" not by men in the public houses, who crumple up beside them the newspaper, to call cheerfully for pipes and a fresh pint, and begin discussion of "Death by the Law now and then, just as a little honey-drop to dryness by old cobblers and old tailors who must, for the flourishing of certain lectures at night, lose a thousand stitches over windy arguments regarding predestination and moral necessity; not by nameless frail women, whispering

one to another as they glide stealthily along, or crouch into passages or courtways from the policeman, or the firm on-coming step of woman-innocent; not in pleasant homes, by burgher jurymen who, leaving doctrine to take care of itself, crack a joke extraordinary, call for supper, kiss their children or their pretty wives, for the very reason that their hearts are light; still on, with all, "The Cup," what can it be?

At last, on the outskirts of the town, a glimpse of misery and endurance, stays the hangman's weary footsteps. There in a room at the rear of a little mean baker's shop, the open window so lightly curtained (for it is a sultry August night) that the twilight shadows are visible, sits, head bending downwards beneath the hard tongue-rod of the veritable baker, a little fragile creature of a woman, a mother too, though almost a child herself, for a baby of some months old is asleep upon her lap, with little outstretched naked feet, so waxen, so fair even in the sinking light, as to be worthy to learn their little tremulous first footsteps upon the purest flowers that earth's field or garden yields. And on these little feet the hangman's eye rests, though his ear listens to what is said.

"No, mum; no more credits,—fourteen weeks' rent and fifteen weeks' bread; no mum, must shut up shop if that's the case. But if * * * ." This coarse hard-featured red-fisted man draws a little nearer, and tries to take the young mother's hand; but in an instant, no longer drooping but standing face to face with him, and those little outstretched feet, like a flower before Thugg's sight, she says no word of scorn, but repels the insult by a woman's look of purity. So come coarser threats.

"All I ask is a loaf, that Shaftesman may have his supper before he goes into the town," she says; "we've neither of us tasted bread this day, and * * * ."

"And whose fault 's that, I should like to know? Your husband can earn money enough, and is clever enough; but on course if he loses his time a running on other people's bis'nes, landlords nor bakers can be paid. What right has he to be a chasing a cup; a mighty fine thing on course for Windsor Castle, and if bought with princes' money, but when bought by struggling people's pennies, and for that Marshall, that has 'nt got a coat so good even as my second-best, nor has had a new hat these two years, and all because he 's written verses on this gibbet things—why, the pot can 't keep a-biling. And as for writing agin' the hangman, the

best thing 'ed be to furnish him with a little new tattle ; for as that dear preacher of ours says at the Only-Pure-Nazareth, where's I'se a-sitting, that the world's a-coming to its end, for God's declared to him in a vision he can no longer bear its wickedness."

"Hush, hush!" says the young wife, pressing her baby to her lips, "it is 'nt for me to hear his duty scorned." As for your money it is safe; only, as you know, his earnings are a little fore-stalled at Crutch and Falsters, the silversmiths, by the necessities of his long illness; indeed, such necessities that, but for Marshall's help, we must have perished. But he shall try; he shall ask Mr. Crutch, hard-hearted as he is, for a pound, if * * * *"

Meg's further words are stayed, for a little inner door opens, a worn pale-featured man, almost like a father beside the little drooping creature, comes in with quick step and flushed face, to confront the bully, who shrinks back, pace by pace, from the Pembroke-table, by which the little wife stands. Then in a moment come fierce threats on the one side, bitter scorn on the other, till motioning the bully to the door, Shaftesman says he'll starve, and Meg shall starve, and the baby starve, before he'll ask him for a crust, and that this night he'll crave, beg, crawl to Crutch, the miser, for even his pinched starveling heart may, latent in it, have some touch of mercy. And what is worse than scorn, what is pleasure, to the good in the haugman's heart, is, that the bully, as he looks back at the doorway with threatening scowl, sees a broad arm clasp the little drooping head, warm kisses dry the tears that now fall down upon the baby's face, and the whole man declare, in every feature, that poverty is not a curse, with such a flower of God's own bounteous giving!

Still the baby sleeps, and it is evident that in the brave man's heart some higher feeling is in an instant paramount above mere anger; for when Meg's tears are wholly dry, he steps into the inner room again, to come quickly back with a candle, which he sets down on the table, and then holds up in its light, for Meg to view, *The Cup*—Mercy's Cup, the Poet's Cup, the People's Cup, the Fruit of Principle, paid for not with check from banker's bank, or tenth of harvest corn, or wealth of mineure with green acres, but with infinitesimal drops from the mighty ocean of *Common Human Labour*; and so it is a glorious thing, fit for Progression's angel-lip to touch!

And withal it is a high work of art and genius, as glorious as

its way as Flaxman's Shield of Achilles : only patient genuine principle can have fashioned it under such self-denying poverty as Shaftesman's. His is the labour made rich by the poet's glory !

He has placed the Cup on the table, taken up the candle with his left hand, and with a small engraver's chisel is pointing out to Meg some difficulty accomplished in the position of a figure in relief, when the baby, suddenly awakened by the glare of the candle or the scintillating brilliancy of the silver, moves in Meg's arms, and striking out its little hand towards that of Shaftesman's, forces the keen edged chisel against his left wrist. It is a mere graze, yet being on a vein, the blood trickles on his wristband and trowsers freely. In an instant Meg is up, and coming in trepidation to the window-sill to fetch some plaster from a little work box ; she catches a sight of the hangman's eager features, and so drawing a thicker curtain, the scene of love and endurance is closed upon his gaze ; yet not before forth from it has been preached Truth's sermon, to touch the latent principle of good within his heart !

As he wearily moves away, Thugg sees the baker sitting behind his counter, amidst a mighty pile of loaves on either side, and, with ears intent upon catching up any little stray word that may, sprite-like, come through the key hole of the neighbouring room, is further employed in fiercely copying out a tremendous bill from a little scrawled book before him. Yes, Meg ! all because thy little white hand won't pay the price. Now hunger is that sort of thing that, however abstract the proposition may appear—and these little metaphysical points tickle one's ingenuity sometimes—it has drawn forth mercy from a stone ; but the one operated upon is a coarse hard flint, from which even Aaron's rod would bring no welling spring. So when Thugg enters and asks for a morsel of bread, the mouldiest crust, the driest thing, the flint is hard as brass ! He might snatch and run ; but then, of all men on the earth a hangman has a horror of a jail ! Just as with famished stricken face Thugg turns away, to curse in bitterness the good that has just touched his soul, Shaftesman comes forth from the parlour in a better coat, poor threadbare thing as it is, his hat on, and what is evidently the Cup, enveloped in the baize cloth of the Pembroke table. He sees the wretch's look, his pallid face, his shrunk chest ; and it takes but little to teach such signs unto the merciful in heart—in a moment his hand is on a loaf.

"I can borrow; I have friends, though poor; but he is one, God help him, that has asked, I know, in vain. I wouldn't ask you for myself, but take this;" and as he speaks he draws from his rusty handkerchief a little golden pin, Meg's love token, and lays it down as a pledge for the loaf, which in an instant is safe in Thugg's grasp; and the baker, gloating over his prize—for he has long coveted it to stick in his Sunday ruffled shirt—sees not that the two men have left the shop.

"What's your trade, friend?" asked Shaftesman, as with pleasure he sees the hangman's greedy haste to break and eat the bread.

"Why—why—why," hesitates Thugg; "well! a-going down 'un, sir, and must take on another, sir. But God bless you, sir—I feel I'se a better man this night, by this very bread. God bless and thank ye, sir."

To escape further interrogation he hurries away, and as the night air now blows refreshingly from the open country, he leaves the dirty outskirts of the town, and gains the quiet fields and shadowing hedge-rows; and there, unconscious of the passing time—there, in the primal stillness of life's sleep, that coarse, hard, untaught outcast, whom society's crimes had learnt to eat the bread of blood, and relish it as the good man his honest crust, thinks over the existence gone and of the time to come; believes at last that Good has an angel's nature; garners up in his solitary heart that man's endurance, woman's gentleness and purity unto him, are not mere things for tap-room jest or felon's sneer; and so resolves, that as evil has renounced him and left him breadless, he'll seek the light of Good—these thoughts of course in his own rough fashion, though offspring of the same eternal truth that connotes the soul of all men into one!

He is roused from this sort of dream at last by an advancing footstep. Coming from the town at a rapid pace, made slow, however, by constantly looking rearward, is a man, a well-dressed, middle-aged man; and, as he nears him, the hangman rises and asks for charity. Charity! it might be that the hangman asks for life and limb; so abject, so stricken, ghastly does the man stand or rather crouch before him. Never in his whole vocation of blood has Thugg seen such a human countenance! He falters, hesitates, is speechless, tries to pass and yet seems rooted to the spot, till Thugg reiterates his question, and then he drags—not *unbuttoned*—his coat asunder with the hand of a palsied man, and

sliding it into his pocket, brings forth a handful of coin, which, without looking at, he thrusts into Thugg's hand and then hurries on, still turning round at every step, till the bending pathway hides him from the hangman's sight.

Odd and strange ! There are two sovereigns, some silver and halfpence, and his first act, as his first impulse, is to hurry back to the town and seek for that poor home. True it is late ; but Shaftesman has told Meg it will be so before he returns. As he passes over a bridge, Thugg sees the artisan before him in conversation with another man. He loiters till they part ; then hastily wrapping a sovereign and some silver in a piece of rag he tears off the bosom of his ragged shirt, he overtakes Shaftesman and thrusts the money into his hand, without more words than some about honesty, and with a "God bless you, sir," that shows the newborn heart. He's gone and out of sight, before Shaftesman can look upon the gift.

Bread in that home this night ! Hopeful words of the glory of the Cup of Mercy.

But on the morning air one cry is heard from street to street. "Murder ! foul murder !—Crutch the silversmith found weltering in his blood !"

Suspicion pointed in one direction to Falter, Crutch's partner ; circumstantial evidence of the minutest kind criminales Shaftesman. He, the struggling man of genius : he, whose labours pirating brain-lackers watch with greedy curiosity ; he, who through poverty and want has been the people's friend, and the watching spirit of their rights. They will not believe ; they will not harken ; each man doubting innocence in Shaftesman doubts it in himself ; and yet there are damping proofs that some believe :—the marked money, the improbable tale of its gift by an outcast vagabond, the blood upon the wristband and trowsers, the child sleeping as verified by the landlord, the visit to Crutch's house that night for money—all condemn him to the few Pharisees, though not to the Samaritans in the market-place ; and the little, drooping, stricken wife stands before God, as woman's mission is, as woman's angel-nature should do, to be witness for the truth—ay, martyr, if need be, for man.

In prison all the winter, till this spring. Now the trial, now the eager evidence of Falter and the landlord. Grand jurymen and magistrates say the crime is dreadful, and that there *must* be one last and terrible example : so the "putters down" of crushed

humanity, say, "Guilty," and the terrible black cap comes forth from its seraphic innocence and sleep, to crown the gorgon head of *Death's last judgment by the law.*

A month passes swiftly by ; in spite of one universal petition from the people, there lies a dissent from the Pharisees : Shaftesman is therefore to die on the morrow ! 'Tis a calm soft April evening, a very Heaven's testimony against the sacrificial morrow, when there comes up to a turnpike leading into the town, a stout fresh-looking fellow, a little travel-worn, but with a span-new coat, and a bright hat, and a flowered waistcoat, which has a sort of odd little lump visible from under it, and a precious big nosegay in his buttonhole, all gilliflowers and early roses. Well, just as he's up to the turnpike, a mail cart going countrywards stops, and the post cries out,—

"Hollo Ben ! rum news this here ! The Bill o' Abolition of Death by Law has passed the Lords, and has got the Queen's blissid sig'in'ture, and yet Shaftesman's to be hanged to-morrow ; 'cause as I know a riglar tip-top tuck-upper's come all the way from Lun'un by this here mail train to do the last job handsomely ; for somehow or another the feller as used to do the bisnis ain't to be found."

"Well there, well there," says the pikeman, "the incon-sis-tin-cy o' them here men in Parl'ment be shocking ! and as for him, I'd rather 'em say my se cu-ri-ty o' the pike money war na good, as to say the dear crea'tur's guilty. For as to the money, why the luf——"

"Five minnits over time, Ben. Good night ! The Lord o' mercy on us ! " and the post drives on.

Good God ! the Cup—that money. The travel-worn man soon knows all, and then, oh yes, on, on with swifter feet ; on to save the innocent, and cheat Blood Law of its *last* unjust meal !

The common heart is forth abroad, full of wonderment, full of speculation. Groups of anxious men in every street : a crowd in the nearer one to which the gate-keeper has directed Thugg, for it is he. He forces his way through its heaving motion, just as one very pale-worn, sorrow-stricken man is bearing in his arms into a house, round which the eager gazers press and throng, a little young frail creature of a woman, death-like and insensible, a very trodden lily crushed before the blossom's come to flower ! And just behind, one very stout old gentleman, hugging in his arms, as if in its defence he'd fight the battles of a score of

British Lions, a little laughing baby, whilst his countenance is an index expressing grief and scorn and anger, in a way not very common to little old comfortable gentlemen. Well, Thugg makes no hesitation to go into the house, and close the door; and whilst they are laying the little drooping creature on some chairs, and fetching a pillow for her head, he looks round, and there upon a table, thick covered with a black cloth, is what he knows to be The Cup of Mercy; and this—no one heeding for the minute—he uncovers, and on each handle—formed by an angel face that seems to stoop and whisper mercy to some crushed Sorrow of the earth—he places a little wondrous cinderella of a shoe, blue as the summer sky,—ay, fair enough for those little tiny waxy feet, to print withal, with little doubting steps, earth's freshest flowers. The hangman's hand has made them; and who shall place in parallel these with the pollution of the Gibbet and the Noose! By labour of gratitude for that one poor loaf, is thy hand washed pure of blood, O hangman! as was apostolic body in the sacred Jordan.

"Hush! stop! what are you doing? who are you?" says the little old gentleman, as he breathlessly seizes Thugg's arm.

"What's proper, sir, and where these little shoes shall stand, just your ear a minute. I'm the man that gave Shaftesman the money, and he's innocent."

"I knew it—I knew it—I said it; as my name's John Oakfist, and as I am a timber merchant, I said it," says the old gentleman, hugging the baby and capering about, and performing in one minute a clown's list of antics; but, more serious grown, he and others crowd round Thugg, to listen with anxious hope-joyed features. And the hangman describes the man that gave the money.

"Falter," they whisper one and all; and O what joy to kneel round Meg, and revive her with the good words of truth! and Thugg, as he kisses the happy baby and places it in her arms, tells how blessed was the loaf that Shaftesman gave.

But there's more serious work to do; Marshall, and Oakfist, and Thugg are off directly to the mayor's; and though the secret is tried to be kept, the crowd gather a deal by interpretationary faces; so good news gets noised from street to street, till when, after the mayor and sheriff (who is in the town) and magistrates' hasty counsel, a body of police is sent to arrest Falter, it's found the report has warned him. He's discovered disguising himself for the purpose of effecting an escape, and with an enormous sum of money in gold and bills upon his person.

At first he plays the bully, but once confronted with Thugg, his abject, sinking, faltering, drivelling cowardice is seen; he crawling confesses his guilt; but awed by the communing law, begs to be strapped up with the stoutest rope upon the flaring gibbet of the old, rather than to endure the silent, hopeless, friendless, long life, weary punishment of prison to the body, and conscience to the soul, by which the New Law is to punish the dastard crimes of blood, instead of by the outworn Halter and its Gibbet!

Well! with all these things to do, the night has passed away, and that sun which was to have risen upon blood, rises to hail the marriage of God's Mercy with the Law of Man. And with the very first conviction of Falter's guilt, the gaoler has roused Shaftesman from his quiet sleep, and with the very day itself comes Meg, to crown the joy of life, and share the deep calm gladness of innocence.

As the day wears on, it's clear it's going to be one of triumph, for not a stitch of work is doing. Thousands are round the prison walls; thousands of different natures in *one brave human heart*. At last he comes, within the surge of human joy, Meg on one arm, the baby on the other; lily-like in the whitest of little frocks, and ay, the little waxen feet, decked with the sky-blue shoes! Well, they have him; when some voice cries out, "Friends, down with the gibbet!" And pretty loudly the thousands cry this out again. Well, the mayor, and the magistrates, and the sheriff, and the gaoler, who are all by the prison door, look grave at this cry, for it may be as well to preserve such a venerable piece of antiquity as the gallows, just to show to future generations the wisdom of their ancestors; but when the thousand voices will hear no denial; when one respectable old gentleman adds, "Five of the very best planks of British oak from my yard in exchange, gentlemen;" when at this the thousands shout out their irresistible will, the venerable piece of wickedness is brought forth, and carried like a great crushed dragon as it is to the market-place, Thugg stoutly bearing the topmost beam; and then with a barrel of pitch they set it in a-blaze, and a glorious, lusty, roaring bonfire it is, bearing on every spark a triumph over the senile statutes of Young England's "glorious ancestors."

And now The Cup is brought, the Poet's Cup, the People's Cup, the Cup of Mercy, filled by old Oakst himself with the very primest of Rhenish, and whilst they drink glory to the craftsman-poet, who by his verse has helped the moral victory;—whilst they drink to innocence, and cry for justice on the guilty, they by this

poet, and by this vintage of the earth, say as one man, "Down with the gibbet, down! Down with every law that perverts the law of God! Let man learn that crime is disease; that in his own hand lies volition to good or evil; learn by juster government of self to become father to perfect children in body and mind; learn that morality is happiness; learn that infinite Progress is his. Down with the gibbet, down! and raise up the laws of Christ."

Such is the death and burial of the flaunting Gorgon-headed Gibbet.

E. M.

OUR BROTHER, WHO LOVETH WITHOUT HOPE.

FROM THE MOORISH.

Who is he who turneth on the ground and stirreth himself in the tent when darkness is around, and sleep closeth the eyes of the weary?

Who striketh his forehead with a hot palm?

Who presseth the tears like water from his eyes?

Who writheth in his slumbers as on a bed of fire, and shunneth the morning light as it comes, and turning unto darkness sees therein but one image before him, even as the wanderer of the desert watcheth for the moon?—

Is not this our sad brother, who loveth without hope?

Who is he who standeth in the light with looks cast down, pale cheek and sunken eye, who seeketh even in the pure air the shade of an absent form, who muttereth unto himself, and casteth his arms abroad, and whose body shrinketh, who walketh with uncertain gait, and whose voice is hollow as from the tomb, and who hath ever but one thought?

Is not this our sad brother, who loveth without hope?

If not, how may ye know him?

It is that man, and he bideth here until his body scarcely casteth a shadow on the ground; but he is now gone. His horse standeth near a small green mound, his master is below. The Wind God passed gently over the spot. The man's spirit followed him; then said the God, "She whom thou couldst not gain in life, shalt thou embrace after death;" and they both rode on the air. Within the tent of him of many horses sat the betrothed of

another ; her eyes shone too brightly, too slender was her form ; hot was the blast from the desert ; she lowereth her veil, and bareth her bosom. “ Breathe thou softly on her,” said the Wind God ; and the human Spirit approached, and stirred in her hair, and she felt a cool air pass over her face, and tarry on her lips and her bosom. And the Wind God caused her to feel the presence of the Spirit of a broken heart ; then fell the hot tears, but they reached not the earth : the Spirit inhaled them. The Wind God departed, the Spirit lingered awhile, and was then born upwards. The woman sleepeth under a small green mound, and the rich man who took for himself the betrothed of another, sitteth in her tent alone.

P. N. T.

Dulwich, August, 1846.

LINES BY REBOUL,

A BAKER AT NISMES, DONE INTO ENGLISH.

WITH beaming gaze a cherub fair
Hung o'er a cradle-side,
As though his form were mirror'd there
In some pellucid tide.

“ Pure image of myself, ah ! come,
Sweet babe !” he cried, “ with me—
Come, and partake a happier home ;
Earth is unworthy thee !

“ There, breathes no perfect happiness ;
There, pain must pleasure buy ;
E'en laughter hath its bitterness,
And ecstasy a sigh.

“ They feast—but Care beside the board
Unbidden sits with Sorrow.
To-day may smile—it will not ward
The tempest's shock to-morrow.

“ And what ! shall suffering and fears
Ruffle that brow of snow ?
And o'er those azure eyes, shall tears
A dimmer lustre throw ?

"No! through the boundless fields of space
 My winged journey share—
 For God remits thee in His grace
 The life 'twas thine to bear!"

And at the word, his pinions bright
 The Angel waved,—and fled
 To regions of eternal light—
 Mother! thy son is dead!

H. J. R.

CURIOSITIES OF CHRISTENINGS.

I HOPE that the very fashionable folks of the West End in general, and the members of Peerage in particular, are blessed with memories of the most tenacious description;—verily, if they wish to remember their own Christian names, they must either be so provided, or carry about with them a memorandum-book, from which to copy their multitudinous nomenclature whenever a signature happens to be required. The members of "society," as "society" understands the term, may be but few, but their names are legion. I should reckon on the average one man or woman to half-a-dozen appellations—a compound chain of Maria-Wilhelmina-Juliana-Helena-Rosa-Matildas, or Augustus-Philip-George-Albert-Maurice-Fredericks. Really this is hardly fair upon the alphabet; it is making every letter do double duty, besides subjecting those high-minded and independent gentlemen who pass their lives in reverential study of the *Peerage* and the *Court Guide*—probably bound up together like the Bible and the Testament—to very painful and puzzling feats of memory, and the occasional terrific blunder of substituting a Gloriana for a Gloriosa in making out the catalogue of a duchess's appellations.

It is evident, however, that the aristocracy, like Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, believe that they soar into distinction by the length of their nomenclatures. They rely upon a string of patronymics, as a kite does upon a tail of twisted papers. They can't get aloft without it. Instead of making names remarkable by connecting them with achievements of genius, our hereditary rulers have adopted the far easier plan of rendering them famous by adding to their length. It is convenient and not laborious. Besides, there is something eminently aristocratic

in names of "linked sweetness long drawn out." They appear to shadow forth the exclusiveness of their possessor—the difficulty of getting at him. As Mr. Tony Lumpkin has justly and acutely remarked, that the cream of a correspondence is generally to be found in the inside of a letter, so the cream, the kernel, so to speak, of a man's name, is generally to be found in the last word thereof: it is the citadel of the garrison. But we ought not of course to approach too suddenly and irreverently the high-born human *sanctum sanctorum*. One shrinks, even in reading, with an instinctive horror, from coming with a giddy hop-step-and-jump into the very presence, cheek by jowl as it were, with a live prince's name. We must approach by degrees. We must walk discreetly up an avenue of designative syllables ere we arrive at the dread letters which announce the absolute identification of their lord and master.

These I take to be very good reasons for the extraordinary cable-like string of names which I every now and then observe by the newspapers to be bestowed upon some poor little oppressed and diminutive Christian. But many other arguments might be adduced in favour of the practice. For example, it is quite requisite that the folks of the Arabia Felix of the West End should be distinguished as much as may be from the natives of the Arabia Petrea of the East. You would not, surely, have the same sort of names in the *Court Guide* as you have in the *Trades' Directory*. It would be like putting porcelain and earthenware in the same category. No, no; the leaders of the Horse Guards are one thing, and of the blackguards another. How then to distinguish the Lord Tom Noddys and the Lord Batemans of the square, from the Higginses and the Browns of the lane? Formerly, when the wisdom of our ancestors had attained its highest pitch of development, it could easily have been done. Noddy, for example, would call Higgins a "misbegotten knave," and whip his lance through him. Bateman would incontinently order Brown into the "deepest dungeon below the castle moat," after which the two barons would walk off arm in arm, or fall to and cut each other's throats, just as they happened to be in the humour. There was no question then of which was the noble and which was the people—"which was the lion and which was the dog." But times are changed. Even costume has become assimilated. Brown's tailor may be Bateman's tailor, and Higgins gets his boots made by Noddy's artist. Furthermore, Brown and Higgins are probably just as highly accomplished as Bateman and Noddy;

they look quite as respectable. You may meet all four in an omnibus, and for your life you could not tell the Noble from the eit. It is clear, then, that something must be done for distinction's sake. I don't see why the members of the peerage should not be adorned with labels about their necks, just like decanters of port and sherry; but they do not (foolishly, in my opinion) seem to favour the plan, and instead of it they take to decorating and distinguishing their children, whether titled or not, with and by a multitude of names, which would be quite sufficient to set up, in distinctive appellations, half the great European family. Such is their taste. I think the same purpose would have been answered by a more ingenious expedient;—but I may be wrong. Besides, I never took lessons in “artificial memory,”—in fact, so far as our glorious aristocracy goes, it would be much more agreeable to lap one's self in artificial forgetfulness.

There are other baptismal freaks coming into vogue, however, besides the “long name” mania. One is the Jordan mania. Formerly, when people were made Christians of—a sprinkling of honest wholesome Thames or New River water was deemed quite sufficient for all theological purposes. It seems however that this was a vulgar error. Jordan is the shop for the genuine stuff. The Thames may be all very well for the lower classes—but home-brewed water is to Jordan mud what British brandy is to Cogniac. All our little Princes and Princesses have been christianised by drops from the far eastern source. Enterprising and loyal travellers have returned from Asia Minor with stone bottles slung at their saddle-bows, like so many John Gilpins going to the Bell at Edmonton. The Jordan, in fact, bids fair to be converted into a great river of Protestant holy water. Of course it must have some occult virtues, or why has it been used? The Ganges is the sacred stream of the Hindoos—is the Jordan to be the revered river of the English aristocracy? It is sad to think of the numbers of hapless little boys and girls every day christened in nasty, vulgar, mere common water, which may be cut off by the company whenever you fall in arrears in the payment of your rates. Terrible misdoubtings cross one's mind. Are the children properly—satisfactorily baptised in such fluid as that which floats in Battersea Reach or reposes in the reservoir by the New Road? Only think of all the plebeian tribe of the Johnnies and the Bills—the Sallies and the Janes—having no real *Jordanised* appellations to bless themselves withal! Think of their having been, by the sad

accident of the Thames instead of the Jordan flowing under London Bridge—but half-baptised, or indeed not baptised at all to speak of—wandering into the world like engravings—portraits, it may be, of their dear parents—but unfinished—unnamed—“before the letters.” Really, this is a terrible contingency. People are inoculated every seven years. Why might they not be re-baptised on the same principle?—that is to say, with Jordan water of course—obtained pure and direct from the stream, just as we now and then go back for vaccination matter to its original and genuine source—the Cow!

Two things, at all events, are evident. Our illustrious nobility must not only have extraordinary names—but an extraordinary mode of tacking them on. Both facts are feathers in their caps. There is no accounting for taste. I, for my part, would prefer a different plume—but it is not for me to grumble should a nobleman determine upon the biographical sketch of his life (including all the important and honouring incidents) running thus—“He was born—ate—drank—slept, and died—had eight names, and was christened with water from the Jordan.”

ANGUS B. REACH.

THE TRUE SUPPORT OF GENIUS.

AN APPEAL.

—•—
BY A POOR AUTHOR.

It would seem as if, among other unhappy persons, whose cause is now to come to a new hearing, and whose place in the world is to be arranged on other principles than the “wisdom of our forefathers,” the Man of Letters, or the Man of Imagination—or (to use a still more comprehensive phrase) the Artist as distinguished from the Operative—is beginning to excite the attention of Society. The notion is growing, that he is, somehow or other, placed amiss; has wrongs which claim redress—an existence to which its due support is denied. The case has been one so long before me, that I am not suiting myself to a whim of philanthropic Fashion, but merely availing myself of an opportunity to bestow my hoarded tediousness upon ears willing to hear—in offering a few words to my brethren in particular, and the world in general.

I have said, the Artist as distinguished from the Operative, because it has been the humour of some who ought to have known better to confound the two. The Man of Imagination labours, 'tis true ; but his first desire is the indulgence of his own yearnings,—not the pay of his employer or customer, which last must with the Man of Trade be the *primum mobile*. And I will hold that—after all differences in the rate of pay have been allowed for—an Inventor has fiftyfold more reward than the drudge who works out his inventions. He *has* indulged his fancy, and to do this remains his greatest need, till the World's wants or the World's wisdom have taught him another lesson. Yet let him not speak contemptuously of those whose part in Life and Duty is merely mechanical—whose days are more monotonously spent—whose deeds make a less picturesque show than his. The two classes are not so far apart as the Exclusive dream. Their common origin, however, will never be heartily acknowledged, till the one shall cease to strive for the heritage of the other: the Artist—that is to be consumed by the Money-maker's desires, the Money-maker (which is the rarer case) to entertain a notion of being his own sculptor or architect ;—his own Claude or Rossini. If the Flowers and the Leaves said to the Stems and the Branches “Go to, men shall build their ships with us, not you!”—would not the Winds be filled with laughter?

Truce to rhapsody, however! If there was ever a case from the discussion of which “fine language” should be excluded (this comprehending *badinage*, appeal to feeling; all, in short, that perplexes the object by exhibiting it under false and partial lights), it is this. What is it that we all desire? The happiness of the Man of Genius: his free use of his powers: his right place in society: ~ a happy youth for him—an active manhood—a serene time of retirement. So far as regards the case laid before the Public, the bewailers have hitherto had their own way. No one, worth listening to, has *defended* the condition of neglect, enthrallment, and difficulty in which the Poet's life has been past, till sorrow has become proverbially attached to his name. No one, save the most rigid of Puritans (and even he, *somewhere* or other, has made the exception—opened the door—admitted the grace) has in essence questioned the use and blessing of Genius to Mankind. The question has been, of what use Mankind can be in return—the manner of blessings of which the lot of Genius is susceptible?

It will be found that one and the same cure for the sorrows

of Genius has been recommended from the earliest days till the time present ;—this being a more liberal patronage from those benefited. Speech after speech has been made, poem after poem written, essay after essay put forth, book after book—tinctured with a bitter sense of the World's parsimony and hardness of heart ! Pensions—professorships—that yet more direct relief from worldly cares which private assistance implies—have been again and again recommended, not merely as matters of feeling, but as matters of duty. And, as case after case of failure in happiness, disorder in affairs, and the fearfully common catastrophe, on which it were needless now to dwell, occurs ; amiable and eloquent persons propound one or other of these remedies, in an agony of that kindly sympathy which longs to be “ up and doing,” and will not stay to ask how far such momentary succour as it can minister—escaping, thereby, its own uneasiness—may or may not tend to a reproduction, nay, to an increase, of the same distress among children yet unborn !

Now, at the risk of being called hard, over strained,—precisely those names which are felt as more intolerable than grave accusations—I must assert, that this nostrum of Patronage, besides being impossible, would be wholly insufficient to the end proposed ; in whatsoever manner it were applied.—First as regards the impossibility. Who are to be the Patrons ?—Who the Patronised ? Some have said, that the Many should, in faith, combine to do honour to all capable of exalting them, giving them pleasure, teaching them, and the like. Well, but are the Many sure to worship true divinities ?—Are the greatest, those with regard to whose claims they agree the most readily ? Is it not those whom the Many neglect—will neither listen to, nor reward—that we are desired to pension (which is the patronage of the Few) ? The Philosopher, that he may have leisure for recondite meditations,—The Historian, that he may follow out trains of elaborate research,—The Poet, that he may continue his song *above* the crowd ? The Many, then, must be led by the Few :—believe in their power, their impartiality, their skill as a Faculty to licence,—their acute perception of that which may be, as well as that which has been. But can you provide against anti-chambering, with all its evil moral influences,—against such virtual injustice being again and again repeated, as the Specious Projector, pushing foremost into the honours and the emoluments, which better men are too timid to solicit, or too proud to claim ? And, if you can exclude the Few from small por-

sonal influences, are you sure that *they* may not set up false gods, and overlook the true ones? Consider, again, how fine a hair-line separates the original from the eccentric man:—how apt Indolence is to mistake itself for Contemplation:—how an honest wrongheadedness may impose on one or two admiring friends, for that single-hearted devotion which *will* ultimately achieve greatness! For one wreath of laurel which would fall on befitting brows, half-a-dozen would drop amiss; since there is something in the act of patronage prepense, that is sorely destructive of judgment. "My God is better than your God, *because you cannot understand him!*" Has this been never the cry—even among the learned and gifted themselves?—how much the more, then, shall it arise among those whose very duties imply less learning—fewer gifts—but wealth in greater plenty? If Patronage is to mean the right Man placed by others in the right place—the Patron must be, not only as well instructed, but as self-sacrificing as, the Man!

Again, what is to be the measure of Patronage? A competence.—As agreed on by whom? If you are to help the Poet, for the sake of his Poetry, dare you answer it to your conscience to check or to criticise his tastes? If you are to give your Historian the means of carrying out his researches, is it fair to quarrel with his passion for old books and precious manuscripts—bread of life to him—though well nigh as hard to be come by, as Pitt and Pigot diamonds? Patronage by halves leaves the thing undone, the grievance unredressed:—Patronage *by wholes*, leaves you at the mercy of appetite, reasonable or unreasonable, and without a right to restrain or distinguish. These may be but naked outlines, but the fillings-up, with their forms and colours, must be familiar to every one, who has studied not merely the aspirations but the self-delusions—yet more the appetites—of the Man of Genius. They may but seem flat assertions, yet, for their disproof, new facts and phenomena must be assembled: and those before the World set aside. In this, let me solemnly declare, I mean neither reproach nor unkindness to those more gifted than myself; but, by pointing out the difference between *their* scale and the World's (which is in nothing greater than the estimation of what is befitting), to demonstrate the impossibility of any measure of patronage, such as some beneficent persons desire, being satisfactory—seeing that the Patron is called upon to allow for dreams, as well as realities, and is denied the right of question and search; since how can he tell, but that such very scrutiny may bring, of itself, destruction

to all those finer thoughts and more mysterious processes it is his express business to "let live" and to "make flourish?"

It would be indecent—it would be needlessly wounding—to call the crowd of witnesses who could prove the above assertions to be founded in sad truth—who could demonstrate that the Men of Genius to whom assistance has been the most largely given, have been the least content, the most supine. I cannot admit as valid the argument which some among the considerate are apt, apologetically to make;—namely, that smallness of amount in production necessarily implies superior quality. I believe it will be found that the most perfect and symmetrical creations are not those to which the process of revision and polish has been again and again applied. There is a self-contemplativeness which becomes morbid—impatient of all individuality—in its agony to produce what "never was, and never yet shall be," a "faultless piece,"—fastidiously effacing stroke after stroke, trace after trace, till the result is indeed sometimes wondrously finished but still lacking vitality. Yet this is taking the favourable aspect of Genius at leisure; at ease with regard to its future, content in its present immunity from cares, and willing to devote itself and its powers to their best development. On the other hand, are there no such pitfalls as sloth, sensual indulgence, immoderate desire, into which the Privileged are apt—I will boldly say, are encouraged—to fall? Does any plan of Patronage bridge over these, so as to make the pilgrimage in general safer, or more directly tending to its upward goal? I fear the experience of all ages would decide in the negative. It matters little whether the Man of Art or of Letters be dependant on a Buckingham or a Chesterfield, or on that department of government which a Buckingham or a Chesterfield administers (it being admitted, I take for granted, that *his* election to honours, at least, is not one on which universal popular suffrage can be brought to bear). We may refer to the days amongst us, when dedications earned their guineas, and noble houses maintained their "*led* authors," without fear of its being proved that Men of Genius, as a class, were either greater, better, happier, or more productive than now.

There is yet one more misstatement of the case so perpetually made, as to be worth looking into. The flimsiness of our current literature and art is mournfully ascribed to this want of Patronage. "O—— would not have wasted himself on the Magazines, had *literature met due honours among us.*" What, then, can you prove

that O—— would have done any thing better — have become a scholar? From another victim, notable works of Art might have been expected, if like facilities had been granted.—Is not the whole World's History at variance with this? I cannot, with all my faith, believe that means to subsist and to enjoy such as had satisfied O——'s desires would have *made* him a great poet, *he having never shown himself such already*:—that any amount of commissions, with time *ad libitum*, would convert Stone-Cutter,—into a Sculptor! Yet there are many who assert that the writer who has given no signs of depth, remains frivolous *because he must work for the market*, that the stone-liewer, by the compulsory manufacture of busts, is rendered incapable of Apollo Belvideres and Dancing Fauns. Do we legislate in any other case of social disorder on *what might be*? Do we not appeal from *what is before us to what has been*? Reasoning from the past, and seeing that honours, &c., can be at best but limited, what would be the fruits of conjectural Patronage, save further exclusion from kind consideration of the very persons it is meant to serve?—a sadder injustice than any the world has yet seen!

Such are some among the difficulties attendant on the soothing and sympathising system, carried out, with regard to People of Genius, by the World undertaking the stewardship of their fortunes. Yet are we, therefore, to sit down and bemoan the woes of the Gifted, as beyond remedy? This is worse than the incomplete attempt at redress made by humane persons, afflicted by the sight of suffering.—But I am firmly convinced that whatever be the measures in relief we obtain from the kindness or wring from the shame of men, they will be all found vain, even hurtful, unless The Artist be first prevailed upon to help himself: to study ere he begins his career, its privileges, its trials—his true calling, his true position,—in brief—to look for his reward within, and not to the outer world; and to preserve as jealously as he would the power of his right hand or the sight of his right eye—his independence. I would say to all about to commence the climbing of the steep, “What is it you do? What seek you? Would you work out the great ideas and the noble thoughts which God has given you,—for the sake of their beauty, and their loftiness, which brings you nearer Heaven than your fellows? Or would you have riches and honours—the praise of men—the acknowledgment in every delicious form, that you are greater

and better than they?" The latter motive, believe me, will not carry you far. Fevers, discords, disappointments, jealousies, mean concessions of your own nobility to those who cannot appreciate it—thirst for praise, not DESIRE FOR TRUTH, must attend your career—if this be its end and aim. The calling of an Artist is one of as much renunciation as the profession of a Priest. Do the tastes of the former press upon him more vehemently, than the appetites and passions of the latter? Yet, The Priest, because his profession is high, is required to live a life apart and peculiar as an example. Does he murmur at this? Does the World pity him therefore? Why, then, if he is to be sharply visited by public censure should he be covetous, unchaste, slanderous, wrathful,—ought The Artist to fare better: if he, whose express duty it is to keep a serene spirit, by extravagance or licence succeeds in so clouding it with care, that no self-discipline can thenceforth clear it?

And that this view of what *might* be, is not wholly Utopian, we have many examples. It is not, I repeat, by the most self-indulgent, or the most prosperous — that the greatest artistic creations have been made. There is something in self-sacrifice—steadily, not fanatically pursued, which strengthens every nerve and muscle, and deepens every thought,—which, by invigorating the mind, enhances all its powers of abstraction. If sharp trial and emergency have been known to wring from the gifted some of their most precious creations,—a life of simple habits, and the self respect insured by honourable toil for independence, cannot surely do otherwise than maintain The Artist's thoughts at that exalted point,—where the opinions of Man become of little consequence, Heaven is so near! And I firmly believe that independence consistent with a certain leisure, enough for any Genius that will to work its purposes out—is at the command of every artist: without indignity or needless degradation. Nay, while he is subduing himself, to toil for his daily bread—he has a chance in that very toil to raise the taste of the Many. Be he a sign-painter with his historical treasure in the garret—or a penny-a-liner (like your humble servant, the writer.) with his treatise on Philosophy, or his tragedy in his trunk,—or a music-master compelled to find a capacity for dull children, when his dreams are of Operas and Symphonies such as Beethoven wrote,—if the Spirit of High Art be with him, he will perform what seem at times repulsive mechanical tasks, with an habitual truth and conscience. He will throw the poetry of his soul, and the honour of his virtue, into

the driest and most frivolous of his occupations—so that they whom he nourishes shall be aware of more health in the food which comes from his hand, though they know not in what its peculiarity consists. To point to the worldly chances, which such a high-minded view of the aspirings and condescensions of Genius, if practised, is sure to bring in its train, is no purpose of mine. It is The Artist's happiness which is in question—a busy youth for him—a placid manhood—an old age not soured by perpetual consciousness of injustice; not soiled by a perpetual contact with those jealous thoughts, those humiliating concessions, which those supported on alms, or pensioned beneath their own self-estimate, must needs become familiar with. It is his influence, in all its force and brightness, I would fain see secured; it is the greatness of his calling I would maintain among those to whom he should be a Prophet and a Teacher: not a Fool to be exhibited—not a child to be coerced—not a diseased man to be charitably laid on soft pillows in an hospital, with a brief read on Sundays for his benefit! And—seeing that there is nothing in such a picture of life, as I would draw for him, to allure the weak, the sensual, or those whose vocation is not real—were the view I propose more generally taken, whether by the Gifted, or the World, how vast would be the gain, in the falling off of pretenders, in the army being deprived of all save fighting men! It would then mean something in a man to announce himself as a Poet, a Painter, a Musician, in place of, as now, being too often justifiably read, as a sign that all labour and self-control are distasteful, and that to scramble on, railing the while at Lady Fortune, or wasting strength in efforts which have no proportion and coherence, is more congenial than a life of Duty, and a death of calm hope in the Future! O let the Men of Genius give themselves the patronage of discipline!—the support of an unlimited reverence to their own mission on earth!—the enjoyments of geniality of appreciation, without Luxury in possession! Let them remember how much richer are they in tastes, fancies, perceptions, than the richest Cræsus,—let them feed themselves on these—in place of struggling for that which no success can enable them to compass completely: and a life is before them, of such content and usefulness and exertion,—that the world shall envy, rather than pity them! Beyond the power of vicissitude no man can place himself, but one shall court the storm, and another shall be found when it comes, in armour of proof. Which is the wiser?

YOUNG SQUIRE BENLOW.

THE social miseries of the *rich* will afford a theme for many illustrations, if we ever exhaust the interest belonging to the sufferings of the *poor*. The splendidly-disguised monotony of town life and the *ennui* that hides itself among green shades in the country; the hollowness of a great part of "respectable" education; the want of noble thoughts and purposes for mind and soul; the sacrifice of heart to cant and fashion;—these are miseries, though less obvious than the want of bread.

As an instance of some of the evils to which I refer, I may tell a story of misdirected education.

Old Squire Benlow, of Copseley, was worth something less than a thousand a year. I knew young Tom Benlow well. If he had not been led out of the right way by cant, he would have been a good specimen of a country squire. He had good faculties and a strong but not a bad temper. At school he was a fearless fellow in every description of row, and had no malice about him. At home he was the hero of the village cricket-club, and his presence gave animation to the sports of Copseley Green. He was noted for his droll, extemporaneous puns, and delighted to indulge in a vein of humorous exaggeration in his stories of field sports and other matters. But let it not be thought that Tom was essentially a vulgar character. He had little learning; but he was no dolt: though he seldom talked of books, he sometimes read. I remember that he once surprised me by expressing even an enthusiastic admiration of Goldsmith's "*Vicar of Wakefield*," which he declared to be "worth a waggon-load of the trash in our circulating libraries." Tom had a superior mind in some respects, and this was especially the case in music. He played a little on the organ; and, though his execution was limited, he delighted in the true style of that instrument. He would often express, in a humorous way, his contempt of the trivial music,—"*ti tum-ti-tum-tilly-tilly*," as he called it,—strummed upon so many pianofortes. Yes; in some points Tom was even in advance of his age. He led the sports on the green before D'Israeli and Lord John Manners had pronounced it orthodox for young squires to do so. But a higher

proof of his ability was his reformation of the parish choir. The singing had been a combination of grating discords. Tom declared that it had been the cause of several violent cases of colic. But he was not content with sitting in his pew and pulling sour faces towards the gallery—he took his station there, armed with his violoncello; he collected some boys from the village school, and trained them to sing a few psalm tunes melodiously; then he drove away the incorrigible discord-makers and mended those who stayed; so that the Copsley choir soon rose above the par of our country churches. By this small achievement, I say, Tom placed himself in advance of a great number of our country squires—he did *something*, however little, to raise the people.

Now what was Tom Benlow's *mission*? (the word has been hackneyed; but it is not a bad one.)—The question is easily answered. Without a doubt, he was sent into the world to make some improvement in human life at Copsley—to be the *true aristocrat* of Copsley, that is, to be the *helper* and the *mender* of the place. This would have been as worthy an object of life as writing a book on the Universal Millennium. Mr. Carlyle is quite right when he prefers the man who would *really* make one village better, to the preacher who only shouts that common place—"All men want mending!"—Well, Tom might have been a *true man* if his best instincts had been encouraged; but this was not the case. With good, warm feelings, he had no deep self-knowledge, no determined view of life, no steady resolution; thus he became the victim of cant. But before telling his perverted education, I must refer to the occasion of it. Tom often visited the house of Samuel Wilson, a farmer at Copsend. There was no mystery in the motive of Tom's visits; for the farmer was a violoncello-player and had three daughters—fine, tall, dark-eyed girls, who were good singers. It was, indeed, a truly superior though not a wealthy family, and it was no wonder if a stronger motive than even the love of music soon led young Benlow more frequently to Copsend; for where could he have found, among all the self-titled gentry of the neighbourhood, a girl so worthy to be loved as Elizabeth Wilson? For some time this love remained a secret; but signs of a stronger character than could be attributed to the mere love of music appeared. Tom could not spend one day happily without an evening visit to Copsend. At last, old Squire Benlow found out the secret. "Of course," said he to Mrs. B., "the Wilsons are decent people—they are fine girls—but

for Tom to go there for a wife!—hang the boy! what low notions he has! We have neglected Tom's education too long—this must be mended!”

Accordingly, the rector of Copsley was invited to dine with the Squire, that an after-dinner consultation might take place on the question of our young Squire's destiny. Mr. Baker, the rector, was a man with a low forehead, a large rubicund visage, and a heavy figure. He was not rapid either as a thinker or a speaker. He never considered any weighty matter upon an empty stomach; and therefore, dinner passed over without any mention of the great topic. The time was favourable, as the young Squire was engaged in a cricket-match between Copsley and little Bilton. After dinner, the leg of a roasted goose seemed insoluble on the rector's stomach, and required the help of cognac and hot water. Two or three doses of this medicine seemed to clear at once the rector's stomach and his ideas—he became clear, sure, and positive on the case of young Tom Benlow, and hardly seemed to feel the responsibility of pronouncing a decision on which a young man's happiness might depend. “Yes,” said he, gazing through the dark-red glass of mixture at the wax-lights—“Tom must go to Oxford. It is the right place for him. It will be the means of breaking off”—To finish the sentence, the rector shut his right eye, inclining his head towards Copsend, and then drank up the contents of his glass. This solemn oracle seemed to have its due effect upon the old Squire. At this decisive moment, young Benlow stepped into the room.

“We were just talking about you, Tom,” said the Squire; “you must go to Oxford, my boy!”

“Must I?” said Tom; “but first of all, I should like a glass of small-beer—sherry and soda-water—anything cooling! We've had a splendid game. I was in an hour and hit the ball into the tent twice. Poor little Bilton! It never was so small as it is to day!”

“You must throw aside the cricket-bat and take up the Greek, my boy!” said the Squire. “Hang the Greek! What was it made for, Mr. Baker?” said Tom.

“Only two or three years at it, and then you are a man!” said the rector.

“Mr. Baker, I think I have told you,” said the Squire, “we have had a parson in our family for three generations.”

“I hope there will not be one in the fourth,” said Tom.

"That must be as God pleases," said the Squire, emptying his glass, as if to reward himself for such a pious observation; "but, Tom, you must be educated like a gentleman."

"Yes: that is the right view of the case," said the rector.

So it was decided that Tom should go to college. As a preparatory step, a tutor was soon found for him: this was a neighbouring curate, Mr. Holmes, a quiet little man who had edited some Greek books. Tom opened his lexicon with a frown—nothing could make him profess the least love for any of the worthies of ancient literature, or any sympathy with the woes of *Œdipus*, *Philoctetes* and *Hecuba*; but he was not a dolt, as I have said; his father and the cant and fashion of the age demanded it; so he crammed as much Greek as was thought necessary. He did a harder thing, too, and a more absurd service to cant—he ceased visiting Copsend Farm, and tried to forget Elizabeth Wilson.

A young man stifling the life and truth of his own heart, and studying the obsolete sorrows of old King *Œdipus*! is not the absurdity grotesque?

As Tom proceeded with his studies, a change became observable in his person. He had been a model of manly health—now there was some sallowness in his face, and he even condescended to take medicine. Study was dry work; and Tom told me that one of the choruses in *Sophocles* had required six glasses of gin-and-water for its solution. He adopted the homœopathic system when his intellect was cloudy, by fumigating the old dramas with a cloud of cigar-smoke.

At last, Tom went to Oxford, and passed his examination very well, expressing his decision on several points of theology, of which he had never thought for five minutes. He was only reconciled to this by the conviction that it was "the custom,"—it was "respectable."

The course of study at Oxford *may* be, for certain minds with whom it agrees well, the best possible mode of forming a well-developed character; but it was utterly uncongenial with Benlow's constitution. Nothing can truly educate a man but the leading out of his best and highest faculties into a proper sphere of exercise. The heart, too, must have its place in every good system. If this is neglected, the mind becomes confused, and all the affections that have been slighted rise in revolt against the oppression practised upon them. Let our pro-formâ teachers repeat as often

as they will, their vague common-places about that human nature which they have never earnestly studied ; it remains a truth, that there is no true light for the guidance of a man save that which is evolved from his own conscience. This light was darkened in the mind of Benlow. He had been taught to consider his own true character as a mistake, and had been told that, to make himself a man, he must submit his mind and his affections to the sway of a dominant cant. He tried the experiment : the result may be guessed. For some little time he appeared devoted to uncongenial studies ; but, as his dislike of the course chosen for him increased, he became less and less careful in his conduct, until he found himself associated with the most reckless and dissipated men of the university. He soon became one of the latest sitters at the convivial table ; he knew the way to Bicester well ; he gave parties ; followed the hounds ; accumulated debts, and, after two years, returned to Copseley with some proof that education had had some effect upon him ; for he was altogether an altered man.

He had not been at Copseley many weeks before he quarrelled with the old Squire. There had been some mention of again requiring the services of Mr. Holmes to prepare Tom for ordination.

“ You ’ll never make me a parson,—mind you that,—I ’m fixed ! ” said Tom.

“ Why ? Why ? Why not ? ” stammered the old Squire.

“ Because I was never intended to be a parson,—I am not fit for the office,” said Tom.

“ And if you are not fit, whose fault is it ? ” asked the father, in anger ; “ I have laid out money enough upon you to make you fit ! ”

“ Then you might have spent it in a better way,” said Tom.

“ You ’ll disappoint all my best hopes,” said the Squire.

“ For that I care not a straw,” said Tom, leaving the room.

To make the story brief,—Tom engaged a house a few miles from Copseley, and undertook the management of one of the old Squire’s farms. He was never seen drunk ; but was known to be one of the hardest drinkers in the neighbourhood, and, in other respects, a dissipated character. He died, a bachelor, at the early age of thirty-two.

As he drank, talked, and laughed, like other country gentlemen, it might appear ludicrous if it were said that Tom died, at last, of a broken heart ; but this may be said, without fear of contradic-

tion, that his life was made unhappy, and, probably, shortened by a mode of education without regard to his natural character, by the perversion instead of the development of his good faculties.

A tree is cultivated as a tree : a flower is treated with a regard to its innate constitution ; when shall we learn to respect man, and to educate him according to the nature of the faculties with which he is endowed ?

J. G.

MINE AND OURS.

MINE is the little hand, puny and weak,
Ours are the thousand arms, mountains to break ;
Mine is the atom of clay for the grave,
Ours is the earth, with hill, valley, and wave :
Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,
Ours will arise to the heaven of God !

Mine is the secret prayer, breathed low and lone,
Ours is the anthem of conquering tone ;
Mine is the little flower nurtured in dearth,
Ours are the blossoming Edens of earth :
Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,
Ours will arise to the heaven of God !

Mine is the brain that but gleams like a spark,
Ours are the thoughts like stars lighting the dark :
Mine is the heart that beats fearfully hush'd,
Ours are the heart throbs that gladden the world :
Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,
Ours will arise to the heaven of God !

Mine is the hermit-life, lone in its hours,
Ours are humanity's loves, thoughts, and powers ;
Mine, scarcely mine, is this frame, doom'd to fall,
Ours is our God, common Parent of all !
Mine will vanish like corpse in the sod,
Ours will arise to the heaven of God !

GOODWYN BARNEY.

PEARLS FROM POPISH PLACES.

BY A SERIOUS PARTY.

LETTER I.—TO MRS. RUSTLER.

Antwerp, ——— 7th, 1846.

WELL, DEAREST MRS. RUSTLER,—

Over the sea
Maiden we flee !

As Anacreon Moore's Zeluco so sweetly sung to his Haidee. Bounding in my birth on the briny and bottomless billows,—a helpless worm,—my playmates the Behemoth and the Shark, whose tooth, "sharper than a thankless child," has cut short so many a dauntless mariner's thread—you will be solicitous to hear whether elevation or depression ruled the hour, as I quitted the white cliffs of free-born Britain, to make acquaintance with the stranger's heart—

———— O wound it well !

—and to study in foreign lands the manners denied us at home ! Shall I own that I vibrated betwixt tearfulness and triumphancy ? between the willows of Jeremiah and Deborah's exultant harp ? O, believe me, not unfelt was the relief of being delivered from a companion whose perpetual thoughtlessness quashed my animation in the bud, and whose ever-springing audacities called for the assumption of a prematurity of matronliness ! Destructive as were my attempts to direct Mrs. Niblett—of all that frankness in myself which I ever cherished as a young woman's sweetest appanage ; when her folly was at my side, it was needful for your friend to garb herself in a frigidity of observance, in spite of her own too warm heart's pleading protests—fluttering against its barricades, like the caged halcyon, who "fain would sing, yet cannot." Her observations, how futile !—the tone of her mind how insipid to the ear ! "No," said I, as our barque (the *Heir Apparent*, Captain Crumpleton) rushed over "the eddying whirls" of which Dean Swift's hymn gives us so lively a portraiture, "No ! 'tis over ! Self-effacement, adieu ! Henceforth, Diana ! walk on thy path of Pilgrimage unencumbered—and light be the thorns beneath !" Continent, I hail thee ! False centre of

untoward sophistication! England!—nurse of delusions, and enfeebled by the luxury of Mammon's children, (who wring from the labourer the sweat of his brow to clothe their limbs in Corinthian purple!), I shake thy dust from my feet!" So flowed my thoughts lyrically, while descending the associative Thames. Daylight had deceased on the storied shores of my ungrateful country, ere I yielded to fond entreaty, and meditation and anticipative delight were exchanged for the heavings of undignified agony! "The sea is a serious business!" as dear Mr. Pecker said in his jocose mood, to cheer his failing partner, who saw Tinglebury in every cloud—and, in every white pinioned rambler of the expansive waters, one of the well-known fowl of her leisure moments "who will cackle for her," she touchingly observes "in vain." These traits were hardly required to authenticate that the Peckers are the Peckers still abroad or at home, the same proudly-sterling pair!—an ægis of Christian guardianship to a young and inexperienced pilgrim, proceeding forth, my dear, with "unexplained intents big with resistless meaning." You would have been touched to observe how Mr. Pecker's active mind, which, like the Elephant's trunk, grasps the most minute details, was able to turn from the woes of his annihilated nation, to the preparations for a scene so new and unaccustomed. He was everywhere. Thanks to his fore-sighted invention, our equipment has assumed a completeness befitting those whose Lynn of praise is order, and with whom brotherly kindness implies aids to failing nature, undemanded by those whose unawakened intellectual energies leave the scabbard at peace. Solicitous not to monopolize, —where other souls more selfish might have striven to elicit patents,—Mr. Pecker has merely circumstantially substantiated his plea by a correspondential account (with diagrammatic annexations) to the venerable Lindley Murray. One feature I may mention—a limber bell attached to the portmanteau's interior, which moves respondent to the slightest stranger's digit. We have each one. How sweetly might this unconscious guardian of our possessions, my dear, be adopted to an example, by all who would watch over that most inestimable of treasures. * * * * * O may we be each like that metallic monitor,—and our ears tingle whensoever the hand of the scotter, or those given to abstract philosophisings, assail our inmost cell! Little less active in the device of alleviations for the sufferings of his sensitive partner, it was inspiring to watch our relative's calm sense combatting in

anticipation the pangs which the watery element inflicts on her behalf. Homœopathic medicaments were dismissed as futile—since, having tried them on land, no ostensible sea-sickness accrued, as we were acquainted would be the case, from the principles of contrary motion, which it is the tendency of Dr. Homo (the founder of the system) to encourage. The aquatic cure was next canvassed: and an ample sponge ready saturated kept for several days in readiness, but, for once, dear Mrs. Pecker's gentle spirit asserted the unreasonableness of frail humanity. "To be sopped," she said, simply, "when on the water itself, was a contradiction in terms." To meet her non acquiescence, her guide and partner's inventive fertility proposed the expedient of a perpetual rocking motion maintained by way of initiation into the oscillation of the waves: and useful, likewise, as diverting apprehension from its anxieties. This was carried into effect with great success, so far as Greenwich, Mrs. Pecker having prepared herself by previous installation in her berth. A prostration thence, on the floor, caused by a too sudden gyration, was followed by such stiffness and dizziness, that the experiment could not be carried out. hysteric tears taking its place. But Mr. Pecker enjoins me to recommend it at Wailford. The Miss Blackadders, he thinks, used to profess distemperature on your sheet of ornamental water. Have I been prolix? My desire to serve those I love in Old England is my excuse: for we are aware that a few are still waiting for our communications, who have not bowed the knee to the delusive crew of Cobden and O'Connell!

Some of our Belgravian friends were on board *The Heir Apparent*: dear Lady Talboys, her venerable Aunt—and the latter's Italian medical attendant. These eyes, my dear, never beheld a more Hyperionie form, than that of the young physician. 'Tis looked David Rizzio when singing the madrigals of Beza to Mary of Arragon! The domestical elegance of this *cortège* imparted the flavour of aristocratic refinement to our society. Nor was Truth without its witness here upon the trackless waves. The Author of "Lucifer," whose profound satires have made the Powers of Evil more than once quake, hallowed *The Heir Apparent*: with his wife—the latter a woman of an unfeigned mediocrity of aspect. Though in endeavouring to accost Lady Talboys by a multiplicity of Christian advances, to which her pre-occupied mind precluded responses, his valuable time was anxiously engaged—your friend ventured, while she yet trod the deck, to

acquaint him with her humble vicinity. Tinglebury was not unknown to him. It was his adamantine pen that with the sound of a trumpet answered Mr. Podd's "Religion without Rage," in "The Fiery Furnace" of last May. Our presence seemed to awaken more than he cared to express, for he turned abruptly away, too full of matter to resume. The seasons of sequestration of such must not be intruded upon: more precious, they, than the garish talk of the babbler! * * * Perceiving that the Esculapian companion of Lady Tallboys was vocal, I challenged him, on emerging to the deck in the morning—*The Heir Apparent* clearing its way by this time along the bosom of the "wandering Scheldt" sung by Dr. Johnson in the Rambler,—to unite with my untaught notes in vespers of gratitude for having escaped the Perils of the Deep, in the lay which you know so well, to the Duett from "La Puritani." The sounds he had emitted, methought, warranted such freedom in a strange land. But Rome is even here, embittering casual sociabilities. The proposal was avoided with derision. Had I broached some ditty from the beighted Breviary, matters would, of course, have been different. Poor blinded youth!..... to feel so instinctively the vicinity of a messenger of infallible truth! He breathed more freely, I suspect, (for Mr. Pecker's eye was upon him) when the *brioche* of Antwerp Cathedral the correct term for spire—pointed to the skies, like "London's column," round a corner of the river;—beckoning him, as it were, to the high places of Jezebel. Think you, however, dearest Mrs. Rustler, that I felt daunted on approximating the regions of Idolatry? Far otherwise. "Grass," said I to myself, "shall grow in her borders, and the Ibis and the Crocodile harbour within her doors!"

Diverted, however, was I, from these enkindling visions, by more sublunary necessities. The fiscal examination of our travelling apparatus, how subversive of every sentiment of delicacy, I need not allude to—always takes place on the open deck in presence of—and conducted by myrmidons of the male sex. It went my heart to see dear Mrs. Pecker's private arrangements coarsely discussed in a jargon one might perceive to be otherwise than complimentary. Our brother-in-law's Bells here came into play: though their ringing excited more attention than could have been desiderated—and being liable to duty—their number, too, awakening some misapprehension, (two small spare ones having been prospectively entrusted to the Maid's Box, in case of loss)—our detention at the Custom House, for the major part of the day became inevit-

able. Mr. Pecker memorialised the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of Antwerp in vain. Belial was too strong for us ; his very entrance into the devoted continent, as he said oracularly, was marked by one of those persecutions which * * * *. The sum ordained him for payment was considerable ; but his principles are dear, and it was submitted to without a murmur. He has drawn out a minute account of this fresh instance of Popish intolerance for “ The Fiery Furnace ! ”—the Editor being requested to enclose a copy to H. M. the Queen : another to his dear friend and emulator in staunchness, the Bishop of ——. We are at last in our Hotel La Grande Labourer : our baggages emancipated. Walking through the streets, the caps of the female population arrest the glance, with long ears. O may ours be always open to new impressions ! The language is jarring, and the expression of countenance universally sinister. The bare mention of our being about to encounter a Priest made me shut my eyes involuntarily. They must become more robust, and less sensitive. They shall. Mr. Pecker declares that the monstrosity of his faith spoke confessed in his countenance. Mrs. Pecker was reminded of Mr. Podd’s false blandness by his smile. I hope he saw the disdain on my averted visage. No epoch this for compromisings !

Summoned to our first repast of continental origin, I quit my pen ;—when I have mentioned that the stranger’s book has already revealed to us traces of our adversaries. They have passed this way. How we shall comfort ourselves, should we encounter the Nibletts (for ’tis theirs to shrink before the lightning eye of Wisdom !) we have not decided. But one at least will not stifle her convictions, whose name, written, she trusts * * * * is

Your newly-circumstanced friend,

DIANA RILL.

Deceived again. Is the lot of the willow, indeed, to be your Diana’s—who, “ bending ’neath every storm, still firmly stands to weep for others’ woes ! ” Is my infantile trust to be for ever played upon ? But if Mr. Pecker’s eagle-eye was deceived, shall mine be more suspicious ? Papers from London accidentally perused, with the avidity exiles only can appreciate, blazon forth the evasion from Belgravia of the Lady Tallboys :—the companion of her disgraceful tour being Signor Albertinelli, the director of our friend Lady Highborough’s concerts, and the incomparable *Tenore* of H. M.’s Theatre, whose destinies are so deliciously swayed by the

wisest of mortals and most inflexible of managements! Well might the conscious Libertine shrink before the gaze of Feminine Innocence—his avoidance of my hymn of praise being thus explained. Well might Mr. Pecker weightily say (O not mine to take pride in a compliment so ill-deserved!) “Your name, sister, should have been Ithuriel, and not the Ephesian Goddess!”

I should, ere this, have rendered justice to one of the Peckers’ pieces of exalted charity. That Mrs. Pecker could venture abroad—Bridget’s want unsupplied—was, of course, not to be thought of—too sensitive a Christian, she nevertheless;—to expose any any British attendant to the corruptions of continental superstition, where ignorance of the language rears but a gossamer barrier against much conspiring to render the eye delirious, and to intoxicate the ear! A Brave Courier was discussed; but the race, Mr. Pecker declares, on settled conviction, to be universally abandoned: the democratic instincts of their recent Italian Pictorial apologist (not to be more personal) being, unhappily, too public. And male attentiveness perpetually in our vicinity is what no right thinking female can subscribe to. While thus dubitating, an opportunity for a good action presented itself. We hope to reap a stock of French from it. A Swiss governess, my dear,—by providential coincidence, the very same to whom our dear Lady Highborough’s dismissal adverted, she being by ill-health incapacitated from the fatigues of children—was seeking for an opportunity of transit to her native glaciers, and embraced, with tears of gratitude, the menial capacity proffered by our party. Salary, we agreed, was not to be mooted—for who would wound a Pastor’s daughter (Mr. Pecker fears not untinctured with Socinianism, but do not divulge) by the bare advertence to pecuniary recompence? She warmly undertook the entire charge of our travelling arrangements—waits upon us both as maid—since due regard to classes dictates this as appropriate—and gives Mr. Pecker daily instruction in French. But this, I am persuaded, he will never bow his honest British clear-sightedness, ever to master! Who would wish it? Meanwhile, his patience, like that of a little child, is admirable. His own theories of pronunciation, which he is resolved to carry into action, are too deeply ingenious to be intermeddled with by this transient pen. Adieu! my paper is replete, like the heart of your

D. R.

THE AGE OF PRACTICE.

THE Age of Practice is now at hand. The true credentials are deeds. The genuine test is performance.

The Doctrine of Works has been too much neglected in this Protestant age of sectarian opinions. "Faith without works," rightly said the Apostle James, "is dead." Mere expression of belief is not true faith. Simple assent to a verbal creed is of no avail. True faith is a practical confidence operating in good works.

The union of Church and State—not the mere formal worthless thing of politicians, but a truer, a diviner idea—is the societary actualization of the sacredness of good works. We should sanctify and hallow art, science, and industry. Our fields and our houses should become to us as portions of the common temple of God. Each effort should be as a prayer: each rest as a thanksgiving. Every function of work should be holy: each department of labour honorable, each portion of industry attractive. The priesthood of industry should commence. The hierarchy of labour should be installed. Every one should be a worker: every one a priest. This would be the true union of Church and State. This is the required combined reform in temporals and spirituals.

The true practice of good works does not consist in mere alms-giving. Justice above charity, O pharisaic and ever good-intentioned but unenlightened alms-givers! Put that spade into the hands of yon beggar, take one in thine own, go there both together upon that field and dig! This is better than putting money into a pocket full of holes. This is better than sending Charity with halfpence to the gin-palace. This is better than alms-giving. It is grander than charity, for it is love and justice. It is as fraternity, above patronage. It is as community, above slavery. It is the land and the tool: it is the spade and the acre which every Christian, every human being, ought to have with which to work. By the lazy rich and by the idle poor, and by those unemployed, the Divine command is not obeyed: "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread."

Woe unto those by whom this divine and benevolent command is obeyed not. By the contracted chest, by the weak and undeveloped frame, by the flaccid muscle, by the hellish pang of ennui, *are those who will not work punished.* By increased pauper rates, *by dread of incendiary torch and smoking homestead, by fear of*

red riot and flaming rebellion are those damned who will not let others work. No sin under God's heaven escapes without a punishment. Those who transgress God's laws in human nature or in human society, are condemned by their transgression.

Mightily let us invoke the Age of Practice : its credentials, deeds : its test, performance. Nothing is too good to be done. Nothing is too loving for the heart. Nothing is too thoughtful for the mind. Nothing is too powerful for the hand. There cannot be too much piety, too much patriotism, too much philanthropy. One cannot be too much a saint or a hero. "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Never too high the kebla in the mosques of the true Islam. The higher the endeavour, the more likely the effort. Shoot at a rush candle and thou shalt hit the table. Wing thy shaft at the Pole Star, and thou shalt pierce the Lion or the Great Bear. That which is most wanting should be the most tried after. All things are possible to faith. The thought of annihilation approximates Atheism. "Perhaps" should be banished the dictionary. The more we try, the more shall we gain. Trial itself is a gain. If we reach not at first the thing attempted, we shall yet acquire more strength for another endeavour.

Let the future æra be the Age of Practice : we have had enough of mere doctrine. If we cannot, however, ourselves become practical, let us at any rate write in favour of practice. Let our poets sing its laud. Let our orators speak its praises. So sung and so spoken, assuredly it will then be done.

GOODWYN BARMBY.

LOVE HER STILL.

Love her still !

She hath fallen very low,
Thou, who knew'st her long ago,
Little, little canst thou see
Of her girlhood's purity ;
But, though sin hath left its trace
On her once sweet happy face,
And that innocent maiden brow
Droopeth in dark shadow now—
Though life's glory all hath fled,
And life's shame is hers instead,

Love her still !

Love her!—let no harsh cold word,
 Man, from lips of thine be heard :
 Woman, with no lifted eye
 Mock thou her deep misery—
 Weep ye—tears, give tears alone,
 To our world-forsaken one.

Love her still !

Love her!—let her feel your love—
 Summer showers that fall above.
 Fainting blossoms, leave with them
 Freshen'd leaf, and straighten'd stem ;
 Sunshine oft doth give again
 Bloom, the bitter storm hath ta'en ;
 And this human love of ours,
 By the world's poor faded flowers
 May be found as dear a boon
 As God's blessed rain and sun,
 To restore their native hue,
 And their native fragrance too.

Love her still !

Gather round her, weep and pray—
 Clasp her, lead her from the way
 She doth journey—tenderly,
 From the wrong and misery,
 To the better paths where peace
 Waiteth her, with sweet release
 From life's heart-ache ;—so once more
 In her breast the hope of yore
 May be lit—that blessed hope,
 That with earthly loss doth cope,
 Earthly sin, and earthly shame,
 Till all earth is but a name,
 And the rescued soul is given
 With its treasure unto heaven.
 Oh ! bethink ye of the bliss
 That will fill your hearts for this,
 Loving Friends, what time ye see
 Shadow after shadow flee
 From her pale, sad face—what time,
 Soaring in a thought sublime,
 Ye shall *know* the while ye pray,
 To His Angels, God doth say,

LOVE HER STILL.

A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.*

"The judgments of God are for ever unchangeable neither is He wearied by the long process of Time, and won to give His blessing in one age to that which He hath cursed in another."—WALTER RALFIGH.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE MAD PARLIAMENT.

THE year 1258 opened with evil promise for the king. His profligate court had again reduced him to poverty, and he looked round upon a suffering and discontented people. Weather of unexampled severity had destroyed the harvest of 1257; wheat rose to the unprecedented price of nine and ten shillings the quarter; scarcity became famine, in which even the flesh of horses and the bark of trees were resorted to as food; and the people, ripe for revolt, saw less of the unavoidable visitation of Heaven than of the assailable incapacity of their rulers, in the misery which surrounded them. The barons acted at once, as though they had but waited for this time.

The first memorable incident of the year arose on a question of purveyance. The king's brother, Richard, was now in Germany, completing his acceptance of the Roman crown; and from that country, hearing of the scarcity in England, he sent forty vessels laden with corn. These the royal officers seized on their arrival, in assertion of the king's prerogative; but the citizens of London (now an important body, among whom the rank of 'baron' was of no infrequent occurrence) resisted the claim with such effect as a breach of their charters, and received such unexpected support, that the king was obliged to submit to the arbitrament of law, and, surrendering his ill-gotten prize, to enter the market on the same footing as his subjects, saving only a nominal advantage conceded to the crown of an almost imperceptible diminution in the market price. Such was the hope of royalty in relation to any unjust or unpopular claim, when the king, stripped of all other resource, summoned a Great Council to meet at Westminster on the 2nd of May.

What had been the gradual growth of the constitution of

the Great Council (now unquestionably also styled a parliament) I have on various occasions throughout this history endeavoured to show. That in respect of legislative power, what was called the Great Council shared with even the earliest Norman kings; and that, like the Saxon Witan, it was in its character representative; I have formerly pointed out. A baron claimed his summons as a proprietor: and from these baronial tenures our larger parliamentary system arose. Through all the differences and dissensions of the many learned persons by whom these matters have been discussed, and without touching the vexed questions which their learning has left still unsolved, it seems tolerably clear that, whether or not tenure by knight's service in chief was originally distinct from tenure by barony, they had become so separated sometime before the reign of John. Tenants in chief appear, in the first instance, to have only comprised the king's immediate vassals; but as time wore on, they could not so be restricted. Many of the greater baronies split up and became divided; while the name of baron, no matter the number of fees it represented, or for the feudal service of how few or how many knights it may have been been responsible, was still retained.

But this led to a natural jealousy on the part of the greater proprietors; and in time to a broad distinction, in name at least, between the more important of those barons who held by their honours or baronies, and the lesser proprietors whom grants of escheated honours might have newly created, or whose ancient rights had been reduced by escheat or decay. A tenant in chief was now not necessarily a baron; or he might be a baron of inferior grade. It is more difficult to determine what regulated the issue of writs of summons; but it seems probable that the same jealousy to which I have adverted, induced the distinction which is first observable in John's reign, between the greater baron summoned by his special writ, and the inferior tenants in chief called together by a summons directed to their sheriff. It is clear also, that, though all were entitled to summons, the mere right of tenure could not dispense with its forms; and an unsummoned tenant, without resorting to such remedies as might compel the issue of the writ, could not take his place in the council.

Up to this point, it will be observed, the principle is distinctly that of Feudal representation. The immediate vassals of the crown, representing certain land, possess the personal right to be

present in parliament. They are the liegemen of the sovereign; and, by the universal feudal compact, though aid could be asked of the liegeman, the man's consent was necessary to legalise the aid; while this relation, implying protection from the lord, conveyed a further right to insist upon guarantees for that protection. In this view, the presence of both larger and lesser tenants was necessary, and even exacted by the crown as needful to the authority and execution of a law. But as the inferior tenants increased, the tax for parliamentary attendance on men of smaller fortunes became intolerable; and their consent and attendance came to be implied in that of the greater barons. Still, they were supposed to be in the council; and it seems to me that we may trace to the mere form and legal fiction thus resorted to, the gradual transition from a mere feudal to a more real representation. It is wonderful with what silent power, happily unknown to those who might otherwise strive to control it, a growing and enlarging society of men will adapt and modify old institutions to new necessities, at once widening and strengthening their foundations.

As the inferior tenants in chief gradually withdrew from the council, its component members became restricted to the bishops and abbots, the earls and barons, the ministers and judges, and neighbouring knights holding of the crown. But the language of the writs continued to imply a much larger attendance. When, for example, the Great Charter was confirmed in the ninth year of the present reign, the roll informs us that at the same time a fifteenth had been granted in return by the bishops, earls, barons, knights, free tenants, and all of the kingdom (*pro hac donatione et concessione.....archiepiscopi, episcopi, comites, barones, milites, et liberè tenentes, et omnes de regno nostro Angliæ, spontanea voluntate sua concesserunt nobis efficax auxilium*): and when, seven years later, a fortieth was granted, we find the strange and ominous combination of 'bishops, earls, barons, knights, *freemen, and villeins*,' put forth as having concurred in the grant. This was a fiction with an expanding germ of truth. The consent of particular classes was to be understood, as a matter of course, to be included in that of others. But the emptiest acknowledgment of a right is precious. The right itself waits only its due occasion to assume the substance and importance of reality.

Nor had the English freeman, even under his earliest Norman kings, been wholly without the means of knowing what representation meant. When the Conqueror or his sons had any special

reason to make inquiry into their own rights; when particular wrongs of the people reached them, or peculations were charged against their barons or officers; nothing was more common than a commission of knights in each shire, not simply named by the sovereign (as when the Conqueror issued his inquiry into the details of the Saxon law) but as frequently elected in the county court, whose business it was to proceed from hundred to hundred, to make investigation upon oath, and to lay the result before the king either in council or parliament. The Great Charter contained a provision for the election of twelve knights in the next court of each county, to inquire into forest abuses. In the seventh year of the present reign every sheriff was ordered to inquire, by means of twelve lawful and discreet knights, what special privileges existed in his shire on the day of the first outbreak between John and his barons. And in the very year to which I have brought this history, a commission of four knights in each county received it in charge to inquire into certain excesses committed by men in authority. So also in relation to the levy of subsidies. As far back as half a century before this date, the most ancient instance of a subsidy on record (that of 1207) we find to have been collected by the itinerant judges; but only thirteen years later (1220) we discover the office of collection deputed to the sheriff, in conjunction with two knights to be chosen in a full court of the county with the consent of all the suitors.

Was it not obvious that such usage as this must grow as the people grew? Was not the collection of taxes and the report of grievances, the manifest step to a power over the money collected, and to a right of petition against the grievances exposed? Do we not discern, throughout these efforts of Norman royalty to check the excess of its ministers and obtain the co-operation of its people, the vague formation of that authority and house of the Commons, which has proved more formidable than either of the powers it was called into existence to control?

A writ has been discovered of the date of two years before the Great Charter, which makes the first distinct transition to this vast and memorable change. It combines a summons for military service, with an order that four discreet knights of the county (*quatuor discretos milites de comitatu tuo*) should be sent to Oxford without arms to treat with the king concerning the affairs of the kingdom (*ad loquendum nobiscum de negotiis regni nostri.*) This was a summons to parliament. Its terms are the same as

those of later date. And it is followed, after an interval of five years, by another and more decisive instance. While the present king was on the continent in 1254, his queen and regents summoned the tenants in chief to sail to his assistance; and gave order in the summons, that "besides these, two lawful and discreet knights should be chosen by the men of every county in the place of all and each of them, to assemble at Westminster, and to determine with the knights of the other counties what aid they would grant to their sovereign in his present necessity, so that the same knights might be able to answer in the matter of the said aid for their respective counties."

Of the meaning of such a writ and its return there cannot be a question; nor is it easy to understand the discussion it has raised. Call it singular, anomalous; or by what name may seem best fitted to express its irregular character; except it from ordinary parliaments, and call it a convention;—still the undeniable fact remains, that it was a scheme to obtain money from the commons of the various counties, and that to this end it prescribed the election of representatives whose determination and assent should control those of their constituents. The language of the writ connects itself undoubtedly with that of its predecessor in the fifteenth of John. It is quite immaterial whether or not the barons and higher tenants in chief were summoned to sit with these knights. Enough that the commons of the shires were thus admitted to a co-ordinate share in the imposition and voting of taxes. Whatever antiquarians may urge as to Parliament's use of one chamber at Westminster, up to the middle of the third Edward's reign (abundant proof exists of separate sittings in other parts of England), it is sufficiently clear that the voting must always have been by each order separately, and without interference from each other. The mere circumstance of the different proportions of taxation would be evidence of this.

Here, then, in the 38th of Henry the Third, we have the principle of a real representation become part of our English constitution. Yet there had been no violent effort to obtain this acknowledgement. It had grown out of that increasing importance of the people, each step of whose development it has been the object of this history to trace. From lesser they had quietly risen to higher duties. The knight, whose business it had been to assess subsidies, was at length admitted by the side of the earls and barons to aid in the disposition of the money so obtained. The

they were admitted merely as the deputies of others, appeared even in the remuneration set apart for them. Great men such as earls and barons, who attended in their own right, paid their own charges ; men of smaller substance who had simply undertaken to transact business for others, were thought to have a right to compensation from those in behalf of whom they acted. As they were paid for their labour in assessment, so for their sacrifice of time and labour in representation they were paid. Wherefore a rate levied on the county discharged their expenses for so many specified days, in 'going, staying, and returning.'

This county rate would seem to have an important bearing on another branch of this inquiry, which has been sadly encumbered with needless learning and misplaced vehemence of discussion. It has been doubted, by antiquarians who would narrow as much as possible the basis on which our English freedom has been built, whether these representative knights did not simply represent the inferior tenants in chief (from whose reluctance to attend in parliament they first derived importance), and are not to be taken to have had relation to the county at large. But every reasonable supposition negatives this. The wages of the knights were levied on the whole county (*de comunitate comitatûs*). The mesne tenant could hardly have been denied a right to the support of which he was obliged to contribute. That What concerned All should be approved by All, was a maxim not unused by even Norman kings. Nor can anything be more specific than the language of the writs of election. The tenants in chief are never mentioned in them. Tenants of the crown implied both tenants by free and by military service. The condition required of the candidate was to be discreet and lawful ; of the electors to be suitors of the county ; and of the election to be made in a full court. A full county court was always the least feudal of the modified feudality that prevailed in England. It comprised all freeholders ; whether of the king, of a mesne lord, or by military, or any other free service ; and it surely therefore cannot admit of a doubt, that the knights of the shire in the reign of Henry the Third, as in that of Victoria the First, represented without regard to the quality of tenure the whole body of freeholders.

Still, they were knights. Their station associated them with the earls and barons. They were part of what in feudal institution was held to be a lower nobility. They did not rank with burgess or citizen churl. They represented the power of the

commons, but they were not commoners. They continued to sit with the barons when the commoners sat apart. As yet no man seems to have dreamt that this lower class could ever be raised to the national councils, whether in separate, co-ordinate, or subordinate rank. The principle which by easiest pressure expanded to admit them, had been acknowledged some centuries in England; yet they were still shut out. But ages and generations vainly strive for what the man and the hour accomplish. And both were at hand when Henry III. issued his writs of summons for the Great Council at Westminster on the 2nd of May, 1258.

To this council the greater barons came alone; and when the king entered the hall on the third day with his brother William de Valence, he found them assembled, with Simon de Montfort and Roger Bigod at their head, in complete coats of mail. He started in alarm at the unaccustomed sight. 'Am I then your prisoner?' he asked. 'No, sir;' and as the reply was given, each baron unbuckled his sword and put it aside: 'but by your partiality to foreigners, and your own wasteful profusion, the kingdom is involved in want and wretchedness. Wherefore, we are here to demand that the powers of government be delegated to a committee of barons and prelates, who may correct abuses and enact salutary laws.' A violent scene of altercation ensued between Simon de Montfort and William de Valence, but before Henry had left the hall that day he tendered complete submission. The demands of the barons were conceded, and the debts of the king were undertaken to be paid. Barons and prelates, to the number of twenty-four, were to be formed into a commission to reform the state. Twelve were to be selected from the council of the king; and twelve to be named by the party of De Montfort, in a parliament to be immediately held at Oxford.

Oxford, on the eleventh of June, was accordingly the scene of that memorable assemblage, on which contemporaneous history bestowed the gracious imputation of madness. A more felicitous epithet could probably not have been selected, by the concurrent reason of the age. It was the Mad Parliament, in the sense wherein the Gahleos and Columbus were mad discoverers. No man had better right to use the word than the monks from whom our annals borrowed it, and who were at this time torturing Roger Bacon for a premature wisdom that seemed to them a wicked foolishness. But it would be probably quite safe to affirm, that as the king and his coun-

cillors rode to the meeting at Oxford, through the ranks of 60,000 baronial retainers encamped around that city, it was less by the thought of madness they were then subdued, than by that of wisdom and determination resolved to be trifled with no more.

The Committee of Reform was named. It comprised, on the side of the king, his nephew Henry; three of his half-brothers, Aymar, Guy, and William; his brother-in-law, De Warenne; some of the officers of state; John de Plessys, Earl of Warwick; and Fulk Basset, bishop of London. But among even these the event showed leanings to the popular side. The twelve named by the barons included Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and high steward; Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford; Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and high constable; Roger Bigod, earl marshal; Walter Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester; Roger de Mortimer, and Peter and Hugh de Montfort. All, on either side, were in succession solemnly sworn to reform the state of the realm, to the honour of God, the service of the king, and the benefit of the people; and, in the discharge of that sacred duty, to suffer themselves to be influenced by no consideration, 'neither of gift nor promise, profit nor loss, love nor hatred, nor fear.' The twelve then selected, each in its turn, two from the ranks of the party opposed to itself; and to the four thus chosen were committed the charge of appointing a Council of State of fifteen members. These important appointments were made with apparent impartiality; but the result determined where lay the vast preponderance of power and strength; and from that moment the king's hope of resistance or evasion was gone. His nephew and brothers had been excluded, though the numbers were nominally equal; and Archbishop Boniface of Canterbury, with notorious popular inclinations, was placed at the head of the council.

But a few brief months were now to pass, before the Mad Parliament had assumed the government of England, and the greatest duties of the state were in charge of the most trusted adherents of De Montfort. He had named the justiciary, the chancellor, the treasurer, and all the sheriffs; and had supplanted by men of his own choice the governors of twenty of the principal castles of the king. It has been called a Revolution; and it was so. But it was a Revolution fenced round by guarantees for Re-Establishment; in the spirit of the Great Charter, and with conscientious regard for the welfare of the people. The new justiciary was sworn to administer justice to all persons according to the ordinances of the com-

mittee and council; the chancellor was restricted from placing the seal to any grant without the assent of the council, or to any instrument at variance with the regulations of the committee; and the governors of the castles, while for twelve years they were limited by special order of the council to obey its directions in relation to any surrender to the king, were left without restriction after that space to obey loyally the king's command. The necessary provisional arrangements having been thus completed, four ordinances were issued by the committee. The first empowered and instructed the freeholders of each county to elect four knights to ascertain and lay before parliament the trespasses, excesses, and injuries committed within the county during the government of the king. The second arranged for annual elections of high sheriffs in each county by the votes of all the freeholders. The third ordered an annual delivery of accounts, not only by all sheriffs, but by the treasurer, the chancellor, and the justiciary. And the fourth directed that parliaments should be assembled three several times in the year, at the beginning of the months of February, June, and October.

With this the Mad Parliament closed its session. A seven years' struggle followed, and extraordinary incidents marked its course.

New Books.

FATHER DARCY. By the Author of "Mount Sorel," &c. 2 vols. p. 8vo. London. Chapman and Hall.

THE author (or, as it must be, authoress) is inerrigible in her sentimentality; her imagination, though that is scarcely the right term, or rather her fancy, is perpetually running her understanding into the wildest career. This faculty is not of that combinative and creative kind which belongs to the genuine poetical capacity, but of that fanciful and exaggerated sort which belongs to all persons of impetuous temperament, and but comparatively slight reflective powers. Thus it is that she will not view or represent things as they are or were, but as they might be, if perfected according to the theory of their existence. This vice of writing is perceptible in every sentence; it strengthens every prejudice, and glows in every description—one cannot read

page without feeling its offensiveness. Nor are any of her theories or imaginings supported by knowledge or ingenious reasoning; she assumes at once the position, and having done so, proceeds equally erroneously to moralise upon it. She commences with a lament (extraordinary extent of Conservatism) that "the good old times" of Elizabeth's days were not so good as the good old times of a still more remote and barbarous period. England was, however, even then, a paradise compared to what it is now, but still far below what it was before the revolutionary reformation. What a state of bliss must the ancient Britons have enjoyed before that ancient reformer Cæsar enlightened them, and the Romans taught them to build houses and live sociably!

But in the whole of this introductory chapter there are innumerable contradictions: in one sentence we are told that England still had immense districts of barren, sandy heaths, green commons of prodigious extent, or bleak dreary moors and morasses; and yet shortly after that it was then "merry England;" and a lament is uttered that the vile hand of modern improvement has interfered with these "barren heaths and dreary moors." "The mysteries of those dark, gloomy moors, as seen under the indigo clouds of a November sky (let us be thankful we *still* have gloomy Novembers)—perplexed as they were *by the superstition of the times* with witches, demons, dwarfs, and fairies—seemed to elevate the imagination." If this were so (which we by no means believe) it surely would not particularly add to the merriment of the age.

We are also told it is impossible for a mind of any imagination not to regret in this picture the absence of the monasteries. "The magnificent abbey situated on the bank of some gentle (are all streams gentle?) stream; its rich meadow covered with the sheep and kine (for the use of self-denying monks?); the convent bell tolling for evening prayer; the beautiful priory; the hermit's silent cell"—(what a picture for Cremorne Gardens!)—had all disappeared. Now, it so happens that the minds of the greatest imagination, Shakespeare and his contemporaries, never expressed any regret of this sentimental kind. They had no occasion to draw fancy portraits, nor did their truly imaginative minds raise up fictitious impossibilities to weep over their destruction. They informed the real with their intellectual might, and left the exciting process of fanciful exaggeration to the authoresses of the Minerva Press school.

This enfeebling inclination to draw fancy portraits arises from the possession of the same kind of capacity that belongs to the playwrights of the Cobourg theatre, and only can affect weak minds that are caught by the commonest symbols. Here again we have "the monk in his long, waving garments, book in hand, the type of a life of contemplation; the holy nun—the ancient palmer—were gone. The tide of destruction had swept over all this, and the place thereof shall know it no more." Now this is all sentimentalizing of a very injurious

kind—those who know any thing of history know it is all false and misleading. The gravest documents sufficiently prove the absurdity of this picture, and three hundred years before we know it was equally false. This lady should have read, at last, the *Chronicles of Jocelyn de Brakelond*—translated for two shillings*—where she would learn that “the life of contemplation” was filled with the basest worldly cares, much profligacy, and very little or no true religion, the name of obscure saints being frequently, and that of the Saviour never, alluded to.

What faith, therefore, can we have in any work, which, though dealing with fictitious circumstances should be true in spirit, that commences in this way. In fact, this book, and indeed this kind of writing, is utterly false in spirit, and if read, should only be read for the story, or by those who, forearmed with knowledge, cannot be misled by the exaggerated sentiment.

The very epithets are misleading; for the “noble” aristocracy she refers to we find in the real history of the time (with one or two exceptions) was made up of duplicity and atrocity. Murders, both private and judicial, were constantly occurring, and some of the leading men, for instance, the Earl of Leicester and Lord Bacon, were so vile that they could not have escaped the extreme penalties of the law in our time, as indeed they scarcely did in their own.

To draw a correct view of the age, and to discriminate between the conventional and the real crimes of the period, to show the effect of laws upon society, and to truly contrast the two eras, were a great and beneficial task. But of this species of composition the writer has no idea. She has conceived an admiration for certain modes of existence—she fancies, or pretends to fancy, that every theory is reduced to practice; and trusting to this unhappy heat of mind, represents all she approves *couleur de rose*, and all she does not in the blackest hue. All this would be comparatively harmless if she were quite a Mrs. Bean, or an Anne of Swansea, and she might then dip her pen in gall or in a blacking bottle—and no one need fear: but she has education (though very little reading, by the way, of the Elizabethan era)—she has also some powers of writing, and there are many persons partially and imperfectly instructed, who will be in danger of infection from her notions, and of being misled by her narrative. It were an endless task to point out the errors engendered in almost every page of her book. We cannot, however, resist noticing this. In describing Elizabeth in her last days, she says, “scarcely one but reveres in heart that aged monarch,” when we know that there was “scarcely one” but kept up a secret and almost traitorous correspondence with her expected successor. Her most confidential minister keeping horse-saddled at every stage to Edinburgh to carry the joyful news of her death to James.

The whole tone of the book will be offensive to the scholar acquainted

* Whittaker's Popular Library.

with the manners and sentiments and ideas of the close of the 16th century. The characters are very ill disguised mummers, rigged out in the dress of that period, but using the language of this ; having about the same affinity of spirit as there is between the guests of a fancy dress ball and the real personages they seek to represent. Had the pure passions and emotions of human beings been shown one might (unpleasant as it is) have forgiven the falsification of manners ; but as it is, there is no compensation of the kind. The common drudging reader who wades through novel after novel in hopes of a new excitement will find but little of even that kind of merit, the ambition to be historic and didactic precluding even that relief.

It may be supposed that we have a prejudice against the work, but we have not the remotest idea who is the writer of it. We only perceive that a sentimental, deluding, and enfeebling class of fiction is gaining ground ; and feel that it is certainly the duty of all those solicitous for the promulgation of principles beneficial to the progress of the many to expose and denounce it. We have already said that the author has powers and capacities, but neither will ever be truly serviceable until all the false sentiment is abandoned, and human character and transactions are depicted in their just relation to existence.

MUSINGS OF A MUSICIAN : a Series of Popular Sketches Illustrative of Musical Matters and Musical People. By HENRY C. LUNN, Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. 12mo. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THIS is a very agreeable book, and only requires to be known to be popular. The young author, (we believe his brother is the author of that very clever volume "Bizarre Tales,") has an agreeable style, light, flowing, and sensible, bearing a family resemblance to works already known to the world as connected with the light literature of our times.

By the means of dialogues, occasional scenes, anecdotes, a little dissertation, and a considerable amount of practical and theoretical knowledge, a great deal of sound information is given in music. The subject too is treated of in an elevated style, not as a mere sensual amusement, but as an intellectual art. The motive for writing the book is well sustained and developed, which was to aid in the extension of the humanising influence he believes music capable of exerting. There will be found hints serviceable to all classes, both to those who have to listen as well as to those who have to perform, and to the latter, especially to what may be termed the domestic amateurs, we would particularly recommend the second essay upon the music of society, where, amongst many pertinent observations, it is very humanely urged that "it is true that in the present day all ladies can play, but it is equally true that they can all read. It is no more necessary then, that a young

lady should play to the company because she knows her notes, than that she should read to the company because she knows her letters."

Did our space permit we should have liked to quote "The Littered Musicians" of the town, who are capitally hit off from "the man with the flute" to "the sentimental man with the white apron." The remarks on boarding school music are also well worthy the attention of "parents and guardians." The article on "English operas" is as equally judicious, and indeed all the papers furnish proofs of the author's excellent sense and knowledge, and his agreeable power of style. The following anecdote, no doubt perfectly true, will serve to enliven our pages —

"To show the utter absurdity of these 'cues,' and the total want of those with which many vocalists will learn and speak them, as if they were the finest specimens of sentimental writing in the world, I recollect an instance of a theatrical manager who, merely in joke, wrote one of them for a young lady who wished to introduce the song of 'Kelvin Grove,' in a piece, the scene of which was in London. The 'cue,' intended as a jest, was taken by the lady in earnest; and, to the surprise of the author of it, during the progress of the piece at night, when she was deserted by her lover, and repining at her destiny, she advanced to the front and, with a solemn expression of countenance said, 'I can bear my fate no longer. Forsaken by the beloved and adored, what care I now for the glare of fashionable life? *I will go immediately to the 'Black Bird' in Holborn, and book a place to Kelvin Grove.*'"

But to prove it is not only the lightness of the style that recommends the work, we shall add the following just and sound remark:—

"Whilst no place exists where the finest compositions can be heard but at a price for a sum which they can afford to pay, it is a matter of course that those persons who undertake to supply them with inferior specimens, shall at once become popular with the public. The truth is, that they would have no music of some kind, and if dignity in the art can only be preserved, it is done, by fairly forbidding the common people to approach it, let them as they can feast upon it to satiety, at least do so without laughing at the compositions of their less fortunate brethren. The really intellectual mind is ever one which sympathises with the minds of others, and as true poetry is universal, so does the true poet seek his own gratification by drawing within his own influence all who surround him. Beethoven was as much a people's poet as Shakespeare was a people's author; and, as we have now erected statues to his memory, we should also begin to reflect, whether the immortal legacy which he has bequeathed to us, has yet been applied to its proper purpose."

There is also probably a great deal of truth in the following:—

"Why, let me ask, are Beethoven's piano-forte sonatas scarcely ever performed at concerts? Not because the public do not like to hear them, but because the pianist does not like to play them. Because he feels that the audience will go away talking more of Beethoven than of himself; because, like the great actors of the present day, he will insist upon it that the creator shall invariably be secondary to the executor."

Having said enough, as we hope, to induce the reader to seek the work itself, we shall merely add that the comparatively plain, not to say humble, way as regards the paper and the printing, in which it is produced will be taken as another proof that the author trusts to the intrinsic merit to make its way with "a judicious" public. We predict for the author a distinguished place amongst the writers for the many, which by no means implies that he should be neglected by those who consider themselves of the choice few.

CHRISTENDOM AND HEATHENDOM : or, SOUND AND SENSE. An Allegory.
18mo. London : John Ollivier.

ALTHOUGH this volume is written in a form and style of language somewhat obselete, and too apt to run into inflation, it is worthy of perusal. It is the product of one who has investigated the condition of modern society, and who deeply sympathises with those suffering from the multitudinous and monstrous wrongs and miseries that almost induce a crusade against what is termed civilisation. It is appalling to consider the amount of agony of spirit and misery of body that is suffered even "in our free and happy country." A yearly collection of the coroners' inquests alone, would produce such a volume of horrors as must arouse the sympathy of the most sensual, and even operate on the indurated feelings of the sturdiest disciple of Adam Smith and the political economists.

The Allegory consists of the visits of an angel in search of Christianity amongst the dwellings of civilisation, whence an opportunity is taken to show how utterly the divine spirit of religion is banished from modern society. So far we can well go with the author; but if individual religion is the only purifying cure for social evils, what is to become of those who *cannot* believe? Or again, if all our evils arise from a want of proper religion, what is to bring about that blissful uniformity, which, if we are to consider the innumerable bulls issued by the popes in their most dominant days, never existed for a single month. We cannot but suspect that this little work is the product of an amiable enthusiast, who considers things as they should be, with too little reference to what they are. It breathes a strong Young England odour in every page, in its tendency towards and indeed advocacy of a paternal government, guided and informed by Christian philanthropy; but this is a system which has singularly failed, sometimes in its insufficiency to support itself, but more frequently from its being a machine to gratify the worst vices of the vilest governors. It has never been advocated in England since the days of "our *most* Christian King" Charles the Second, and his short-reigned brother, "James the Second," when every virtue was outraged, and every vice that bloodthirstiness, lust, and avarice could suggest was perpetrated. It is in vain to say that these vices formed no part of the theory, for it is not in theories

but in their results that the people are interested. There are certain quotations from the *Tablet*, and *Spectator*, which would seem to mark the particular creed that is to regenerate society as the Roman Catholic. Now to seek to revive a faith in what has hitherto signally failed is a notion that savours too much of the fanatic, and too little of the philosopher for us. The old cant of "power for the few to be here for the good of the many," is a doctrine so contradicted in practice according to the history of the whole world, that we suspect a new species of fanaticism must be broached to catch any influential portion of the present or future generations. That the present state of society is productive of great and distressing evils we freely confess, but we do not think a return to barbarism is the way to cure them, and of all pieces of barbarism we believe priestcraft and kingcraft to be the most odious. They might be necessary evils in the progress of society, but they were and are always evils, and while common sense remains a portion of human nature, and the moral sense is not utterly degraded, we have every faith that society will cast the slough of her disease and that indeed it is at present working and writhing in a state of transition to health. Such notions as this little work and other amiable authors promulgate, seem to us like the injudicious kindness oftentimes exercised towards the sick, by which sweet condiments are administered instead of wholesome bitters; nostrums to kill not cure the patient. The Appendix contains proofs of the dreadfully disorganised state we are in, and the vile morals that still influence our governors as regards war and political morality.

THIRTY-SIX NONCONFORMIST SONNETS. By A YOUNG ENGLANDER. 12mo. London: Aylott & Jones.

THIS work is by a professed Young Englander, but one of a different shade of creed to that which is generally supposed to inspire the muse of this new political sect. This is an Evangelical Young Englander, and in doubt whether the Roman Catholic Young Englander will not consider the assumption of his party name as an usurpation. In the previous work ("Heathendom and Christendom, an Allegory,") we have lamentations that the "Te Deum no longer rolls in peals of harmonious thunder along the lofty aisles, and swells through the high arched portals;" the present "Young Englander" commences in the following abrupt strain:—

"With stealthy men the Babylonish where,
Clad in rich garments, treasure in her hand,
As superstition thickens o'er the land,
Comes from her lengthened banishment once more.
Upon high places she begins to stand,
As she was wont to do in days of yore."

In the one work we have eulogistic rhapsodies to Hampden and Pym; in the other, sly remarks that ship money was a blessing, and the excise and custom duties a curse to the poor.

As we have found two "Young Englanders" so virulently opposed to each other, let us hope there may be a third set, who, without fanaticism for old fantastic forms, and with a firmer and higher spirit, work energetically for the promulgation of that spirit of universal justice, which, by a wiser distribution of the goods and blessings of the earth, will produce a state of society accordant with the nature of man, and the position he holds in creation.

With respect to the literary merits of these thirty-six sonnets, we cannot say they are in general above the average of those produced by students acquainted with great writers, whose formula can be acquired, but whose powers no art can attain. It is strange that such perpetual reliance should be placed on a form of versification, and that so many should suppose the manner and not the matter is what kindles the spirit of the reader. There are, however, occasional gleams of poetry, and we may cite the Sonnet on "A Ramble upon the Chilterns," where a fine power of personification is shown in the lines—

" Rapt in the quiet which lone eve distils
O'er the far landscape, glimmering twilight fills
With softened radiance, shadowy, dusky, grey,
The pensive eyes of slow departing day."

For a gentleman possessing so much Christianity there is, however, a strange inclination towards battle and blood-shedding.

POEMS AND BALLADS. By JOHN PURCHAS, B.A. of Christ's College, Cambridge. Medium 8vo. London: W. Smith.

IN 1839, we remember a volume of much greater bulk than the present being sent to us, containing "a Comedy and Miscellaneous Poems, by John Purchas, a Rugbæan," in which were indications of a pure taste and a power of versification, joined with a fervent and enthusiastic temperament. The "Rugbæan" has now duly progressed to a "Cambridgian;" and as he has grown older he has grown wiser. He now publishes a very carefully-selected number of his verses in an unassuming shape, and seeks an extended popularity through the medium of Mr. Smith's popular form, giving much less in quantity, but much more in quality, for one shilling, than he did before for seven shillings and sixpence. The present "Poems and Ballads" consist of twenty-three pieces, all pleasing and carefully executed. The writings of Tennyson and Browning have evidently moulded, probably unconsciously, the form and tone of his compositions. There is a similarity of style and manner to these true poets, without anything like servile

imitation, and also, happily for the reader, without any of that decadence into folly which too often characterises the followers of this class of poetry. He is simple and unconstrained, without flatness or affectation, and sustains his flight, low and short, as it must be pronounced, with a firm and continuous spirit. After reading every poem, we do not know that we can rank him amongst the true poets. They are all interesting, and are all marked with purity of taste and vigour of thought and feeling, but we doubt if they have in them the manifestation of the "faculty divine." "The Poetess," and "The Old Man's Young Wife," come nearest to the standard he himself looks to, but we nowhere find breaking through the refined and "well turned lines," the gleams of mingled imagery and feeling which form "the inspiration of the god"—nothing like what he himself incorporates from Tennyson.

"And much I mused on legends quaint and old,
Which whilom won the hearts of all on earth
'Towards their brightness, even as flame draws air ;
But had their being in the heart of man,
As air is the life of flame —"

In the present dearth, however, of any grand manifestations of poetry, and in the abundance of mawkish imitation and sentimentality, we welcome Mr. Purchas, and wish him well on *his* pilgrimage.

THE USE OF THE BODY IN RELATION TO THE MIND. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Longman.

WE feel a prepossession that in mingling together, or, in fact, attempting to define what cannot be clearly and definitely shown to be incontrovertible, we act in opposition to the wisest policy. We know that the body is subservient to the will ; we know that the nervous system is the vehicle of sensation, but beyond this we are in utter darkness. We cannot discover how mind acts upon matter unless we can make it visible or tangible in some form, unless we know its nature. We are acquainted with the instrument and its workmanship, but of the moving power we know nothing. The physical and spiritual worlds may be in perpetual connexion, but the one partakes not at all in the nature of the other. Here then lies the difficulty in a work like the present, for what is truly demonstrated is mingled with conjecture in such a manner, that they become confounded together. The interpretation put upon the known and visible results of the existing system which it pleased the Supreme Being to establish in the mental and material world, rather in accordance with this imaginative speculation or predisposition than any valid deductions from premises acknowledged and established, casts over the whole an air of uncertainty not all calculated to promote the ends of truth.

There is much good writing and interesting reflection in this work ; it shows, too, that the author is endowed with sound professional knowledge, but there are many things to which it is difficult to yield approval. The blending together religious and scientific topics, until one seems lost in the other, is not agreeable to good taste, many of the inferences are untenable, and we feel on the perusal how much more desirable it is that we should see everything under its proper aspect. There is an attempt to assume a great many things which may be justly questioned, particularly in a religious point of view, arising out of an incongruity inevitable in a work upon the present plan. That the author is imaginative and partial in some respect to the fanciful, is plain from his allusions in regard to mesmerism and to phrenology, qualified indeed, but sufficient to show how the inclination points. This tendency will recommend this book to the numerous class of readers who judge from first impressions. We should be inclined to think it would have an extensive circulation if only on this account, knowing that it is the way of the many to take their notions from impressions. There is good writing and much knowledge of his subject displayed by the author. He seems penetrated with a true sense of religion in his own view of that great solace of humanity, and we doubt not he is in earnest in all he says. His work is wrought out of the truism universally acknowledged, that mind influences body, although he does not inform us, on the other hand, to what extent the body influences mind, nor to what an amazing degree the reciprocal action is undoubtedly carried, nor how far body and mind may neutralise each other. Some of the chapters are highly interesting, the style being uniformly that of a scholar, the intention evidently good, the work calculated to dispose to reflection every thinking mind ; yet are we of opinion, as we have already observed, that there is a want of demonstration and an indefiniteness perhaps inseparable from such an undertaking, and ingrained in the complex nature of a subject which it is no doubt a merit to have treated so well. There are indeed some strong facts deducible by analogies which are set forth by Dr. Moore. He is particularly just when speaking of the effect of love and kindness in stirring the soul to strong and enduring effort ; that the rod does not impart principles like gentle truth. The Brougham-sustained workhouse system—we believe his lordship is the most staunch advocate of all objectionable things belonging to it—is deeply involved in the quotation with which we must conclude. It is only one of many cases, we have no doubt, occurring often under a system where profligacy and virtue are placed in an equal companionship. Imagine a brother and sister born of better times left orphans, “with none to love but each other, and then singly exposed to the ruffianism of matured vice in every form which the crowded union house can afford, naturally learning to hate all that cold kind of charity which they witness ; and usually finding thieves and prostitutes with more heart, and, perhaps, less hypocrisy than their *public guardians*, they are readily won to side with those

outcasts against their better knowledge, and every now and then satiate us by precocious facts of hardy viciousness." Thus it is that while erecting penitentiaries for criminals on one hand, we multiply inmates for them with the other. Under what head in the category of our numerous hypocrisies should this glaring mischief range?

PROGRESSION BY ANTAGONISM, a Theory involving Considerations touching the present Position, Duties, and Destiny of Great Britain. By Lord Lindsay. Murray.

WE have here a very imaginative theory indeed; but the best attempt to look into the future is like looking down a dark well, which may contain treasure or mephitic air, both equally beyond the power of vision. Lord Lindsay imagines that he has discovered, in this his theory of "Progression by Antagonism," a sound principle in which slumbers an embryo the future destiny of his country. His lordship states that he has a conviction of its general correctness, though it may contain some inaccuracies. He contends that the forward movement produced by antagonism is a general law of the moral government of God, in the individual and universal man, as well as in other orders of responsible beings. He proceeds to make his ideas good by a diagram or chart, serving as a fount-piece, which must be seen to be comprehended, and by showing the opponent principles in the individual man, introduced by the fall and the events that more immediately succeeded it. He then proceeds to that analysis of human nature, which it is the end of the book more immediately to develop. The universal man represents human nature in the aggregate from childhood to maturity. The world is divided into three grand dispensations, which are explained in an historical narrative relative to many nations of ancient times. Things go by antagonisms—God is unity and also multiplicitous.—We are saved by works, but also by faith—catholicism and monarchy are the offspring of imagination, protestantism and democracy trace their genealogy from reason. In English politics, for example, there are the Norman Tories, and Saxon Whigs, the one high church, expressing themselves in high church latitudinal English, the other in low, are antagonists; the one congregating in the country, the other in towns. In this way his lordship sees two contending elements in all salient things. Signs of conflicts he observes approaching upon this principle—but we must refer to the book itself for a full statement of a theory possessed of a good deal of ingenuity, and exhibiting in our opinion more learning and thinking on the part of the noble author than of sound philosophy. In all events, if his lordship's theory be but a crotchet, it displays thought and labour deserving an attentive perusal, and shows that he is in the habit of reflecting upon events, which seem not only in his own opinion but in that of many others, to be progressing towards a termination baffles conjecture.

FEVER PHYSIOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED ; CONSIDERATIONS ON YELLOW FEVER TYPHUS FEVER, PLAGUE, CHOLERA, AND SEA SCURVY, &c. By DAVID MC CONNELL REED, Esq. Churchill.

THE present work is designed, its professional author tells us, to account to his own satisfaction for the phenomena of fever, and to settle with himself its proper mode of treatment. Undoubtedly the information acquired upon the spot where the diseases treated of are occurring, gives an overwhelming advantage in writing upon them, and this we were naturally led to expect from the present work ; but we cannot say we find anything very novel unfolded in its pages. The class of disorders the author notices he deems dependent on a deficiency of oxygen in the blood, and recommends medicines which have a tendency to counteract that state. Bleeding he thinks in general of very questionable use ; but there is no actual proof given of any decided advantage in the treatment recommended by well-vouched cases, in which, out of a given number, more than the customary ratio of restorations were effected.

A PRACTICAL MANUAL OF ELOCUTION ; embracing Voice and Gesture. Designed for Schools, Academies, and Colleges, as well as for Private Teachers. By MERRIT CALDWELL, A.M., Philadelphia. Soreis and Ball.

THIS is an American publication, in which much pains have been taken to meet the object intended. It is evidently the result of practical knowledge. The directions respecting the conduct of the voice are good, and we see no reason to doubt of their efficiency where there is natural aptitude. There are neat wood illustrations of the most advantageous attitudes for a speaker, and the reverse ; while cadence is explained by a scale resembling that of music. The work is ingenious and useful, but the continued advance of the natural over the artificial style renders some portion of it superfluous.

LETTERS FROM MADRAS. By A LADY. Murray's Home and Colonial Library. Murray.

THIS is a very pleasing work, written with great ease, full of vivacity, and so far from being censurable for a "colloquial familiarity of style," as the introduction would seem to imply, that this very style constitutes a great part of the charm felt upon its perusal. These letters are written by a young married lady, who accompanied her husband to Madras several years ago. She evidently possesses considerable power in catching those salient points observable in manners, which her new locality among a strange people furnished in abundance. She depicts life accurately, while the harmless humour of her descriptions renders them exceedingly entertaining as well as instructive to the reader.

Her husband was employed in a judicial capacity, first at Rajamundry, from whence he was afterwards removed to Chittoor.

It must not be imagined that the lady writer of these letters is like lady residents in general who are domiciled in India. She enters upon her duties, evidently with a just sense of what is due to her position. She is no exclusive in faith or society. She is evidently a good and accomplished mother, and, premising these things, her heartiness of spirit in her descriptions and the playfulness of her humour rest upon a solid basis of sound good qualities. She describes admirably; her hints at her countrymen's follies, and her laughable descriptions of native manner, chime in well with the care she displays about the welfare of the native schools, and the interest she takes in the reading rooms established for the benefit of the natives. She is a naturalist too, and improved her opportunities for collecting while in the land of the sun. Her description of a return visit paid to one of the country rajahs is excellent. From the nature of the music which accompanied him, she gave him the name of 'Penny Whistle.' On arriving at his town she describes the musical instruments, dancing girls, and the whole scene of her reception as too absurd for gravity. On entering the palace court, a very fine elephant made his salaam to them, side by side with a wooden reeking horse; the court was filled with ragged retainers and fifty dancing-girls, "all bobbing and bowing, salaaming and antiking, nineteen to the dozen." The grotesque habitation is well described, and "Penny Whistle's" collection of pictures, in reality only coloured prints of hares and rabbits. Then all "Penny Whistle" did to entertain his guests, and the person of his immense, feather bed, sphinx-faced wife, so finely dressed, are well hit off. But it must not be imagined that the descriptions are all of a playful character. There are statements respecting education, the missionaries, and the progress of religious instruction full of startling sense. The sentiments of the people upon topics connected with their own or their christian faith, and we are sorry to see it, statements of the heavy and grievous taxation of the natives, a feast for five hundred of whom which she gave them in recognition of charity, cost but a gun-a and half.

The insipidity of much of Indian life is shown up, as well as the varied character of conversation in general in that enervating country. It appears, however, that the social life of India has its bright side. Somewhere of one place she observed that the ladies of the princely courts of the European regiments never become Indianized in manners but show themselves exceedingly active and useful keeping up schools for the soldiers' children, and rendering themselves very blessings to this poor countrywoman. But we have said enough to show our good opinion of the letters of this lively and good-natured writer.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXII.

“WHAT is it you look at so earnestly?” asked Mrs. Wilton : and Clarissa, with a flushed cheek, placed the miniature in her bosom. Snipeton had just quitted the house—for we must take back the reader to that point of time—and Clarissa sat, with her heart in her eyes, gazing at the youthful features of her father. As she looked, with fond curiosity comparing those features, in their early bloom and strength, tempered with gentle frankness ; as she gazed upon their manly, loving openness, and, with her memory, evoked that melancholy, care-worn face, that, smiling on nought beside, would always smile on her, she felt—she shuddered—but still she felt anger, bitterness towards her mother. Her eye, reading that face, could see where pain had given a sharper edge to time ; could see where, in the living face, care had doubled the work of years. Surely, she thought, so fair a morning promised a fairer night. That glad and happy day should have closed with a golden sunset, touching with solemn happiness all it shone upon, as slowly from the earth it passed in glory. These were the daughter’s thoughts as she heard her mother’s voice. A momentary resentment glowed in her cheek—darkened her eyes.

“ Clarissa ! ”

“ It is nothing—a—a present from Mr. Snipeton—from my hus-

* Continued from p. 118, Vol. IV.

band,' said Clarissa coldly. Her mother took her hand between her own. Affectionately pressing it, and with all a mother's tenderness beaming in her face—the only look hypocrisy could never yet assume. She said, "It is well, Clarissa—very well. It makes me happy, deeply happy, to hear you. I think it is the first time you have said 'husband.'"

"Is it so? I cannot tell. The word escaped me. Yet I—d—must learn to speak it."

"Oh, yes, Clarissa. Make it the music of your life! Think it a charm that, when pronounced, makes all earth's evils less—doubling its blessings. A word that brings with it a sense of joy; a strength; a faith in human existence. A word that may clothe beggary itself with content, and make a hut a temple. You may still pronounce it. Oh, never, never may you know what agony it is to forego that word. The living makes it a blessing; and the dead sanctifies and hallows it."

Clarissa felt conscience-smitten, stung with remorse. All heedlessly, cruelly, she had arraigned her mother; thoughtless of the daily misery that wore her; regardless of the penitence that corroded and consumed her. "Forgive me," she said: "forgive me, mother. I will lay this lesson to my heart. I will learn to speak the word. You shall still teach me its sustaining sweetness."

"A most unfit teacher; most unfit," said the mother, with an appealing look of anguish. "Your own heart will best instruct you." And then, with resolute calmness, she asked: "What is this present?"

"You shall not know to-day; by-and-by, mother. And I have a present, too, for you," said Clarissa; and she looked so light, so happy, that her mother for the first time dared to hope. Did the young victim feel at length the wife? Would that seeming life-long sorrow pass away, and the sunshine of the heart break in that clouded face?

"I will be patient, child; nay, I will promise what you will, I feel so grateful that I see you thus cheerful—happy. Shall I not say happy, Clarissa?"

"Oh yes; very happy," answered the wife; and a sudden pang of heart punished the treason of the lips. "But I must not be idle to-day, I have so much to do." And Clarissa scated herself at her work; and the mother silently occupied herself. And so, hour after hour passed, and scarce a word was spoken. At

length Dorothy Vale, with noiseless step and folded arms, stood in the room.

"They be come," said Dorothy, with unmoved face, rubbing her arms.

"Who are come?" asked Clarissa.

"Why, Becky be come, and a man with her," answered Dorothy; and—it was strange—but her voice seemed to creak with suppressed anger.

"I am glad of that," said Clarissa; "tell the girl to come to me—directly, Dorothy."

Dorothy stood, rubbing her withered arms with renewed purpose. Her brow wrinkled, and her grey, cold eyes gleamed, like sharp points, in her head; then she laughed. "She was brought up in the workhouse; and to be put over my head! Well, it's a world! The workhouse; and put over my head!" Thus muttering, she left the room. In a moment, Becky—possessed with delight, swimming in a sea of happiness—was curtsying before her new mistress. Now, were we not assured, past all error, that it was the same country wench that half laughed at, half listened to, the flatteries of the deceitful Gum, we should deny her identity with that radiant piece of flesh and blood, that, glowing with felicity, bobbed and continually bobbed before Mrs. Snipeton. Certainly, there is a subtle power of refinement in happiness; a something elevating, purifying in that expansion of the heart. Sudden bliss invests with sudden grace; and gives to homeliness itself a look of sweetness. The soul, for a brief time, flashes forth with brighter light; asserting itself—as human pride is sometimes apt to think—in the vulgarest, oddest sort of people. And so it was with Becky. To be sure, all the way from St. Mary Axe—hanging, and sometimes at puddles and crossings, with all her weight on the arm of St. Giles, she had felt the refining process hinted at above. St. Giles had talked on what he thought indifferent matters; but the weather, the shops, the passers-by—whatever his silver tongue dwelt upon—became objects of the dearest interest to the hungry listener; who now laughed, she knew not why, from her over-brimming heart; and now had much ado to check her tears, that—she knew it—had risen to her eyes, and threatened to flow. She walked in a region of dreams; and intoxicating music broke at every footstep. Could it be true—could it be real—that that wayfaring, wretched man; that unhappy creature, with all the world hooting at him, chasing him to destruc-

tion, like a rabid cur, that vagabond, to a suspicious world, dyed in murderous blood, was the trim, handsome—to her, how beautiful!—young fellow walking at her side; and now and then smiling so kindly upon her that her heart seemed to grow too big with the blessing? And oh—extravagant excess of happiness!—he was to be her fellow-servant! He would dwell under the same roof with her! Now she was steeped in bliss; and now, a shadow fell upon her. Yes: it could not be. The happiness was too full; all too complete to endure.

And yet the bliss continued—nay, increased. Mrs. Snipeton, that creature of goodness; that angel of Becky's morning dreams—gave smiling welcome to her new handmaid; greeted her with kindest words; and, more than all, looked cordially on St. Giles, who could not remain outside, but sidled into the room to pay his duty to his handsome mistress. The sweetness with which she spoke to both seemed to the heart of Becky to unite both. The girl's affection for St. Giles—until that moment, unknown to her in its strength—appeared sanctioned by the equal smiles of her lady.

At this juncture, a new visitor—with a confidence which he was wont to wear, as though it mightily became him—entered the room, passing before the slow domestic, leisurely bent upon heralding his coming. Mr. Crossbone was again in presence of his patient; again had his finger on her pulse; again looked with professional anxiety in Mrs. Snipeton's face; as though his only thought, his only mission in this world was to continually act the part of her healing angel. “Better, much better, my dear Mrs. Snipeton. Yes; we shall be all right, now; very soon all right. And I have brought you the best medicine in the world. Bless me!”—and Crossbone stared at Becky—“the little wench from the Dog and Moon.”

“Lamb and Star, sir,” said Becky. “Wonder you’ve forgot the house, sir; wonder you’ve forgot Mrs. Blick and all the babies.”

“I think it was the Lamb and Star,” said Crossbone; but when we consider that the apothecary had already promised himself a carriage in London, can we wonder that he should have forgotten the precise sign; that he should have forgotten the poor children (weeds that they were) who owed to him an introduction into this over-peopled world? “You are a fortunate young woman, that you have been promoted from such a place to your present service. One always has one's doubts of the lower orders; nevertheless, I hope you'll be grateful.” And the apothecary looked the patron.

"I hope she ool," said Dorothy, with a sneer; and as she turned from the room, she went muttering along—"She was born in the workhouse, and to be put over my head."

"I have great faith in Becky; she'll be a good, a prudent girl; I am sure of it. You may go now, child, to Dorothy. Bear with her temper a little, and soon she'll be your friend." And with this encouragement, Becky left her mistress, seeking the kitchen, hopeful and happy, as pilgrims seek a shrine. In a moment she had resolved with herself to be a wonder of fidelity and patience. And then for Dorothy, though the girl could not promise herself to love her very much, nevertheless, she determined to be to her a pattern of obedience. "She may walk over me if she likes, and I won't say nothing," was Becky's resolution; should Dorothy, from the capriciousness of ill-temper, resolve upon such enjoyment; walking over people, giving at times, it must be owned, a strange satisfaction to the tyranny of the human heart. Now Becky, though she had at least nine thousand out of the nine thousand and three good qualities that, according to the calculation of an anonymous philosopher, fall, a natural dower, to the lot of woman, was not ordinarily so much distinguished by meekness as by any other of the nameless crowd of good gifts. Ordinarily, any attempt "to walk over her," would have been a matter of extreme difficulty to the stoutest pedestrian; but Becky was mollified, subdued. Her heart was newly opened, and gushed with tenderness. She felt herself soothed to any powers of endurance. The house was made such a happy, solemn place to her by the presence of St. Giles. He would live there: he would be her daily sight; her daily music; and with that thought, all the world might walk over her, and she would not complain the value of a single word. She was astonished at her own determined meekness; she could never have believed it.

"And Mr. Snipeton—excellent man!—has hired you?" And Crossbone looked up and down at St. Giles. "I trust, young man, you'll do no discredit to my good word. It's a risk, a great risk, at any time to answer for folks of your condition; but I have ventured for the sake of—of your poor father." St. Giles winced. "I hope you'll show yourself worthy of that honest man. Though he was one of the weeds of the world, nevertheless, I don't know how it was, but I'd have trusted him with untold gold. So, you'll be sober and attentive in this house; study the interests of your master, the wishes of your excellent mistress who

stands before you ; and, yes, you'll also continue to be kind to your mother. And now, you'd better go and look to the horse that I've left at the garden gate." St. Giles, glad of the dismissal, hurried from the room. He had coloured and looked confused, and shifted so uneasily where he stood, that he feared his mistress might note his awkwardness ; and thus suspect him for the lies of the apothecary—for whom St. Giles, in the liberality of his shamefacedness, blushed exceedingly. Great, however, was the serenity of Crossbone on all such occasions. Indeed, he took the same pleasure in falsehood as an epicure receives from a well-seasoned dish. He looked upon lies as the pepper, the spices of daily life ; they gave a relish to what would otherwise be flat and insipid. Hence, he would now and then smack his lips at a bouncing flam, as though throughout his whole moral and physical anatomy, he hugely enjoyed it, flourished, and grew fat upon it.

"And now, my dear Mrs. Snipeton—Mrs. Wilton, with your leave, I'll talk a little with my patient," and Crossbone, with an imperious smile, waved his hand towards the door. Mrs. Wilton stirred not from her sewing ; said not a word ; but looked full in the face of her daughter.

"Oh no ; certainly not," said Clarissa ; "Mrs. Wilton has had too much trouble with her invalid, to refuse to listen to any further complaints ; though, indeed, sir," said Clarissa significantly, "I fear 'tis your anxiety alone that makes them so very—very dangerous."

"Ha ! my dear madam. You are not aware of it—patients aren't aware of it—perhaps it is wisely ordered so—but the eye of the true doctor can see, madam—can see."

"Pray go on, sir," said Clarissa ; and, Crossbone, a little puzzled, needed such encouragement.

"Why, at this moment, madam"—said the apothecary, suddenly breaking new ground—"at this moment, were you turned to glass, to transparent glass, I could not more plainly observe the symptoms that, as you say, I exaggerate. And in fact, to the true physician, the human anatomy is glass—nothing but glass ; though, of course, we must not to the timid and delicate reveal every disease as we behold it. However, I have brought with me the most certain remedy. Safe and speedy, I assure you."

And with such erudite discourse did Crossbone strive to entertain his patient ; who endured, with fullest female resignation, the learning of the doctor.

St. Giles, leaving the house, hurried through the garden to take charge of the horse. Arrived at the gate, he saw the animal led by a man down the road, at a greater distance from the house, than was necessary for mere exercise. Immediately he ran off, calling to the fellow who led the animal; but the man, although he slackened his pace, never turned his head or answered a syllable. "Hallo, my man!" cried St. Giles, "where are you leading that?"—and then he paused; for Tom Blast slowly turned himself about, and letting the bridle fall in his arms, stared at the speaker.

"Why, what's the matter, mate? I'm only taking care o' the gentleman's horse; jest walking him that he mayn't catch cold. You don't think I'd steal him, do you?" asked Blast, winking.

"What—what brings you here again, Blast?" stammered St. Giles, scarce knowing what he said.

"What brings me here? Why, bread brings me here. Bread o' any sort, or any colour; dry bread at the best; for I can't get it buttered like some folks. Well, it's like the world. No respect for old age, when it walks arm in arm with want; no honour or nothin' o' that sort paid to grey hairs,—when there's no silver in the pocket. Well, I must say it—I can't help it, tho' it goes to my art to say it,—but the sooner I'm out o' this world the better, for I'm sick of men. Men! They're wipers with legs," and the inimitable hypocrite spoke with so much passion, so much seeming sincerity, that St. Giles was for a moment confounded by a vague sense of ingratitude; for a moment he ceased to remember that the old crime-grained man before him had been the huckster of his innocence, his liberty,—had made him the banned creature that he was, breathing a life of doubt and terror.

"What do you want? What will satisfy you?" asked St. Giles despairingly.

"Ha! now you talk with some comfort in your voice. What will satisfy me? There is some sense in that. Now you remind me of a little boy that was the apples of my eyes, and would have been the very likes o' you, but—well, I won't talk of that, for it always makes my throat burn, and makes the world spin round me like a top. I don't want much. No: I've outlived all the rubbish and gingerbread of life, and care for nothing but the simple solids. It's a wonder, young man, what time does with us. How, as I

may say, it puts spectacles to our eyes, and makes us look into mill-stones. What will satisfy me? Well, I do think I cou'd go to the grave decent on a guinea a week."

"Very likely; I should think so," said St. Giles.

"A guinea a-week, paid reglar on Saturdays. For reglarly doubles the sum. I might ha' saved as much for my old age, for the money that's been through my hands in my time. Only the drawback upon thieving is this, there's nothing certain in it. No man, let him be as steady as old times, no man as is a thief"—

"Hush! somebody may hear you," cried St. Giles, looking terrified about him.

"I'm speakin' of a man's misfortun, not his fault," cried the immovable Blast; "no man as is a thief can lay up for a decent old age. Have what luck we will, that's where the honest fellars got the better on us. And so you see, instead o' having nothin to do but smoke my pipe and go to the public-house, I'm obligated in my old age to crawl about and hold horses, and do anything; and anything is always the worst paid work a man can take money for. Now, with a guinea a week, wouldn't I be a happy, quiet, nice old gentleman! Don't you think it's in me, eh, young man?"

"I wish you had it," said St. Giles. "I wish so with all my heart. But give me the bridle."

"By no means," said Blast. "How do I know you was sent for the horse? How do I know you mightn't want to steal it?"

"Steal it!" cried St. Giles, and the thought of the past made him quiver with indignation.

"Why, horses are stole," observed Mr. Blast, with the serenity of a philosophical demonstrator. "Look here, now: if I was to give up this horse, what hinders you—I don't say you would do it—but what hinders you from taking a quiet gallop to Smithfield, and when you get there, selling him to some old gentleman and"—

"Silence! Devil! beast!" exclaimed St. Giles, raising his fist at the tormentor.

"No, no; you don't mean it,"—said Blast—"you wouldn't hit a old man like me, I know you wouldn't. 'Cause if you was only to knock me down, I know I should call out, I couldn't help myself. And then, somebody might come up; p'raps a constable; and then—oh! I'm as close as a cockle with a secret, I am, when I'm not put upon, but when my blood's up,—bless your soul, I

know my weakness, I'd hang my own brother. I should be very sorry, in course, arterwards ; but he'd swing—as I'm a living sinner, he'd swing," and Blast, as he stared at St. Giles, gently smacked his lips, and gently rubbed his palms together.

"I ask your pardon ; I didn't know what I said. Here's a shilling ; now give me the bridle," said St. Giles.

"I s'pose it's all right," said Blast, rendering up his charge, and significantly eyeing the coin. "I s'pose it's all right ; but only to think of this world ! Only to think that you should give me a shilling for holding a horse ! Well, if a man could only know it, wouldn't it break his heart outright to look at the bits o' boys that afore he died, would be put clean over his head ? It's a good shillin', isn't it ?"

"To be sure it is ; and an honest one, too," said St. Giles.

"Glad to hear that : tho' I don't know it will go a penny the further. I wish the colour had been yellow, eh ?"

"I wish so, too, for your sake. Good day," and St. Giles sought to shake his evil genius off.

"I'm in no urry. Time's no good to me : you may have the pick of any of the four-and-twenty hours at your own price," said Blast, following close at his side. "And so, they've turned you over from St. James's-square to the old money-grubber ? Well, he's very rich ; though I don't think the sops in the pan will be as many as you'd been greased with at his lordship's. For all that, he's very rich ; and you wouldn't think what a lot of plate the old man's got."

"How do you know that ?" asked St. Giles.

"I dream'd it only last night. I had a wision, and I thought that the mother of little Jingo"—

"Don't talk of it, man—don't talk of it," exclaimed St. Giles, "I won't hear it."

"I must talk on it," said Blast, sidling the closer, and striding as St. Giles strode. "I must talk on it. It comforts me. I dreamed that the poor soul come to me, and told me to follow her, and took me into old Snipeton's cottage there, and showed me the silver tankards, and silver dishes, and even counted up the silver tea-spoons, that there was no end of ; and then, when she'd put all the plate afore me, she vanished off, and I was left alone with it. In course you know what followed."

"I can guess," groaned St. Giles.

"How rich I was while I was snoring, last night ; and wher"

woke I was as poor as goodness. But somehow, my dream's fell true—I can't help thinking it—since I've fell in with you."

"How so, man? What have I to do with Mr. Snipeton's plate, but to see nobody steals it?" said St. Giles, firmly.

"To be sure; and yet when there's so much silver about, and a guinea a week—well, I'll say a pound, then—a pound a week would make a fellow-creetur happy, and silent for life—I said, silent for life"—

St. Giles suddenly paused, and turned full upon Blast. "Go your ways, man—go your ways. Silent or not silent, you do not frighten me. What I may do for you, I'll do of my own free will, and with my own money, such as it is. And, after all, I think 't will serve you better to hold your tongue, than"—

"I wouldn't kill the goose for all the eggs at once," said Blast, grinning at the figure.

St. Giles felt deadly sick. He had thought to brave—defy the ruffian; but the power of the villain, the fate that with a word he could call down upon his victim, unnerved him. St. Giles, with entreating looks, motioned him away; and Blast leering at him, and then tossing up the shilling with his finger and thumb, passed on, leaving St. Giles at the garden gate, where stood Clarissa, brought there by the earnest entreaties of Crossbone, to view the horse—the wondrous steed that was to endow its mistress with new health and beauty.

"You may see at a glance, madam, there's Arab blood in the thing; and yet as gentle as a rabbit. Young man, just put her through her paces. Bless you! she'd trot over eggs, and never crack 'em. A lovely mare!" cried Crossbone, "all her brothers and sisters, I'm assured of it, in the royal stables."

"I'm afraid, too beautiful—much too spirited for me, sir," said Clarissa, as St. Giles ambled the creature to and fro. Ere, however, Crossbone could make reply—assuring the lady, as he proposed to do, that she would sit the animal as securely and withal as gracefully as she would sit a throne,—Mr. Snipeton, full of the dust and cobwebs of St. Mary Axe, trotted to the gate. His first feeling was displeasure, when he saw his wife exposed beneath the open sky to the bold looks of any probable passenger; and then she turned such a kind and cordial face upon him, that for the happy moment, he could have wished all the dwellers of the earth spectators of her beauty, beaming as it did upon her glorified husband. It was plain: love so long dormant, tumid within her

bosom, now flew boldly to her eyes, and curved her lips, with fondest looks and sweetest smiles for her wedded lord. We have before declared that Snipeton had an intimate acquaintance with his own ugliness: unlike so many who carry the disadvantage with them through life, yet are never brought to a personal knowledge of it, Snipeton knew his plainness: it was not in the power of mirrors to surprise and annoy him. And yet, in his old age, he would feel as though his ugliness was, by some magic lessened, nay, refined into comeliness, when his wife smiled upon him. His face, for the time, seemed to wear her light. And thus did this new belief in her affection give the old man a certain faith in his amended plainness; as though beauty beautified what it loved.

“There, Mr. Snipeton—there’s a treasure. A lovely thing, eh?” cried the triumphant Crossbone.

“Very handsome, very; but is she well broken—is she quite safe?” said Snipeton, looking tenderly at his wife.

“A baby might rein her. No more tricks than a judge; no more vice than a lady of quality.”

“Humph!” said Snipeton, dismounting, and giving his horse to St. Giles. “My dear, you will catch cold.” And then the ancient gentleman placed his arm around his wife’s waist, and led her from the gate; Crossbone following, and staring at the endearment with most credulous looks. It was so strange, so odd; it seemed as if Snipeton had taken a most unwarrantable liberty with the lady of the house. And then the apothecary comforted himself with the belief that Mrs. Snipeton only suffered the tenderness for the sake of appearances: no; it was some satisfaction to know she could not love the man. “And your new maid is come? She seems simple and honest,” said Snipeton.

“Oh yes: a plain, good-tempered soul, that will exactly serve us,” answered Clarissa.

“Very good—very good.” And Snipeton turned into the house. He had thought again to urge his dislike of Mrs. Wilton; to suggest her dismissal; but he would take another opportunity—for go she should: he was determined, but would await his time. As these thoughts busied him, Mrs. Wilton entered the room, followed by Crossbone. Somewhat sullenly, Snipeton gazed at the house-keeper: and then his eyes became fiery, and pointing to the riband that Clarissa had hung about her mother’s neck—the riband bearing the miniature, yet unseen by the wearer, he

passionately asked—"Where got you that? Woman! Thief! Where stole you that?"

"Stole!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilton, and she turned deathly pale; and on the instant tore the riband from her neck; and then, for the first time, saw the miniature. For a moment, her face was lurid with agony, that seemed to tongue-tie her, and then she shrieked—"Oh God! and is it he?"

"Detected! detected!" cried Snipeton—"a detected thief."

"No, sir; no," exclaimed Clarissa, embracing her parent. "You shall now know all. She is"—

Clarissa was about to acknowledge her mother, when the wretched woman clasped her daughter's head to her bosom, stifling the words. "No thief, sir," she said, "but no longer your house-keeper." And then, kissing Clarissa, and murmuring—"not a word—not one word" she hurried from the room.

THE POET'S FLOWER-GATHERING.

From the Pleasance, Poet mine,
Fetch me flowers!" the Lady said
"Flowers whereon the moonbeams shine,
And the night's first dews are shed."

Then the Poet, slowly, slowly
Through the Pleasance takes his way,
(Mid the dream that wraps him wholly,
Murmuring low some sylvan lay),
To the beds of bloom that woo him
With their blended odours rare,
Richest odours, wafted to him
On the calm night air.

And he saith—"O Rose, I claim thee
For a virgin flower more fair,—
For a bosom that shall shame thee
Into dying there."

But from that pale Rose proceeding,
Silver-sweet, was heard the pleading,
"Poet, spare, oh spare!"

"Spare me—earliest of my race,
I am queen of this still place,
And a star doth love me;—

Lift thy gaze from earth to sky—
 Poet, lo ! unchangeably
 It doth smile above me.
 And if thou hadst passed this way,
 Gentle face, by light of day,
 Not a breath of perfumed air
 Would have 'scaped from out me ;—
 Bloom and fragrance both I store
 Till the weary day is o'er,
 And the twilight, dusky, fair,
 Drops her folds about me :
 But when, one by one, the flowers
 Sink to sleep around me ;
 And from out its azure bowers
 Yon sweet light hath found me,
 With glad heart I offer up
 All the incense in my cup,
 And the winds together,
 At my bidding, on their wings,
 With Æolian whisperings
 Waft it up the ether,
 And be sure that loving smile
 Groweth brighter yet the while.

“ Poet, with that musing eye,
 Look into this heart of mine ;
 Where the pearlèd dew-drops lie,
 There the star-rays strike and shine ;
 Poet, they came down, came down,
 Love-sent, from their native heaven—
 Gifts are they for homage shown,
 And for fragrance given ;
 And each ray that flasheth free
 Hath a tale of joy for me.
 Spare me, spare me, for the sake,
 Poet, of thine own heart's pleasure,
 And that love of thine shall take
 Blessings with it beyond measure :
 Spare me, spare me ! ”

And the Poet
 Through the Pleasance takes his way—
 With raised brow—the lips below it,
 Shaped into a “ *Well-a-day !*
 Not one rose for thee ! ” Then smiling,
 Saith he, with soft voice beguiling,
 “ Lily, lily, *thou* must bend thee
 From thy stately height—

*Thou must pity and befriend me
In my task to night !*"
A low murmur stirred the air,
But the cry was still—"Oh, spare !"

"Hearken, hearken !" and the singing
Voice that from the hly wells,
Soundeth like the breezy ringing
Of faint village bells ;
Soundeth like the tones that waken
When the light winds sweep the fern,
And the melodies are shaken
From the hare-bell's urn.
"Hearken," saith she, "Poet, hearken,
Ere thou steal my joy away,
Ere my fair new life thou darken
With a swift decay.
Blessed, blessed is the glory
Of the golden-crowned light,
But for me a sweeter story
Hath the dewy face of night ;
For when all the Pleasance lonely
Groweth, and beneath the trees
The white moonbeams, trooping only,
Wake their silent fantasies,
Oft from out the greenwood shadow
Comes an elfin sprite to me,
Tripping gaily o'er the meadow,
Singing ever merrily ;
With a tiny shout of greeting,
Low he sinks on bended knee,
Smiling still, and still repeating,
'Lily, ope thine heart to me !'
Then, with sudden gesture sprightly,
Close my slender stem is pressed,—
With a bound he leapeth lightly
To his place of rest :—
And all night, all night he singeth
Elfin songs that sweetest be,
Till the soft air round us ringeth
With his merry minstrelsy.

"He doth sing of sunny places,
Far away,
Where a constant calm embraces
Night and day.
Where the rivers as they wander,

Where the winds, young leaves that sunder,
Where the very cataract's thunder
Tells of love alway.

"And he saith the blossoms growing
There do neither faint nor fade,
Dower'd with fragrance ever flowing
Be it shine or shade ;
And that spirits bright and fair
Hold it ever their best duty
Each young bud to cherish there,
And unfold its beauty.

"Never cruel hand, I wis,
Dareth pluck or break them—
Angel touch or angel kiss,
Worse doth ne'er o'ertake them.
And that little fay hath vow'd
He will surely bear me
From this land of mist and cloud
Ere the storm-blast tear me,
To that refuge far away,
That calm home of brightness—
There to live and bloom for aye,
In immortal whiteness.
Nay—this very night, it may be,
He will keep that vow.
Poet, by thine own sweet lady,
Hear and heed me now !
Heed me !"—Ah, she ceaseth pleading—
Down the alleys green,
Fast the Poet's form receding
Faint and dim is seen.—
*"Neither Rose, alas ! nor Lily,
For thy crown, my queen !"*

But the Violet, close-hidden
'Midst its leaves he spies ;
And quick stoopeth—unforbidden,
To possess his prize !
Nay, not so—sharp accents sudden
Of wild anguish rise ;
And again he needs must tarry
By that flow'ret pale,
While the scented air doth carry
To his ear her tale

Of the ruin and the sadness
That such doom would leave —
Of the glory and the gladness
That are his to give.

Woe is me ! the tale is over,
But the moonlight doth discover
That no prize is won ;
That our puzzled Poet-lover
Roameth flowerless on —
“ No, not even a *Violet, lady,*
Well a day, not one ! ”
And each blossom that hath station
In that Pleasance fair,
Still doth meet his invocation
With its separate prayer—
With sweet words of deprecation,
And that cry—“ Oh, spare ! ”

So he wandereth, ever vainly—
Wandereth hour by hour,
Till Love's duty pointeth plainly
To his Lady's bower.
And he entereth, somewhat weary,
Ay, and suppliantly,
With a murmured “ *Miserere !* ”
Breathed on bended knee—
“ *Miserere ! O my Lady,*
Not one flower for thee ! ”

Then, encompassed by the glory
Of his art, with kindling air,
He doth weave each simple story
Into poems rare ;
And the pure and calm emotion
Of his strain commingleth so
With the moonlight and the motion
Of the sighing leaves below,
That you well might deem some spirit
From an elemental sphere,
That no earth-stain doth inherit
Sang his descant there.

With fond ear the Lady listeneth—
With a face of rapt repose,
And her eye's deep azure glisteneth
When the lay doth close.

And she murmureth, "Poet mine,
 From my Pleasance thou hast brought
 Blossoms of a hue divine,
 With immortal fragrance fraught ;
 Blossoms dearer far to me
 Than earth's brightest ones can be,
 And a worthy crown—for *thee* !"

Aug. 1846.

T. WESTWOOD.

MESSRS. CLOTHYARD'S PROGRESS.

"ONE, twelve, six and a farthing, you say, Mr. Twigg," said old Abel Clothyard, as he noted the heinous item on the back of an invoice, "and this on a figured gros !"

"Exactly so," whispered Mr. Twigg, the shop-walker, with a confidential smile ; "I gave him the *putting on* look, but of course it wasn't heeded ; for"

"Well, well, Mr. Twigg, when a man has a fair credit at his banker's, little affairs of this sort are soon settled ; so Bloomforth can just step this way and Mullins too hem ! . . . Abbot, just pass me the cheque-book." The young man to whom this was addressed finished his sum total of five hundred and fifty-nine bales of long-cloth, handed the book, dipped his pen in the ink, settled his spectacles, and had carried over, when the office door opened, and Bloomforth, obeying Mr. Twigg's orders, entered, followed by a feeble creature, so stricken, so powerless, that he reeled like a drunken man. This Mr. Clothyard did by no means see, as the particular sort of work that at the minute engaged him was such a virtual bleeding of mammon, that it was quite enough to attend to the instrument, and the little trickling drops that followed, lest one should overflow, and place a balance in the scale assigned to flesh and blood, and human labour. At last, after a twist with the pounce box, he placed one of the cheques into Bloomforth's hand. "Be so good, sir, as to see that the sum is right, exactly right ;" but as the only answer was a look of utter astonishment, the old man took back the paper very quietly, and read, "Pay to Mr. Matthew Bloomforth or his bearer, the sum of five pounds, five shillings, which is, I believe, sir, your full quarter's salary. It being so, you may, from this minute, consider yourself free of Messrs. Clothyards' service."

"For what offence, Mr. Clothyard? I really"

"Oh, sir, no offence! A virtue, a large virtue, quite consistent with modern meetings, modern opinions, modern shuttings-up that would be; quite in keeping with counter oratory; but virtues, Mr. Bloomforth, particularly those of conscience, are poor assets to the balance of the year's ledger. Good morning, sir. Tapbox can carry your trunks, if necessary."

"This, sir, this unexplained dismissal after ten years' honest service!" said the usually calm Matthew, in a voice of indignation.

"Memory's a little deficient, I presume," replied Abel, dryly, as he turned over a leaf of his ledger. "A lady in satin, yesterday, and the gros you sold six and six instead of seven and nine; recollect, sir, one, twelve, six and a farthing. Good morning, sir. Words are rather unprofitable coin in a counting-house—he—m! Now for you, Mr. Mullins." Though this was said, the old man waited till Bloomfield had closed the door, for what he had now to say was harder still, and he was by no means desirous of any little parenthesis of mercy, to dull the iron knell to be rung for the accumulated facts of drops of charitable mutton-broth, suspicious jellies of Tweek fabrication, one anatomy of a shilling chicken, and a penny raspberry puff. "Four pounds, four shillings, I think, for you, sir, though your long illness"

"I—I—I—" gasped the hectic creature, leaning forward to the desk. "I'm getting better, sir. I shall be better in a week; indeed I have no home, and the doctor's bill"

"Will be paid, Mr. Mullins I don't doubt. As to sickness, sir, it's an inconvenient matter in a house of business. I have never time to be sick, Mr. Mullins—never."

"But one more week, sir, and"

"Eighty-four letters, sixty invoices, and the cashier's book to audit, by twelve. Good morning, sir. By the way, don't forget that canary of yours. Mr. Twigg considers its songs disturb business thoughts—go!" The stricken creature, in whose heart lay latent diviner human melodies than the crawling maggots of the earth made deaf by imbrutifying avarice, could hear; looked once, as only stricken creatures look; but the invoice and the carry-over were under way, like a flaunting ship, whose ribs were lined with gold, and so it was unseen; the dial hand moved round, pens tricked, hands went, thoughts keep their channel to one golden sea—the bank, and Mullins passed on to his parish coffin! *Parishes or dunghills are indifferent things where Baal is the only God of human worship!*

Messrs. Clothyard's house was a strange old dusty cavernous place, densely filled with merchandize and humanity ; the former the much more precious commodity. Over the twenty-five " young men " presided Mr. Twiggs, who was an Apollo of four feet eight, made just five feet by high-heeled boots ; and over the fifteen " young ladies," the culinary " department," the housekeeping " department," the pinching, yet withal, feathering-your-own-nest " department," was set Mrs. Tweek, a Venus of fifty ; whilst in the little old cell of a parlour, lined with pattern-books and tin boxes, lived, eat, and recreated themselves, old Abel Clothyard and his nephew, Abbot Clothyard. From year to year, from day to day, the same dull round of work, ill paid, ill cared for, except in its one result—the gold ! No ! no sunshine of the spirit, no hearts' voices, no foot light, no hard earnest, the souls of all seemed dead, except those of Tapbox, who had little slips of sunshine of his own, of Mr. Twigg, who took " out-and-out " privately, and Mrs. Tweek, who lived in the full-blowing summer of the said feathering-your-own-nest, and might be always said to be adding one pretty-much-to-the-purpose little item to another.

Some two months after the dismissal of Bloomforth and Mullins, as Abbot Clothyard was returning at his usual hour of twelve, from a certain commercial tavern, where a few young spirits of his own kind were accustomed to meet most evenings in the week, to discuss speculations on " twills," and " plains or figured," sip brandy and water, leer at the barmaid, or joke with the waiter, he encountered, in a little dirty alley, old Tapbox, in the very act of covering a bird-cage with his apron, in order to guard it from the snow that was falling thick from the wintry sky. Now the soul of Abbot Clothyard was an unborn thing—a sort of embryo kept latent by a crust of worldliness ; yet forth at times had come signs of life and being, and those signs had concentrated themselves into a very favourable opinion of Mr. Tapbox, and a most unmitigated dislike of Tweek and Twiggs, who were however singing swans in the sight of Abel. He stayed to speak to Tapbox.

" Well, sir, if yer must know the truth," said Mr. Tapbox, bringing forth a rag of a pocket-handkerchief, in seeming for his nose, in reality for his eyes, " it's Mullins's bird ; it's the only thing as in its heart misses the creetur as went forth to-day in his parish coffin. Ay, sir, Miss Kitty Merrily and I got as far as a bit o' good flannel for his shroud, but we couldn't get up to a coffin."

"Dead and in a parish coffin?" repeated Abbot.

"Yes, sir, not that the dear creetur is the worse for sich a coffin, for many a plank o' parish deal has covered in a weight o' goodness, and, as for daisies on a pauper's grave, I always think they blow, sir, and look towards heaven, to ask the eye and heart of God for sich bits o' grave in Paradise, as didn't come on earth to the creeturs that are below; and so he shall have a precious bit o' turf, as sha'n't want a daisy or a blue bell to say a bit o' prayer for him as had none o' men."

"Dead and in a parish coffin!" still repeated the hitherto heartless, because thoughtless, man.

"Yes, sir, and 'scuse me, I think if you or master would have let him stayed, he would have got better o' the weakness o' the fever; but, turned out without a home, he took to fretting, and as he kept getting on to this here bit o' coffin like a shadder faster and faster, it was the blissid heart o' our Miss Kitty Merrily, as found him out by some means, and paid the bit o' rent o' the room, and kept him from the kennel. Ay! sir, and bread, and tea, and all our blissid young ladies did a sumfen for him, and many a pair o' gloves the less, and many a bright ribbon the less. Ay, sir, and when Twigg's bin a saying at twelve at night, jist as the warehouse was closed, that one or two o' the young men were off to the tavern, or somewhere worse, there they were with Mullins, a cheering him up, dear creetur, and speaking o' things they couldn't feel in their hearts. Ay! sir, my 'pinion is, you and master don't know half the goodness that lies beneath our roof.

"Why not speak to my uncle or Mrs. Tweek?"

"Please, sir, human natur takes more care o' its breath, than to preach a sermon to a stone; and as for Tweek, ha! ha! she's got precious legs o' weal, and shoulders o' mutton to think of. No! there's a pint beyond which a creetur can't bend his knee only to God. Not that he'd a wanted a deal o' help, if he'd let me gone to Bloomforth, as has got a precious sit-ti-a-tion, at Bobbin's, in the next street; him, sir, as you and master have bin so again in the shutting up; but, no, he wouldn't; he said it might come to the ears o' some o' you, and might be the worser for Miss Kitty. No, the creetur hadn't a bit o' selfishness in 'em, or a bit o' hardness, which he might o' had naturally, considering that this here little Tit was the only thing as seemed to droop a head for him, or flutter round his wasted hand. Ay! sir, there's a deal in brute creeturs as shames us images o' God. Well, Tit sha'n't

want a bit o' seed whilst I 've a crust o' bread." So saying, Mr. Tapbox covered the cage up still closer, and stepped on by the side of Abbot.

To his astonishment the young linendraper found Abel had gone to bed, as Mrs. Tweek reported, "poorly," but under the emollient and curative influence of a brandy posset of perfect Tweek compounding, and so, strangely relieved by this absence, he dismissed the housekeeper, and tapped gently at the door of what was ambitiously styled "the young ladies' parlour;" a dull mean place, eight feet by six; in the little pinched grate burnt a starveling fire, whilst on the long deal uncovered table was spread the night meal of bread and butter and small beer. Fifteen women sitting there, but veritably not the bright heart of one; only tired hands, dull hair, sunken eyes, pale faces, even the natural grace of woman in her dress forgotten. Labour had crushed even the vanity of adornment! But Kitty Merrily's gray hair—for she was forty, and had lived twenty years in that dull house—absolutely brightened, and her heart shone in her eyes, when Abbot, leading her into the little patterned, booked, and tin-boxed parlour, talked long and confidentially to her of many things, and how over the barrenness of that night had come a consciousness of error and a purpose of good. "Oh! Mr. Abbot," spoke the little woman, "I fear you have not known us, nor how we desire to serve in a wiser better spirit, and give and receive back something better than service, something better than money."

The curative effect of the brandy posset was a delirious fever by the morrow's dawn. A fever, too, so malignant, that it spread like wildfire through the house, disabling many hands, and leaving unconditioned liberty to the peculiarities of Tweek and Twigg. And now shone forth the bright spirit of Kitty Merrily, so good a nurse, so rare a housekeeper, that she might have served a long apprenticeship in both offices; with such wonderful result, too, that Tweek items were found to have been multiplied by an arithmetic peculiarly their own, so that on the trifling error of seven legs of veal for four, and ten shoulders of mutton for seven, she was dismissed one morning to concoct possets in whatever part of her blessed Majesty's dominions she might please. Well! the old man was very bad, so bad that his life hung on a thread; and Mr. Twigg was taken very bad, and in such a state of delirium that he called incessantly for out-and-out, which, of course, was not given, and seven others were very bad, yet Kitty hovered over all.

The dilemma, however, with regard to the business, was very great, so Mr. Tapbox with his bright heart was called into counsel.

"Well, sir," said Tapbox, "never mind pride and bits o' bickering o' things that 'll come now quite straight; go to Bobbin's, and see Mr. Bloomforth; he's the one; he'll just do for the bisnis what Miss Kitty does for the house, put a heart in 't; and, bliss ye, sir, Bobbin's a dear creature as you haven't seen the virtues of, 'cause o' the shutting up."

Well! a portion of the *new times* had come truly over the soul of Abbot Clothyard; and so, at the closing hour of Bobbin, he set forth to the next street: a private door opened into a wide hall, and there Bobbin, in his best black satin waistcoat, stepped forth to meet him. Clearly something was in the wind, by the little man's dress and bright spirits.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Clothyard! happy to see you. Better late than never! ha! ha! Know conviction would come at last. Good cause never dies." But Abbot looked grave, and stated his business. "Well," answered little Bobbin, now grave too, "this progressive movement is teaching us that the divinest part of Christianity lies in action, as you're learning I know by your coming here; and so, sir, if Bloomforth's agreeable, you're welcome to his services to put things right; but as for parting with him, that can't be, sir; he knows everything, he does everything; and as for an example to my young men, he's worth his hundred a year, if only for that; for an honest heart has Matthew Bloomforth. But step this way, sir, step this way." And verily little Mr. Bobbin did step before, and opening the door of a handsome well-lighted room, did show to Abbot *the spirit of advance in action*. Young men, young women, preparing the music for a concert presently to begin, under a Hullah-master, already with bow in hand, and music before him. And there, on the long handsome table, were pretty drawings, and books and delicate feminine work, and best and brightest, pretty faces, laughing eyes, trim dresses, fairy collars, shining hair, and such taper waists, that, * * * but I mustn't go on or I shall be putting on my hat, and off to Bobbin's in a trice. And there, too, sat worthy little Mrs. Bobbin, with not a bit of pride, though she had dined with the Lord Mayor, and had a gold chain worth thirty guineas; and there was little Bobbin all anxiety to begin his self-acting in a Rabelais' spirit. "Little concert of this sort twice a week," said *the little man*, rubbing his hands; "and it's wonderful, as Mrs. Bobbin says, how my voice improves."

"But I don't see Bloomforth."

"No, he's gone to Blossom Cottage, Somers Town, to see his sister Isabella." At this piece of information, young Clothyard resolved to take a cab, and proceed there. "Do sir, do sir," said Mr. Bobbin, merrily, as he parted with him at the door, "and see such a pearl as a duke might set in the front of his coronet, and look a king straight in the face, and be the richer man."

Well! there, in that trim little parlour, was found the grave and happy brother, beside that pretty Isabella Mr. Bobbin had whispered of, not a bit overpraised by-the-bye for her beauty, whilst her honest truthful mind, her industry as a music teacher, her listening ear for Matthew's wise thoughtful lessons, were a covenant with heaven that beauty should be fitly nurtured by the purer soul! * * * At once was Matthew ready to serve; not one syllable of reproach did he utter: and after to him an extraordinary hour of enjoyment, Abbot Clothyard returned with Bloomforth to town; it was to bear bright memory of that pretty face, whilst Matthew watched the old man's fevered bed.

Need it be said, what wonders this Spirit of Advance achieves! Need it be said that it is sunlight on the human heart, warming into sentient life divinest seeds of good, that, at the smallest care, the least caressing hand, are ready to burst forth in amplest luxuriance, and by their rare and upward springing tenderness, deck forth the dull drear round of daily life, and show it as a garnished Paradise of human charity and love! With Kitty in the house, with Bloomforth in the business, with honest little Bobbin to say a word or two, things progressed swimmingly. Mr. Twigg got better, though under interdict of "out-and-out;" old Abel, after weeks of bed, was removed to Devonshire, as the only means left of recovery, there to think over, in a wiser spirit, that money was not the only god for man to pay a reverence to, and these thoughts paved the way for the change he should return to. For present y Abbot Clothyard was seen each evening going with a quick step towards Blossom Cottage, and its bloom; speculations in "twills" forgotten in bright eyes, and the ear made listening for the tune the world's great spirit plays! And so in some few months there was talk of a wedding, for which Bobbin volunteered a dress of the richest white satin! "And so, dear love," whispered Isabella, the very evening before the marriage, "I must tell you Matthew has been paying masters to teach me many things, and I have been attentive, indeed I have: for I not

only wish to be to you, dear Abbot, a thoughtful worthy wife, but what Matthew says all women ought to be, thoughtful teachers of the social graces, and progressively humanise all they have to govern. Do you think so?" Well! there was no answer, though a pretty tangible reward! But I mustn't specify it, or I should have to put on my hat, as I was very near doing awhile ago!

This is the first of September; and on the wet page, reader, behold the picture of Messrs. Clothyard's Progress, painted by one who tries to hold the brush of Hogarth, and copy in the spirit of its only masters, Tom Fielding and Tobias Smollett. May it draw for you, here and elsewhere, some humanising pictures, as free from cant and false sentiment as they shall boldly teach PROGRESS in a spirit of mercy and truth for all things.

Up at the twinkle of six, have gone the shutters wrought out of iron, in the form of Venetian blinds, and stretching over the broad mass of rich plated glass, and harmonising with the massive granite-pointed building, that is the very pride of the Ward of Cheap. And now let us step in through the private door, that swings back with a deal of reverence for the occasion, with little Bobbin in a very prime Genoa velvet waistcoat, and Mrs. Bobbin in her gold chain and most extraordinary satin dress. Well, now, Mr. Twigg—his nose not quite so red as it used to be—ushers us up the wide rich carpeted staircase, and we smell the scent of flowers, and hear happy voices on our way. But just one glimpse of daily things before we see the holiday fruit of glorious progress. Here is the handsome parlour which the thirty young ladies call their own, where Isabella's foot rarely steps, then only as a friend's. See its piano, its drawings, its books, its vases of roses on this bright August day, and delicate baskets with fairy work in them—only look! and near at hand, through this passage, a large sleeping gallery, where, on each side the whole way down, leaving the lofty roof free, are stalls, or compact little rooms, yet sacred to each owner, with all comforts, with many graces, with air, with light, that send fever and sickness far away. * * * Here, on this side the building, which Mr. Twigg steps to, we see the young men's room, not quite so fairy-like as the ladies', as one would suppose, as it has grave books on shelves and tables, and maps, and drawings, and newspapers, without one ounce of tickling sentiment or aiming low in them, nor small digressions on elephants or serpents, nor suggestive remarks on *Timbuctoo*, or probability of an increase of sun at the North

Pole, but good stout strong food, such as advance hungers for ; good stout beef and ale, and not flimsy kickshaws ! Now, into this room, where all meet twice a-week ; see, it is decked out for this holiday, and only through this door, and here is the drawing-room. Whilst we have been lingering away, tea and coffee have been served ; and now on the table is placed rich fruit and wine ; and what can that be that rustles among the leaves and peaches, and looks down upon the purple grapes, and flutters, and dips into the finger-glasses ? why, it's Tit, that no longer droops around a parish coffin, but is an especial favourite with everybody, and left to chirp how and when he pleases, for Mr. Twigg has altered his opinion.

Ay ! and this very first of September is fourth wedding-day, and here she comes on old Abel's arm ; and as he's now infirm he has a large chair placed for him, and he takes a three-year-old young Master Abbot on his knee, and Isabella has the baby, and Kitty Merrily the little rosebud between ; and now come in all the young ladies in whitest dresses, and led by Abbot Clothyard ; and presently, with a deal of mystery, Tapbox throws open the door, and bearing in both hands a tray cunningly covered, precedes the Messrs. Clothyards' young men ; and now Bloomforth steps forward and uncovers the tray, whereupon is shown to the astonished eyes of Abel, Abbot, and Isabella a rich silver tea service, and Mr. Bobbin, who has been a long while in the secret, lifts up the tea-pot, and reads for the good of the public what is clearly engraved thereon : " From the Employed to the Employers, to testify that they can appreciate a spirit of beneficence and friendly thoughts for their advance."

Bless us, what a bumper Abbot now pours forth ! how richly he feels paid for all his thoughts, his care, and some self-sacrifice ! How old Bobbin nips his hand, and says, " Ay ! Mr. Clothyard, this is the sort of thing," whilst the tears stream down his eyes ; Isabella blushes, and looks towards Kitty, and they at old Abel ; he, however, takes a pinch of snuff, for a good deal of the matter he can't quite comprehend,—he clings yet in secret heart to many old things, though he never speaks of them—Isabella has won upon his heart too much for that !

" Well, gentlemen," speaks Mr. Tapbox, who has been favoured with a glass of wine, as he stands with the tray, " if I may say my mind, it's this : my 'pinion is, that a very small pinched-up Clothyard heart went into that here tea-pot, to come out, as it has

now, a precious large round loving one, as should be set on the monument by way of example. And so here's your health, ladies and gentlemen, and your's, dear missis, and the little ones, not forgetting 'I it, as has taken to chirp so extraordinarily."

"And I say," said Bloomforth, "blessings on all those who recognise the mighty public heart."

Even whilst this picture fades from before you, reader, Isabella leads down the dance with Mr. Bobbin, and the music that is whispered in your ear is beyond that of earth, for it is the voice of Nature glorifying in the happiness of her children.

E. M.

COMMERCE OF THE ORIENTAL ARCHIPELAGO.

THE Chambers of Commerce of Manchester and Glasgow, and the London East India Association, as well as several other bodies interested in the success of trade, sent in repeated memorials to the late Government in the hope of inducing it to take some measures for multiplying our relations with the Indian Archipelago. But before those applications had produced any effect there occurred a change of ministry, and it was feared that the work would have to be begun again. Fortunately for the enterprising and industrious classes, the new administration complied at once with the wishes of the country, and resolved to take the first step by forming an entrepôt and naval station on Pulo Labuan, off the mouth of the Borneo River.

Many circumstances combined to render this policy extremely desirable: our intercourse with China, from which so much was expected, had not proved very profitable; our Australasian colonies, through neglect and mismanagement, had lessened greatly their demand for our goods; or, which is exactly the same thing, had not enlarged their demands in proportion to the increase of their population. The mischievous delay which took place in the repeal of the Corn-laws and in the equalisation of the sugar duties circumscribed our foreign trade, so that the absolute necessity was felt of seeking new outlets for our manufactures, in order to provide employment for the rapidly increasing population at home.

What in this respect, therefore, has been done by the cabinet

we consider to have been wisely done. Able and well-informed persons had long seen the value of Labuan, not as a means of gratifying insane ambition, but as a position useful to commerce, and no less advantageous to suffering humanity. For the effect of its occupation will be twofold. First, it will facilitate the suppression of piracy, and thus deliver the Archipelago from the worst calamity that has ever afflicted it; and second, it will excite the emancipated populations to exert all their energies in collecting or creating the materials of that commerce by which, if by anything, they are to be raised from their present state of extreme degradation. We may in this way make some amends to them for what they have suffered from other European nations, and in part perhaps formerly from ourselves; for our achievements in the Archipelago have not always been harmless. Even lately, if we are not misinformed, there has been a repetition of the ancient excesses, on a small scale no doubt, but not therefore the less culpable.

When the old navigators touched upon the coasts of some of these islands, of which, to the reproach of geography, the number is far from being known, they found the natives addicted as elsewhere to the admiration of baubles, as beads, buttons, brass, and gilded ornaments. At present, if we may fairly generalise from a few striking instances, articles of utility are almost exclusively prized, such as handkerchiefs to be worn as turbans, calicoes and ginghams for clothing, tools, ammunition and arms. Still the imagination of nearly all the islanders requires to be captivated by showy patterns, and brilliant colours strongly contrasted with each other; the reason of which may be that the luminous atmosphere in which they live causes sober colours to appear insipid.

But what are the extent and boundaries of the Indian Archipelago? By what races is it inhabited? Are they few or many? Are they Anthropophagi who eat each other, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders? Is it true, as our immediate forefathers seem to have believed, that their ignorance is like that of the ox—that the grossness of their manners is only to be equalled by their barbarity? Are they Pagans or Mohammedans. Is the Lina their God, or do they worship Fo, or is it customary with them to bow down like the negro before the first tree they meet in the morning, and mistake the rustling of its leaves in the breeze for divine responses? The answers to all these questions,

if given at due length, would fill a volume or two. We must content ourselves, therefore, with delineating the subject in outline, and selecting a few facts from the vast accumulation before us.

The Oriental Archipelago, commencing with Sumatra, which appears to be but a prolongation of the Malay Peninsula, stretches far below the equator, and then taking abruptly an easterly direction extends through nearly fifty-five degrees of longitude, where it terminates beyond Torres Straits with the southern promontory of Papua or New Guinea. Returning to Singapore, and following the sweep of the islands northward, we find them ascending to the latitude of Hainan in China. Within the immense circumference thus indicated we find the Philippines and the Moluccas, the land of the Papuas, the extensive islands of Celebes and Mindanao, of Timor and Flores, of Lombok and Java, and lastly, of Pulo Kalamantan, which, from its dimensions, deserves rather to be regarded as a continent. If properly cultivated, the whole population of the Chinese Empire might be transported into this Archipelago and find abundant means of subsistence. As it is, with all the drawbacks of barbarism, and with its extremely limited trade, in proportion, we mean, to its extent, it has been roughly computed to contain nearly forty millions of inhabitants. Nor do we think the calculation at all exaggerated, since one of its islands, Pulo Kalamantan alone, if blessed with a good system of agriculture, would maintain a much larger population.

The nature and extent of the trade actually carried on cannot be very easily described or estimated, since much of it passes through channels situated beyond the range of European observation. We only know from casual hints and inferences that the thing exists, and affords constant occupation to thousands of hardy adventurers who, in prahus of small size and most primitive construction, traverse thousands of miles of sea, distributing on one hand the produce of their own country, and on the other the fabrics of Europe, obtained from Samarang, Batavia or Surabaya, but chiefly from Singapore. Formerly the merchants of China and Japan took an active part in this commerce. The Japanese indeed disappeared early from the scene, yielding to the influence of circumstances of a very peculiar nature. While engaged in the trade, however, they displayed great intrepidity and much mercantile enterprise, proceeding regularly to the Philippines and the Moluccas, and Cochin China, and Siam, and

the kingdom of Johor on the Malay Peninsula. In these voyages they purchased for gold and copper money the costly wood of aloes, then supposed to have been brought down from unknown mountains in the interior of Asia by the several large streams which empty themselves into the China Seas and the Gulf of Siam, and innumerable skins of wild goats, upon which they conferred extraordinary value by their rare ingenuity. The hair on these skins, when first obtained, was white, but with the smoke of rice straw, the impression of which they knew how to render permanent, they variegated the skins with numerous singular and grotesque figures, which caused them to be greatly coveted, not only by the rich of their own country, but by the Spanish grandees of the Philippines, who preferred them before the most celebrated furs.

The trade of the Chinese was of much greater importance; they took in exchange for the produce of their Empire almost every article, raw or manufactured, found in the Archipelago; and where the skill of the natives failed they stepped in and took upon themselves the task of preparing their own cargoes. Thus when the tin mines at Banca were discovered it was the Chinese who worked them; and at the present day, wherever mining goes on, the process is invariably in the hands of this enterprising people. Settling in various parts, also, they betook themselves to agriculture, and raised spices and other things for their own market, till the despotism of the native governments robbed them of their profits and drove them ultimately from the field. An immense lumber trade was until recently carried on between the northern division of Pulo Kalamantan, including the Sultan of Borneo's territories and Hainan, Quang-tung, Fokien, and other maritime provinces of China. This has now been almost completely paralysed by piracy. The Chinese, who are not a fighting people, dread the fierce buccaneers, who, issuing in immense numbers from their strongholds, seize upon whatever ships or prahus they can overpower, and if they omit to murder the crews, invariably dispose of them as slaves. Though fond of gain, therefore, they are, of course, fonder of life and liberty, and check their commercial impulse till such time as some power shall appear equal to the task of dealing with the ferocious marauders who scatter death and servitude throughout the whole extent of the Archipelago.

To restore safety to those seas may be regarded as the principal object of our naval station on Pulo Labuan, because until the

merchants, Chinese, Bugis or Papuas, are delivered from fear, they will not put forth a tithe of their trading energies, but creep timidly in small numbers from port to port only when constrained so to do by imperious necessity. The apprehension of violence on the high seas has in various islands given currency to extremely curious maxims of political economy. Bali, an island lying so close to Java that it was long thought to form a part of it, has always been remarkable for the growth of excellent rice, which, if properly cleaned, would probably equal the best brought from Carolina. It was consequently in much request among the neighbouring islanders; but, owing to the prevalence of piracy, the Balinese Sultan, thinking it would always be uncertain whether or not he could, in case of necessity, venture abroad in search of a supply for his people, absolutely prohibited its exportation. To store away the surplus, which was generally considerable, he erected granaries on the tops of high mountains, where, at once inaccessible to marauders and superfluous moisture, it remained secure and in good condition for years. Latterly, the motives which impelled to this policy have been weakened, and Bali now exports rice in great quantities both to China and elsewhere, and our own whalers and merchantmen are frequently indebted to it for the better part of their provisions. Its coffee and Palmyra sugar also are celebrated, and the island is said to contain rich mines of gold, though the Sultan, with a policy which will admit of being differently characterised, has prevented their being worked.

By the last intelligence received from the East, we learn that the Dutch, who have long cast an eye of covetousness on the island, are at present engaged in effecting its reduction. A large force was fitted out against it from Java, and the Rajah of Lombok, with a short-sightedness truly surprising, is said to have instigated the invasion. He does not apparently perceive that his own subjugation will almost inevitably follow that of his neighbours; but in revenge, perhaps, for some petty affront, facilitates a movement which must eventually precipitate him from his throne. Few parts of the Archipelago are invested with more obscurity than the interior of Lombok, though two English merchants have for many years resided on the island in close friendship with the prince, and possessing every means of instructing themselves respecting the manners and customs of its inhabitants, its soil, climate, and productions. A friend of ours, who visited the

island two or three years ago, found the inhabitants of the capital exceedingly wealthy and hospitable. He arrived on the eve of a grand festival, which he was invited to witness. Three thousand men of rank and property, or noblemen, as they were termed by the English merchants, came down from the mountains and the interior to join in the festivities and display their loyalty to the prince. The populace assembled in vast multitudes, and the spectacle presented to the eye called to mind the most gorgeous scenes described in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The Sultan or Rajah went in procession through his capital, surrounded with the most superb insignia of power, and accompanied and followed by a long train of princes, chiefs, and nobles, mounted on richly caparisoned steeds, and bearing spears and banners, with shafts of burnished gold. Their own dresses, as well as the harness of their horses, glittered with plates of the same metal and with jewels, while their waving plumes and bright coloured robes augmented the grandeur of their appearance. Being an early rising people, they sat down to dinner at nine o'clock in the morning, and continued eating and drinking, without intermission, till two in the afternoon. During the whole of this long interval they swallowed arrack like water; but though considerably more than half-seas-over, they managed to preserve both their temper and their dignity, and no exhibition unworthy of gentlemen took place. Their women are handsome and well-formed, and they indulge in a plurality of wives, a custom which our countrymen settled on the island approve and conform to, one of them having in his harem several ladies belonging to the Sultan's family.

The formation of Lombok is peculiar. In the central parts of the island are numerous mountains, some of them exceedingly lofty: their slopes, on almost all sides, descend precipitously to the plains, which, well watered, fertile, and highly cultivated (generally with rice), stretch away in soft green levels to the sea. An extremely peculiar branch of husbandry prevails in Lombok; we mean the rearing of myriads of ducks, which men follow to pasture as shepherds do their flocks, each having in his hand a long rod with a strip of red cloth at the top. This he uses as a whip to direct the motions of his quacking obstreperous subjects, which are driven out early in the morning to the small lakes, ponds, and rivers, and home again at night, when they are housed in sheds erected for the purpose. Lombok is the

enabled to export vast numbers of ducks and ducks' eggs, which find their way to all the surrounding divisions of the Archipelago.

There is scarcely, however, an island in this prodigious group which, if our limits permitted us to go into details, would not supply materials for an exceedingly curious picture. With some small sections of Pulo Kalamantan Mr. Brooke's journal has recently familiarised the public; omit we, therefore, to dwell on those points, on the head hunting, on the common tenements, on the simplicity displayed inland, on the recklessness and rapacity evinced at sea. We are not in search of excitement, or the picturesque; but desire to lift, if possible, a corner of the veil which conceals from Europe the infinitely varied resources of the Indian islands. Whether or not it will ever be thought desirable that we should carry on ship building to any great extent in these parts of the world is more than we can foresee; but should that ever come to be the case, we may certainly command a supply altogether inexhaustible of the most magnificent timber. With the teak forests of Java most persons are already acquainted, but it is not so generally known that Sumbawa likewise furnishes excellent teak, and that many other islands and small groups further east abound with species of timber as yet nameless, which, for size and durability, may possibly come in the end to be preferred to that valuable wood. In many places the trees are twenty feet in circumference, and rise to a height of eighty feet before they begin to send forth branches.

Another source of wealth will be found in the rich spices which flourish in a thousand places beyond the circle of Dutch monopoly, and might consequently be obtained in any quantity, if we would but give encouragement to the natives to cultivate them. At present they grow wild, in which state the nutmeg especially has comparatively little flavour. The tree is found in Sawarak, in the Sultan of Borneo's territories, and probably throughout Kalamantan, where Mr. Brooke believes it might be brought to perfection. There are those, however, who think differently, as, according to them, both the nutmeg and clove trees will flourish properly only on islands of a certain geological formation, which they believe to be peculiar to the Moluccas. Our own opinion is different. It matters comparatively little, however, whether this be the case or not; and when commerce comes to thread habitually the innumerable channels of the Archipelago, and quicken the now slumbering energies of its inhabitants, the Dutch monopoly will have to contend with

obstacles and obstructions altogether insurmountable. Smuggling will completely break down its regulations, and cause it to be abandoned by rendering it worthless.

It is not our wish to speak harshly of any neighbouring Government, but we think the crimes of which Holland has been guilty, in order to uphold her monopoly of spices, would, if truthfully described, send a thrill of horror through the whole frame of European society. Of some islands, the whole population has been literally exterminated, while in other places the natives have been reduced to so hopeless a state of slavery, that it may be questioned whether, by a braver race, death itself would not be esteemed preferable; and yet the monopoly is of little value, but is clung to rather as an hereditary and pleasing delusion than as a profitable reality. To keep it up, moreover, our pilgrimatic and persevering neighbours have relinquished far more profitable and unquestionable sources of wealth. But this part of the question is theirs, though it may, we think, be doubted whether their excesses in the Moluccas do not call for the annihilation of the civilised world.

But publicity is a great check to crime, whether in individuals or communities. It is probable, therefore, that the Dutch in the Moluccas will be awed into humanity by our presence, as present we must frequently be from the moment that our establishment in Labuan shall be in operation, and our steamers shall begin to run from Singapore to Sidney through Torres Straits. Our neighbours and their subjects must behold us constantly, if not within the magic circle of the Spice Islands, at least close on its circumference; and, as facts will then speedily come out, be carried home, and actively bruited throughout Europe, it is quite impossible that the rigours of their iron system should remain unrelaxed. We know, by the short experience gained at Balambangan, what an establishment in those seas may effect, if properly managed; and the example of Singapore is infinitely more striking and conclusive. For many years hundreds of *Rugia prahu*s have come from the most distant parts of the Archipelago to our emporium on the Malay Peninsula, bringing along with them all the valuable commodities of the islands; their camphor, their gold, their antimony, their frankincense, their pearls, and their diamonds, and taking in exchange our hardware, woollens, cottons, and silks. These, in spite of storms and piracy, they have regularly distributed through the Archipelago, for the most part avoiding the

Dutch settlements. At Labuan they will find our goods, brought seven hundred miles nearer to their doors. They will, moreover, no longer be under the necessity of facing that breadth of sea stretching from the western shores of Pulo Kalamantan to the Straits of Malacca.

To our own merchantmen the dangers of that intricate navigation will be greatly diminished by the surveys which Government has ordered, or is about to order. The examination of New Guinea is to be entrusted to Captain Stanley, while that of Kalamantan, Celebes, and Mindanao will, it is hoped, afford employment to some no less skilful and enterprising officer. Experience has long shown the necessity of accurate surveys in that part of the world. When Captain Keppel, in the *Dido*, proceeded to Sarawak, for the purpose of chastising the pirates, he sailed for seventy or eighty miles over the tops of high mountains, according to the Admiralty charts, which had projected the coast of Pulo Kalamantan a degree and a half too far westward. Elsewhere, islands are introduced which have no existence, while dangerous rocks and shoals lying in the very track of navigation are completely unnoticed. The native prahus, which seldom draw more than three feet of water or are above ten tons burden, are able to make use of channels and pass over shoals which would immediately be fatal to English merchantmen, and besides, they who navigate them possess an intimate acquaintance with the localities, which it will be very long before European mariners can acquire. The necessity, therefore, for extensive surveys is imperative, and, as ministers have boldly entered into the right course of commercial policy in relation to that part of the world, we trust they will also recognise this necessity, and be prompt to obey it.

There is one remark which we would make now at the dawn of this commerce, which may be extended almost indefinitely if conducted with prudence. It is, that the people of this country should be at the pains to familiarise themselves with the new nations, remote and singular as they are, with which we are to be brought into relations, friendly and profitable, or otherwise, according as we act wisely or unwisely. It is a truth too obvious to be insisted on, that we cannot trade advantageously with any people without knowing its habits and character, without understanding the principles of its religion, the peculiarities of its manners, the modifications of its taste. But the Indian Archipelago, with its multiform races and tribes, is to most persons a

sort of geographical Utopia. We are not educated to understand our own interests. On the contrary, our studies, as gentlemen and scholars, are thought elevated and liberal exactly in proportion as they are profitless. What the world is now ; by what races it is peopled ; by what principles, opinions, and errors the minds of these races are swayed ; with what strange animals they are placed in juxtaposition ; what skies are over their heads ; what soils and minerals beneath their feet ;—these are questions which we regard as of inferior importance, while we consume our time and exhaust our energies in acquiring an exact knowledge of the ancient squabbles of popes and patriarchs, of the jargon of polemics, of the ridiculous dreams which men have put forward under the name of philosophy. It is full time that we should let in the light of common sense upon these things, and persuade ourselves that the inquiries upon which we enter would be more likely to promote our own happiness and that of the rest of mankind, if they were more frequently made to embrace the present and the future. Of what has been done, or thought, or said, we should not, of course, be ignorant ; but our paramount duty is to know what we ourselves ought to do, and of the circumstances in which we find ourselves, and how we may most effectually promote the well-being of our neighbours and contemporaries.

The inhabitants of the Oriental Archipelago are both. We have taken up our abode next door to them, and have invited them to enter with us into the operations of buying and selling. It may consequently, we think, be regarded as one of our duties to inform ourselves respecting their notions and idiosyncrasies ; to learn who are the Malays, the Bugis, and the Papuas ; in what kind of dwellings they live, what forms of industry they practice, what is their costume, and what civil and political institutions they enjoy. If we instruct ourselves on these points, our trade will flourish all the better for it, and the means of instruction, if diligently sought, are unquestionably accessible in this country, and will be multiplied daily with the extension of our commercial intercourse.

There exists already a sort of bastard civilisation in the Archipelago, and some progress has, in various islands, been made towards converting the natives to Christianity. But this process should not be rashly commenced. An experiment was made in one of the smaller islands, which, by its results, may show how much better it would be to educate the natives before we undertake to impart our tenets to them. A very estimable Dutchman, hold-

ing a clean contrary theory, undertook to convert the natives by wholesale. It was not in his power to imitate the Russians, who coax or force a whole pagan tribe to wade through a river, and then swear they have been baptised. As Mynheer's means were humble, his achievements were so also ; but he did ultimately succeed in persuading large numbers of people to call themselves Protestants. Shortly, however, after he had accomplished this undertaking, there happened a considerable derangement in the seasons, and the usual rains did not fall, which occasioned great scarcity and suffering among the ignorant islanders, who, regarding it as a chastisement inflicted on them by their ancient gods in revenge for having been abandoned by them, unanimously came to the resolution to return to their original creed, which they did, and the enterprising Dutch missionary, finding himself exceedingly unpopular, moved off to some new field of exertion. But this could not have happened had the natives been first instructed in those departments of knowledge best calculated to enlarge their minds.

In the arts of life several tribes inhabiting these groups have made more progress than might have been imagined. Necessity has taught them the practice of navigation, and the elementary processes of agriculture. But they have proceeded in many cases far beyond these ; entered upon the manufacturing career ; taught themselves, or have been taught by others, the working of the precious metals, the cutting and setting of gems, the fabrication of jewellery, particularly of the most delicate filagree work, and the preparation of luxuries coveted by the most refined nations of the East. For much of this progress they are indebted, it must be confessed, to Mohammedanism, in common, perhaps, with the greater part of the East. Several recent writers have been betrayed by their zeal into very erroneous notions on this subject. Imagining, apparently, that to acknowledge the beneficial effects of Islamism in any degree would be to be guilty of religious indifference. This, however, is a mistake. Imperfectly as the Mohammedans are civilised by their creed, they are taught some truths which Paganism does not recognise, and are incited to aim at many virtues to which Paganism can lay no claim. Even the practice of making pilgrimage to Mecca is highly beneficial, since it subjects the Hadjis to a variety of influences, most of them favourable to civilization, so that the Moslem, who has visited the holy cities, is generally more agreeable in his manners and in-

initely better informed than his countrymen, who remain at home. It is true that the professors of Islam in the eastern Archipelago are often hostile to the Pagan tribes, such as the Dyaks and the Papuas, who consequently regard them with apprehension. But trade breaks down even this barrier, and engages the professors of every variety of creed to tolerate each other for their mutual advantage. We may now safely calculate on the introduction of a new element of civilization which will probably mingle with and leaven the whole mass of society. But to produce this effect we must not content ourselves with a solitary station, since the Archipelago is so immense that it would take ages to exert an influence over it all from a point like Labuan, lying at its north western extremity. We must judiciously select other positions from time to time as opportunity offers, that we may faithfully discharge towards the natives of that part of Asia the obligations we tacitly take upon ourselves by settling permanently among them.

AUGUST VISIONS—A WHIMSY.

BY PAUL BELL.

It is written among the tales of the Wise Men of the East, that—"once upon a time"—there was a certain Ben *Somebody*, who, desiring to guide the people as a Prophet, and to receive, in repayment of his oracles, precious robes, slaves of rare price, jewels, and jars of honey; announced himself to the citizens of Bagdad as the Pilgrim who had travelled to the end of the World, and looked over the Wall! The people heard him, and trembled. "What a depth of experience must Ben *Somebody's* be!" said they. "Who might open their mouths when he told them of the Limbo of Aged Moons: and described how the Planets were hung—each by its long golden chain?" So they brought to him their wives and their little ones when sick, and they entreated him in seasons of drought with skins of rich wine, that he might promise them Rain; and they built him a house, and they appointed one with a trumpet to stand at the gate thereof, and to cry aloud, "This is the house of Ben *Somebody*, the Wise Man, who hath been to the end of the World and looked over the Wall!"

Now, there were others in Bagdad, besides Ben *Somebody*, who

would fain be wise men also, for the sake of the rich garments and the moon-faced slaves, and chiefly for the trumpeter at the gate ! And one of these went forth in the streets, with a round ball in his hand, and cried aloud as he went,—“ Lo ! this is the World, and it hath no end !” And he pointed out to the people the place where the name of their city of Bagdad was written. And when the people saw the written name they were amazed, saying, “ This must needs be true !” And the fame of the New Prophet spread, and the men of Bagdad went to the gate of Ben *Somebody*, and took him with the trumpet thence, and bade him follow the New Prophet, crying, “ This is a wiser man than Ben *Somebody*, for he hath shown us that the world hath no end, neither wall ; *also*, the place on which the name of our city of Bagdad is written !” And the gates of Ben *Somebody* were deserted, and his wealth failed him, and he fell sick, and gave up the ghost, and was laid in a sepulchre. Yet left he sons and daughters—and some of their seed are still alive in the kingdoms of the earth—and they are known as the tribe of Ben *Somebody*, “ who had been to the end of the world ;” and a remnant believe in them, even unto this day.

Well, we have of late years been treated to a prodigious amount of talk in the highways, to remind us of the existence of this strange tribe. Who can have escaped the arguments brought against certain changes—not as being bad in themselves. O, no ! but as destroying “ the People’s trust in *all* public men.” Now, far be it from me to determine how far individuals are hit by this—how far Sir Robert is indicated to be a Whited Sepulchre, full of dead Protectionists’ bones—how far Lord John may be placed under suspicion as a quiet volcano, capable at any instant of “ breaking out in a fresh place.” It is the principle laid down, which, however showy in the eyes of the vulgar, *must*, methinks, be felt as so strange by all thinking men. The tribe of Ben *Somebody* forget that their ancestor himself changed the opinions of mankind by acquainting them that the world had an end, and everything stood fast thereon ! Just as much as his successor, who showed to their eyes that our globe was a round one ; and that, insomuch as it was perpetually rolling, nothing *could*, by mathematical certainty, remain precisely stable in its old original place, form, and fashion.

But what is odder—behold ! by a whimsical inconsistency—these very children of Ben *Somebody*, who would have it so few

weeks ago that the world stands fast—that the Planets of light wax not old—that the Cedars of strength decay not at heart—that the Sea eateth not the Earth—nor the Earth pusheth forth into the Sea, these same Anti-Change Apostles, I say, (as such vaunting their own infallibility and omnipotence) now make a bold stroke to get the man with the trumpet back to their gates, by declaring that the world is *not stable*, because it goeth back. And, see how Jargon is crying in the streets; calling, for instance, the sweep, the straw-bonnet merchant, and the “*knives-to-grind*” man with one leg, “the *industrial* classes;” preaching in all manner of pulpits; here, open-mouthed against “*development*;” there, silver-tongued for “*Antagonism*;” and remarking how men are overcome by the same. The sons and daughters of Ben *Somebody* have wisely got hold of a big word of their own, whereby they hope to achieve great things, to make the ignorant believe, and the unbelieving worship, and the word is REACTION.

How every process has its period!—so many days for the moon to change in, so many centuries required for wood to become coal, or for rock to crumble into turf. These children of Ben *Somebody* omit to mention “how far the world is to go back,” or to tell us what, as Miss Le Grand puts it, is to stop it “*then*.” Suppose that every revolution of “*la ronde machine*,” as Rabelais calls the Earth, is to take us back a century! Sitting in my elbow chair a night or two since (’tis now the last week of August), with the papers on one side, and on the other, that best of all loungers’ books, Horace Walpole’s letters, I could not help spinning a few fancies to the tune of “the Light of other Days,” which my one-eyed friend, the black a-vised Italian, was droning out on his hurdy-gurdy; and, though they be of the commonest and most obvious kind, perchance you will give a corner to them, Sir, for the sake of all such as believe that the world has a wall, and that Ben *Somebody* looked over it; or that we are on our way back towards the times of Voltaire, Bloody Mary, Barbarossa, or Monarch Cheops!

The great show of August 1746 was the Trial and the Execution of the Rebel Lords! “As it was the most interesting sight”—says Walpole, to whom, I take it (for all his fine phrases), an Opera, or a beheading, or a *Strawberry* feast, with the Sunnings sitting in the shell, came much the same—“it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one’s eyes, and

engaged all one's passions."—"The whole ceremony," he continues, "was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency;" and adds a neat compliment to the Royal Family on their good taste in not being present. Then comes the detail of the trial, with all its piquant anecdotes; what "old Norsa" said, "the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern;" and how Lady Townsend felt, who, sweet soul! had a passion for the rebels, and liked, it seems, running from rout to rout in a sort of "*O la!*" state of distress and misery, which reminds one of the historical enthusiasm of Mistress Finch, in Crabbe's "*Preceptor Husband!*"—

"—how the Martyrs to the flames were led,
The good old Bishops, I forget their names,
But they were all committed to the flames;
Maidens and widows, bachelors and wives,—
The very babes and sucklings lost their lives!"

Then we hear of Lord Kilmarnock's "fine voice and fine speech;" of Duke Hamilton's intercession at Court; of the King's fancy for clemency—the Duke of Cumberland's appetite for butchery; next, the details of the beheading, done in the most charming *Watteau* style conceivable. Don't think me frivolous, Sir, or trying poor, lame bagman that I am—to ape the Walpole cotillon step, if I say that all this mixture of London whims, and Twickenham gossip, with judicial murder for high treason—this prattle of "the lozenge coach," Lord Middlesex, and the Tesi, and "the scaffold new-strewed with sawdust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed" for "old Balmerino," who came, "treading with the air of a General;"—this *sandwiching* of the rivalries between the Haidi and the Violette (afterwards Mrs. Garrick); with the agonies of Lady Cromartie, who was "big with child and very handsome," give a sort of meanness and immorality to the thing—a theatrical air: as if symbolical of the fact, that the heart of Civil Discord was even then dead in our land, and but its *Cade's-tinsel* left—a worn-out frippery, which took its turn among the other London fripperies got up to amuse our Young London Nobles, with their muffs and their *solitaires*—their powdered heads, and their sedans. And yet, what a century of inventions in the cause of peace, goodwill, and manliness, lies between Lady Townsend declining to dine out "for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie!"—and Lady ——— sinking down into the depths of her *crinolins*, in a dead faint, because the Culloden Railway Bill was

thrown out!—between Royalties taking credit because they stayed away from the last act of the dear, dreadful tragedy, with block, sawdust, and headsman,—and Royalties *expressing* it down to Liverpool, “to handv awkwardnesses (as a saucy friend of mine puts it) with nervous Mayors who know nobody’s places; or steaming like private folks, along the South Coast—one day popping into Cotele to look at the chests of old clothes; another, taking a peep at the Cider Islands, and beguiling the way with all manner of pleasant “parish talk” about Lighthouses, Sailors Homes, Cornish Miners; a second trip to surprise, in a bathing-machine, our Arch Enemy—the King of the French; and such like innocuous topics! In spite of all this threat of reaction, times are pleasanter—aye, and more picturesque, Sir—now than they were a hundred years ago.

Think, again, of the poor “harried” people of Edinburgh in 1746! What wrecks of old houses “divided against themselves!” What stately ladies crying *coronach* over the best and bravest, who had marched out under a phantom banner (as it were) to lay down their lives for a thankless Prince! What homely Mrs. Flockharts weeping over the cockades so lately worn by heads now bleaching on the gates of Carlisle! What ruin of fortunes,—what mystery and terror! What struggling with that bitterest of all feelings, the hate of impotent partizanship! Well—the children of Ben *Somebody* will find it hard to persuade me, that the Scottish Gentlemen and Ladies have not had a happier and a healthier August, over the inauguration of their Scott Monument, than the August of one hundred years since! I don’t care much about such celebrations: perhaps, it is my stupid way to look too keenly into the vanity and personality which is apt to disfigure them—making the celebrators discontented if they are not as much talked about as the Great Known or Unknown they unite to honour! But the personality of vanity is better than the personality of misery! the strife of Mr. White Wand this, with Mr. Chairman t’other, more innocent than the life-and-death contest between such a concealed friend, and such another open enemy: and the romance which aspires to commemorate a departed Poet, is a higher thing than the Loyalty which seeks to invest with all the graces under Heaven, and all the rights upon the earth, a vain and false Prince—the last of an Exhausted Race!

They were burning witches in Germany one hundred years ago—not in holes and corners; but in great cities. I have it from

one of our firm, who has just made the journey on business, but has a taste for picking up old legends, that you are shown close to Würzburg, on the pleasant and flowery Main, a long low building, formerly a convent. From this a certain sister Renata was taken, in 1749—and burnt at Würzburg—doubtless in detestation of her black superstitions! A little steam-boat, built in France, now bustles twice a-day past the spot. There is made the stuff for books of the presumptuous *illuminati* calling themselves German poets—and for the newspapers, which censors cannot utterly tame into no-meaning. The convent has become a paper-manufactory! We have still Sister Renatas, it is true: enthusiastic ladies who translate hideous German books about Ghost-seeing, and the like;—triumphant Trollopes, who slap the Jesuits in the face, and call us poor Manchester manufacturers, so many cannibals and child-eaters, clad in fustian:—and then start off “in full fandango” of bad French, incorrect description, and credulity that will swallow any given wonder, so it be only big enough to strain the throat—eager to describe the water-cure as glibly as if they were so many Meads or Mayos! (For the Ladies, sir, have a fancy for doctoring, one and all, though with some it does not get beyond my Mrs. Bell’s bag of dried herbs, which have a bad smell and are otherwise totally harmless.) And it is true that our sister Renatas are still martyred. Crokers there are, who tear every Whig woman limb from limb. Hooks there have been, on which all manner of hard-hearted Radicalesses have been spitted: and like Pope’s Ealden “rhymed and twisted” without writhing much. And Tory Ladies get *Gored* sometimes more than they admire. But bless you they mind it as little as the scratch of a pin. ‘Tis all neat and easy—done on paper! and leaving them witchcraft enough wherewithal to retaliate on their judges and executioners. My Mrs. Bell is more of a Conservative than suits me at all times—but let me only just speak of Reaction in this shape, of silencing gossiping authoresses, and bringing back nuns to burn; and you may hear her down Halseyon Row, as far as Bethesda!

More could I say about the children of Ben *Somebody*, whose standing still is now explained to mean going back: who prophetically behold grass growing on the railroads, and see sheep browsing among the rusted chimneys of broken-up locomotives, as in Edwin Landseer’s picture of Peace—who would trail the Continent through a French *Retro-revolution*; clap the old sevenpence on every letter—and sing “Return, blest

days" to the golden time when six months of sea separated us from our *Army*-cousins in the East, in place of six weeks (including a flight across the desert sociably dotted with the corks of soda-water bottles). But I must pack up for the five o'clock train, to town, Sir: I am to dine at Brussels to-morrow: a message having come from the office to that effect since I began to dream. A hundred years ago, instead of putting up my two shirts, I should have been to my attorney with notes of a codicil to my will!—but don't mention this: or he will, perhaps, join my Mrs. Bell and the tribe of Ben *Somebody* in fixed principles of Reaction.

Ardwick, August 30th, 1846.

THE ENGLAND OF THE FRENCH DRAMA.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

ENGLAND lies but a couple of hours' sail from France. 'Tis but a steam hop, step, and jump from the Cliff to the *Falaise*. France swarms with English. In her capital and her provinces, in her inland cities and her coast towns, you will hardly enter a *café*, or saunter along an avenue-like line of Boulevard, without encountering the sturdy bearing of bluff John Bull. In the *coupé* of the Diligence—in the snug interior of the *malle poste*—the high shirt collar, and fair ruddy Saxon face, of Perfidious Albion is always conspicuous. At *tables d'hôte* and *restaurants*, in picture galleries and cathedrals, 'tis the same thing: the Smiths and the Joneses, and all their kith and kin, surround you, now wondering at the mystic ingredients of a *vol au vent*, anon gazing with aught but reverence at the gaily petticoated madonna in her niche, anon turning with smiling faces into a shop, where all manner of pretty nick-nackeries are disposed expressly to catch the tourist's eye, and advertised, for John Bull's benefit, by the somewhat formidable announcement that "Here one spikes the Anglich." Verily we are a gad-about people; and the French in their turn are beginning to be very much more locomotive in their habits than in the olden time. Every packet which ploughs her way up the Pool brings freights of the moustached and bearded heroes, whom we used to designate as "outlandish," but who

are now beginning to appear wonderfully natural. The regions about Leicester Square, and the back of the Quadrant, are to London what the *Champs d'Antoinette* is to Paris. Saunter by the *cafés* and dingy eating-houses in *la Francoise* which embellish that particular portion of our metropolis, and you might imagine that you were threading your way amid the population of the *Paris Latin*. Napoleonic hats, skin-tight fitting coats, and plaited trousers, with pockets invariably at the knees, and hands invariably in the pockets—all bear evidence to the irruption of *Monsieurs*, which of late years has appeared in London. But only of late years. The French are only beginning to be a travelling people. We are at least thirty years a-head of them in the art of locomotion, and in any advantage which that art brings in its train. As a people we know ten times more of the French than they know of us. And see how fast the knowledge of our good neighbours dissipates the absurd anti-Gallic prejudices which are so long made a part of our national religion. "Hate the French and the devil," said Horatio Nelson to his midshipmen. "I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes," quoth Goldsmith, speaking his own mind through the old sailor; and "I hate the French because they eat frogs and soup maigre," roared every honest, patriotic, loyal, anti-revolutionary, king-church-and-state, beef-and-plum-pudding, free-born Englishman. But that was thirty years ago: we know better now. We have found, somehow, that our neighbours, instead of bloody-minded human scare-crows—"a cross," as Edmund Burke, to his eternal disgrace, wrote, "between the monkey and the tiger"—are in reality a set of pleasant, jovial, light-hearted, clever and gallant people. Why! not the most wooden-headed squire who ever followed the hounds before dinner, or invoked, in bad grammar, the British Lion after it, would dream now-a-days of going back to the old frog-eating, raw head and bloody bones notions of his venerable papa. And why? He has been to Paris—all over France, mayhap, and he wasn't made a slave, or forced to put on wooden shoes, or starved on soup maigre, or poisoned with frogs, or consigned to a dungeon a hundred feet under ground for being an Englishman, or his head chopped off on the guillotine out of revenge for Waterloo. And so somehow he arrived—he was rather ashamed of it at first—at the conclusion that a people may be a very pleasant people, even although plunged in the crassest ignorance as to plum-pudding, and unable to chant the "Roast-beef of Old England."

as a national hymn of glory. And so it has been with hundreds of thousands. Steam has done it all. Watt has laboured with more effect for European peace than all the diplomatists who ever cheated in cypher, or lied in protocols. We are beginning really to understand our neighbours—to see the lights as well as the shades in poor Johnny Crapeaud's national character, and having arrived at that satisfactory change in our onward progress, we have made the discovery that he is a much more pleasant fellow to walk with arm in arm than to fight with hilt to hilt—that on the whole it is better to flourish knives amicably together over the carcasses of muttens at a *table d'hôte* than to brandish sabres over the carcasses of men on a field of battle.

But the French themselves are not so far advanced as we are. They have only got to the post we arrived at a score of years back—they must see more of us, mingle more with us, forget Waterloo, laugh at the Pritchard indemnity, and freely and frankly acknowledge that the perfidy of Albion is nothing more or less than a notable device of the scamps of Parisian journalism—the Dujarriers and Reanvallons of the *Presse* and the *National*, to replenish as speedily and as satisfactorily as possible the tills of these respected journals. As yet, French notions of England are of the dimmest. There is a terrible haze of prejudice still floating over our poor isle in the minds of the respectable bourgeoisie of *La belle France*. And the most notable of their Feuillittonists—the gentlemen who fill up what the up-hill Gautier, one of the fraternity, christened the “ground floor” of the thousand and one journals published from Calais to Marseilles, add to, rather than detract from, the amount of misconception and prejudice which exists. Apropos, of M. Gautier—and I may as well state that, although possessed only of a Parisian reputation, he is one of the liveliest writers and most acute critics of his day and nation—that gentleman was lately in London, and published sketches of his wanderings in *La Presse*. In one of these papers he informs his readers that Thomas Moore, the poet, still goes under the name of Lattle, from his diminutive stature; and in another, in giving an account of a banquet at the Mansion-House, he actually takes the Toast-Master for the Lord Mayor! Sue, Balzac, Soulie, and George Sand, all popular romancists of the day, have each of them done something to cast very novel, but not strikingly accurate bursts of light on English character and habits. Witness, for example, the “Countess Sarah Macgregor” of the

first-named gentleman, and the phlegmatic "Sir Brown" of the (notwithstanding the appellation) last-named lady. The "Mysteries of London," by a certain "Sir Francis Trollop" was also a rich jumble of the most glorious nonsense; and Soulie's "Richard Darlington," a fine drama in other respects, might have reference to the people and the customs of Nova Zembla as much as to those of the "borough:" it won't be found on the map of Northumberland, where the scene is laid. No doubt, France has had, and has yet, many writers who appreciated and understood,—as Charles Nodier did—Leon Faucher does,—but the herd of popular authors across the Channel, the novelists and the dramatists, whose pens furnish forth the mental food upon which ninety-nine-hundredths of the reading French public from day to day depend, know as much about England, English society, and English manners and customs, as they do about the regions in the vicinity of the centre of gravity.

Accost an honest French bourgeois, at his usual evening haunt, his well beloved *café*. Wait until he has diligently spelt through first the *Feuilletons*, then the "*Premiers Paris*," then the "*Faits Diverses*" of every journal on the table, from the *Débats* to the *Guêpes*; be patient until the usual *demitasse* be duly sipped, the invariable never-changing *partié* at dominos be satisfactorily completed, and then try to fish from him his notions of England and the English. They are a strange chaos. England is a nasty, indefinite, cold, unpleasant place. He calls it, in general terms, *la bas*. There are no grapes there, and the sun never shines. Mists, damp brooding fogs rest drearily upon it. The people pass their time shivering over sea-coal fires—the air is one curtain of dismal black smoke. There are no amusements—no lightheartedness—nothing of the kind except what comes at second hand, and spoilt in the transport, from France. Then the English are the most ambitious people in the world, and the most money-making. They would sell their fathers and mothers if they could make decent bargains of the old people. They are for ever playing naughty tricks with other nations; cheating them out of their colonies, and underselling them in foreign markets. They wish to be the monopolists of the world's commerce. He will admit however, that the English make the best razors, and bind the prettiest books, and have the finest horses, and the biggest newspapers in the world. But then, *mon Dieu!* what a frumpish, puritanical, proud, formal, people they are! How they would lord it over peo-

France if they dared ! How they would run off with all her remaining colonies if they could ! First, sending out ship-loads of missionaries and bibles ; and then, just as poor unsuspecting France was dancing and singing, and amusing itself, thinking not the least harm in the world—bang ! coming down—that *Perfide Albion*—on the hapless island, just like a cat on a mouse. And, then, what an ungenerous people you are, you *insulaire*s. Didn't you burn poor Joan d'Arc, and imprison that innocent unambitious hero "le grand empereur," upon a nasty barren rock in the sea. Not that you gained Waterloo, *par exemple*—the affair at Quatre Bras, I mean—it was a mistake, somehow—a misunderstanding, which you took a shabby advantage of. For, *mon Dieu* ! You are not an amiable people. You are so cold and phlegmatic, and so given to drowning yourselves in November ; and you can only amuse yourselves by riding steeple chases and breaking your necks ; and—and—*en fin*, you are a nation of nasty shopkeepers, and you drink, oh ! horridly ; particularly brandy ; and oh ! *mon Dieu* ! so do your ladies, too ; and then, worse than all, the crowning abomination—*quelle coutume infâme, brutale* !—Oh ! *horreur*—you sell your wives !"

"You sell your wives." The English sell their wives. 'Tis a known fact—an old institution of the country—women are brought every market morning along with bullocks and sheep, to be knocked down to the highest bidder. The sale is strictly legal—it is resorted to by the highest personages—it breaks the bonds of marriage. The altar joins a couple, the halter separates them. As the purchase-shillings are reckoned over, the wife loses her liberty—the husband his rights. The free woman is sold, and a slave !

Perhaps many of my readers start when I affirm that this is the firm creed of millions of French men and women, with respect to our customs and lives. They reckon up a long and visionary list of our failings, and the wife-selling part of the story is sure to be the climax of the tale of horror. 'Tis the grand bugaboo of our good neighbours. 'Tis like our old frog-eating, wooden shoe, hate the French and the devil sort of feeling. But they are dead and gone, while the wife-selling humbug still flourishes in the most pristine vigour. And it is difficult to blame the great mass of the ignorant *badauds* who believe these cock and bull stories. They are taught them, and encouraged in them, by those who ought to know better. The newspaper essayist, the

popular romance weaver, and, particularly, the popular dramatist, make copious use of these ingenious fictions, and serve them up in articles, novels, and melodramas, in such profusion, and with such regularity, that the *Epicier* of the Rue St. Honoré, the *ouvrier* of the Faubourg de Temple, the *grisette* of the Quartier Latin, would as readily give up their belief in the geographical and physical existence of London, as in the astounding fact that in England a husband sells his wife exactly as he sells his horse or his dog.

I have before me a drama, entitled, *Le Marche de Londres*—produced about three months ago, at a theatre which holds a similar rank in Paris to the Adelphi here—L'Ambigu Comique. It is a five act piece, the joint composition of a M. Adolphe Dennery, a very noted and very prolific Parisian dramatist; and M. Paul Fenal, a gentleman who, in a novel, the scene of which he laid in Ireland, made "Paddy" a female name—and is intended to convey to the good people of Paris some notions of London life and habits.

Now I dare say we make many blunders in laying the scene of a drama in Paris, but I should blush for the intelligence of England, were such a farrago of trash served up and accepted for a specimen of French manners—as the Parisian audience seems to have swallowed with the utmost complacency—as a representation of how we manage matters in England.

The plot of *Le Marché de Londres* is very long—very complicated and very extravagant. My readers would hardly thank me for an analysis of its vagaries, but a few random notices of the scenes which particularly turn upon French notions of English affairs may be curious and not uninteresting. The play, then, opens in a vast steam-engine manufactory, and in the course of the badinage proceeding amongst the workmen—one of them, Peterpatt, the type of low English life, characteristically observes that all he cares for in the world is "roast beef, porter, and Miss Kitty." The proprietor of the engineering establishment is a Lord Ashton. We do not hear how his lordship came by his rank; but he treats it with great contempt, and avowing the strongest democratic feelings, allows himself only to be called Sir George Maurice in one scene, and Sir Maurice in another. This species of compromise between the Peer and the Commoner would be curious, but the dramatist evidently believes the English "Sir," to be equivalent to the French "Sieur," and to signify simply "Mister." Well, this steam-engine-making nobleman—I wish we had more of them—has just returned to

London from his "Mines of Glasgow," and visits his manufactory bringing with him his two wards—Anna and Lucy—whom he solemnly makes over in marriage to his two foremen in the engineering department; two brothers, Richard and Simon Davis: Miss Kitty having in the meantime jilted a certain Tom Bob (observe the name), a tiger in the service of Sir Maurice, for her admirer Peterpatt, the discarded lover incontinently leaving England in the "Fulton," a ship which Sir Maurice, who it seems is a merchant as well as a boiler-maker, despatches to the East Indies, and with the departure of which the first act closes.

Two years elapse ere we arrive at Act the Second. And here let me observe for the sake of intelligibility that Lucy, Richard's wife, is a good meek creature, exposed to calumny on account of a *faux pas* of her mamma's, and persecuted by the licentious addresses of a *roué*, Sir Edgard, the Don Juan of the piece; while Anna, the spouse of Simon, the second brother, gets credit for being everything, while in reality she is nothing but what she should be.

The second act opens in a tavern at Blackwood, evidently meant for Blackwall; and with the arrival of a mysterious Sir Harry, who bringing the expatriated Tom Bob in his train, comes to champion from calumny the memory of Lucy's mother. The tiger arrives in good time, Peterpatt has got tired of Miss Kitty, she is advertised for sale, and Tom Bob determined to buy her. "What!" exclaims Sir Harry, who does not seem *au fait* to our customs, "do the English laws permit such a sale?" Mark his servant's reply. "Oh certainly. It's the simplest thing in the world. You tire of your house; you sell your house. You tire of your horse; you sell your horse. You tire of your wife; you sell your wife: that's English civilisation." Sir Harry still in doubt appeals to Sir Edgard, who has come to see the auction. "The sale of a wife," replies that authority, "is one of our most ancient customs." "Which ought," rejoins Sir Harry, "to be abolished by law." There is a sad mixture of truth in the reply. "With us, Sir," says Sir Edgard, "with us custom is stronger than law. It is mainly by its old feelings of use and wont that England is governed. We respect even our worst customs in order to preserve our best. Our fathers sold their wives: their right is our privilege." Meantime the sale goes on. The husband produces a list of the good

and bad qualities of his wife, naïvely remarking that the abundance of the latter amply make up for the scarcity of the former ; and the lady is knocked down for seven shillings. "A glorious bargain !" as her new proprietor exclaims ; "such eyes, such hands, such feet, such a mouth, and all for seven shillings !"

I pass over a long series of plot and intrigue carried on between Sir Harry and Sir Edgard, the latter attacking, the former defending the reputation of Lucy. The result is a duel ; and where is it to be fought ? In St. James's Park ! reader ; in St. James's Park, at four o'clock of a summer afternoon ! And it is fought ; poor Sir Harry receives a severe wound, and is left bleeding and deserted in a remote thicket of that solitary spot, until he is discovered by Miss Alice, a sister of the Brothers Davis, who has gone out in her carriage for an evening drive in that favourite locality for equestrian exercise of all kinds, and conducted by her to the "Hotel," in the French sense of the word, where her brothers with their wives reside. Meantime, Richard is about to become an M.P., and for where, does the reader think ? For Wolverhampton perhaps, or Stockport, or Ashton-under-Lyne, or Staley Bridge, or some other manufacturing town of the North. Not a bit of it : for Canterbury, of all the towns in England. Well, during his absence, Sir Edgard, who is actually carrying on an intrigue with Anna, and trying to get one up with Lucy, enters the house in the middle of the night, is foiled in his purpose by Sir Harry, and a series of rope-ladder exploits—forcible abductions in mysterious boats upon the Thames, masked bravoos and so forth, ensues—all of which would do very well for a mediæval Venetian story, but sounds somewhat strange in the London of 1846. The upshot is, that Richard Davis, Esq., millionaire, and M.P. for the cathedral town of Canterbury, believes that his wife has betrayed his honour, and determines to sell her in Smithfield Market ! This is the second wife sold in the piece. The first was disposed of by a mere brutal uneducated fellow ; the circumstance of the auction of the second, however, teaches us that all ranks in England, all degrees of enlightenment, follow the same good old fashion. Smithfield, as I have said, is the scene of the second sale. The dramatist places its locality in the neighbourhood of Blackwall, or as he calls it, Blackwood, and of course quite close to the fashionable part of London ; the East, the middle, and the West End all jumbled toge-

ther in one mass of glorious confusion. Well, the market is crowded, and Richard Davis, Esq., M.P., makes his appearance, leading Mrs. D. by a cord round her neck. But the scene is short, and immeasurably too rich to be lost. I shall translate it therefore entire—

RICHARD DAVIS (to the crowd.) "Well, gentlemen—you are aware that the lady is to be sold—"

LUCY (falling on her knees) "Lord have mercy on me!"

SIR EDGARD (from the crowd.) "I bid a thousand pounds!"

RICHARD DAVIS. "Sir Edgard!"

LUCY. "Sir Edgard—Oh! have I not suffered enough?"

RICHARD DAVIS. "That is your paramour—is it not, ma'am?"

LUCY. "Oh God! kill me!—kill me!"

RICHARD DAVIS. "I shall—him—"

SIR EDGARD. "No gentleman outbids me, I believe? Well—the woman's mine."

SIR HARRY. "Stop, stop. Fifty thousand guineas for Mrs. Davis."

RICHARD DAVIS. "Who bids so high?"

SIR HARRY. "You shall soon know. When Smithfield clock strikes three, your victim is my property."

[*The clock strikes. A man dressed in black appears, and places himself between Richard and Lucy, touching the latter with a wand.*]

SIR HARRY (to Lucy.) "Go, go, poor martyr!"

LUCY. "What have you done, Richard?"

RICHARD DAVIS (springing towards her.) "No—no."

[*The Constable with his wand prevents him from touching her.*]

SIR HARRY (solemnly.) "You have no right over her—you have sold your wife."

Poor Lucy is indeed a victim. No sooner is she sold than her husband discovers her innocence, and his agony closes the fourth act. The fifth opens not a whit less sadly. The purchased wife is of course in a deplorable state, and her quondam husband no better; but, although he thinks he has behaved like a scoundrel, the City of London thinks otherwise, and in Sir Harry's words—"Proud of you, proud of your respect for their noble customs, the merchants and the people of London prepare for you new honours." While yet he speaks shouts are heard without: "Vive Sir Richard Davis—vive the new Lord Mayor!"

Here is new light upon our civic institutions with a vengeance.

"How to be Lord Mayor" is the problem proposed. The French dramatist answers, "First sell your wife." I wonder whether, when the deputies of the corporation were lately so well treated by Louis-Philippe, any of the worthy Parisians imagined that they had attained their municipal glory by leading their wives into Smithfield, and selling them with halters about their necks?

But to continue. The Lord Mayor elect determines, instead of joining in the show, to shoot himself—instead of sitting in civic state in Guildhall, to have the Coroner sitting upon him. But matters have no such dismal termination. We suddenly hear—although, by the way, there is no assignable reason I can see why we should not have heard it in the second act—that Harry, the purchaser of Lucy, is that lady's brother; and that he has not only cleared up the character of his living sister, but proved the virtue of their common mother. Furthermore, we are informed that, although it is considered very disgraceful in England for a married lady to be sold to an indifferent party, yet that her brother may buy her with perfect decorum. The *denouement* follows as a matter of course. The Lord Mayor proclaims the virtue of the Lady Mayoress to all Cheapside. Enthusiastic shouts grace the touching ceremony; then the civic procession sets forth. The stage directions give us a vivid notion of the affair. The Lord Mayor leads her Ladyship by the hand: all the members of his family follow. We hear nothing of the city champions or the city mace-bearer, or the city marshal, or the city coach; but we have—after the Lord Mayor's family—the Aldermen with *their* families; and after them—who does the reader think?—why, the Members of the House of Commons, followed in their turn by some nameless individuals, dimly represented by "&c. &c. &c." But all is not over. Just as the city procession has begun its march, a cry is raised of "The Queen—the Queen;" and our authority—still the stage directions—states that Her Majesty, having duly asked permission to enter the city, is seen approaching, preceded by heralds—not through Temple Bar, but over London Bridge; it thus appearing that Royalty has varied the ordinary route from Buckingham Palace to the Mansion House, by crossing Westminster Bridge, and traversing the pleasant paths of Pedlar's Acre. And so, to a loud combined cheer of "*Vive la Reine, vive le nouveau Lord Maire*," the curtain falls upon this dramatic picture of England and the English; a picture intended to present the visitors of the *Ambigu Comique* with a full, true, and

faithful account of how we pass our lives, how we treat the wives of our bosoms, and how we elect the rulers of our choice.

Bravo, Messieurs Adolphe Dennery and Paul Fenal ! Other authors of your country may make their occasional, nay, their frequent blunders in describing us ; but to you — Macflecknoca of the Boulevard—is reserved the proud distinction of your prototype, so well hit off by Dryden, and capable, by a little change, of being so well applied to you :—

“Some men to wit—to truth, some make pretence ;
But you !—you never deviate into sense.”

THE POOR-LAW AND THE PEASANT GIRL.

“IMPOSSIBLE ! my good man,” said the doctor, preparing to leave the cottage, “Impossible ! I could not think of interfering with a case that distinctly belongs to the parish surgeon, unless indeed I consider your wife as a private patient, and then, as you are aware, my fee is ten shillings.”

“Oh ! sir, you say there is danger,” urged the man, intercepting his progress to the door. “Pray do what you can for her—I am without a shilling at this moment, or the means of raising it, but I will ask Mr. Tims the overseer to lend me five shillings, (he will not surely refuse me *that*) and I know amongst my neighbours, (badly off as they are) I shall be able to borrow the remainder ;—for God’s sake, sir, do not leave her—listen to her groans, remember her young children, and have pity on us ; I feel sure I shall be able to make up the money.”

But Doctor Cribb felt certain of no such thing, and taking up his gloves from the deal-table, and his cane from one of the wooden chairs on which it was laid, he coolly rejoined—“It is wholly out of my power (under the circumstances) to have anything to do with the case ; you had however better lose no time in applying to the parish authorities : every moment is of consequence to your wife. I am sorry, very sorry, but I can do nothing in it. I thought every one knew that it was customary on these occasions to have the fee prepared.”

“If your honour would but listen to me for a moment,” interposed Nat Lee, getting between him and the door-step. “If your honour would but listen to me : it is five weeks since I have had a day’s work, and at the best of times I do not earn more

than seven or eight shillings a week. I pay two of it for house and garden rent, and at this time of year, another goes for firing and candles—and I have myself, my wife, and three children to maintain—so that, I leave it to you, sir, if it is to be wondered at that I am not worth ten shillings at the present time?"

"It is a sad affair," remarked the doctor drily, "but you had a resource; when a man like yourself, with every inclination to support his family, fails in obtaining the means of doing so, the parish has a right to maintain them—and you are culpable in not making the application."

"I have applied," said the labourer bitterly, "but they will allow me nothing out of the House, nor in it, unless we suffer them to separate us, and that neither my poor girl or I will agree to."

"You are wrong, you are wrong," interrupted the doctor, moving a step nearer to the door.

"Ah! sir," exclaimed the other, "the world thinks, because a man is poor, he must be without the feelings of his kind—as if my wife and children are not as dear to me as a rich man's—as if, because I have to deprive myself of a full meal that they may eat, or of comfortable clothing that the poor things may be covered, I love them less. No, no! some way or other, I do not think they could be half so precious to me, but for all we have suffered with and for each other. Why, bless you, sir, when they wanted us to let one of the children go into the House, you should have seen the two that had sense enough to understand all about it, how they did take on, and beg and pray not to be sent from us; and when we told them it was because we had not enough for them to eat, how they promised to want but a little, a very little—and so hung about their mother and I, that—" (and the man drew his hard hand across his eyes as he spoke) "it seemed easier to starve together than to part with them."

"I dare say, I dare say," muttered the medical man, who momentarily felt retreat more difficult, "but as I cannot possibly remain with your wife, and her state is highly critical, I advise you to give instant notice to the overseer, and tell him no time is to be lost in sending medical assistance."

"Oh, sir! will nothing move you?" exclaimed the unhappy man, finding his appeal had failed to shake the doctor's resolution.

"It is useless to apply to the parish. I have already done so, and all they say is, that she had a right to have gone into the women's ward, and that they cannot allow her medical assistance out of it."

"I tell you, my good man," interrupted the doctor impatiently,

"they dare not refuse it under the circumstances—they have funds for the purpose of providing it, and a right to do so; but in my case it is very different. I should soon be a pauper myself if I allowed humanity to overcome common sense, and should have an affair of this kind every day on my hands, and no return for it!"

Nat Lee dropped his hands from the supplicating posture they had assumed, and with a darkened brow and ashy cheek stood aside while the doctor passed out of the house, and then hopelessly returned to the side of the poor woman for whose sake he had so pathetically implored him to remain. In one corner of an inner room, the floor of which was bare, the walls unplastered, and into which the wintry air penetrated through the warped leaden frame-work and loosened panes of filmy greenish glass that composed the casement, lay a mattress, once filled with chaff, but now so shook out and wasted that it scarcely saved the patient's bones from the boards; a thread-bare blanket, yellow with age, covered it, and over the humble patchwork quilt appeared an indication of a clean sheet,—a fact—I say indication, for it was no more; there was the desire to appear decent, without the power of carrying it farther than the turning down of the bed-clothes—for the residue necessity had compelled the poverty-stricken mother to convert into more essential coverings for her children. A deal table, a couple of chairs, a christmas-piece above the mantel-shelf, and an old Bible in a worn leathern binding, with brass clasps, completed the furniture of the room. But cold and meagre as the place appeared, its cleanliness was conspicuous; from the curd-white boards to the little dumity curtain that shaded the window, not a soil was visible—there is this distinction between the poverty of towns and villages; here the free air and the running stream remain untaxed, and the pollution of filth is not its necessary accompaniment. A diminutive fire burns in the narrow grate, beside which sat an old woman, stirring up the mess of oatmeal and salt and water, which was to serve the labourer's wife in lieu of richer candle, and in a basket at her knee appeared the mysterious little garments redolent of violet powder, that amidst want and sickness had been prepared with as loving a joy as if the expected little inmate of them was heir to the brightest prospects of humanity. Now and then she lifted her eyes towards her patient, who, exhausted from protracted suffering, lay on the lowly pallet, her sunken features but a shade more flesh-hued than the cap border that surrounded them, and but for the faint motion of the coverlet about the region of her heart, giving no sign of

existence. She was conscious, however, for at the moment that her husband noiselessly entered the room, and knelt down by the humble bed-side, she lifted up her thin, uncovered arms, and gazing piteously in his face, burst into tears, — whispering words of trust, consolation, and encouragement, which *love* rather than *hope* inspired him with. Nat kissed them off, while his own replaced them — till unable to bear the sight of her sufferings, and maddened by the thought that no effort was being made to save her, he hastened from the room, with a fierce resolution to force attention to her circumstances, and once more left his house for that of the overseer. In the meanwhile, the report of her condition, and of the cruel indifference with which she had been left to her fate by Dr. Cribb and the Poor-house guardians, spread through the village. But it was (as we have before said) winter time, little work was to be had, the potato scarcity left the inhabitants poorer than ever, and having no pawn-office at hand to raise the required fee, which otherwise would willingly have been subscribed, all that was theirs to give — deep sympathy — was felt by all ; and the heaviest hob-nails passed lightly by poor Nat's cottage, while women with tearful eyes stopped one another to inquire after her, and talk over her sad story, dying in a Christian country for want of the common offices of humanity.

It was at this juncture that a peasant girl, upon the point of marriage with a young man of the neighbourhood, inspired by the pure spirit of compassion, and forgetful of everything but the immediate necessity of her neighbour, resolved to sacrifice the purchase-money of the ring and church fees, which her sweetheart had entrusted to her ; and without waiting to hear the result of Nat's last application, which (by the way) proved just as fruitless as the first, she herself hastened to the doctor's, and taking care to modestly inform him that a friend had been found to come forward with the fee, led the way to poor Lec's cottage, and had the satisfaction to see him enter it, without prefacing his approach by one of those terrific knocks that usually heralds the entrance of a practitioner of the healing art, however humble the abode, or debilitated the state of the patient. We have felt it before now, shaking every nerve in our weakened frame ; and when (as is occasionally the case with simple folk) the fear of professional greatness is superadded, we do not wonder at the terror we have sometimes seen expressed at that which should bring hope and comfort, — a visit from the doctor. In the meanwhile Lucy Viner had time to recollect that the money she was spending was not her own ; that

it had been given her for a specific purpose, and that her lover might possibly feel annoyed at having their marriage, which was fixed for an early day, put off for an indefinite period. Yet no portion of regret entered into her speculations; for faith in the righteousness of the action made her bold, and she argued, had he been in her place he would have done as she did. When, therefore, some hours afterwards, Nat Lee, covering her hands with tears and kisses, blest her as the means of preserving his wife and saving his children from being motherless (for the poor woman's life was spared, though at the expense of her infant's), Lucy wanted but George Lovat's approval to be the happiest little woman that ever gratitude for a kind action crowned with blessings. Yet amidst these feelings—for alas! how few of us know how to "*let well alone*"—a sudden thought occurred to her—a whim childish, but feminine—she would put his affection to the test—would try if indeed (as he had often told her) there was nothing *she could do* that would make him doubt her; she would confess to having spent the money, but she would not tell him how,—forgetful that circumstances make up the merit of every action, and that under *any less* absolute than those which had induced her to part with it, her expenditure of the sum entrusted to her would have been as unpardonable as it was now praiseworthy. Leaving our patient to the attention of her kind-hearted nurse and husband, (provided, by the way, through Lucy's care, with better restoratives than the preparations of the former had promised) let us step across the road to Master Viner's cottage, and see how Lucy carried out her enterprise.

It was evening, and a bright wood fire burnt on the newly-swept hearth, and shone on the furniture of the dresser and walls, lighting up the pretty but somewhat anxious countenance of Lucy, who sat at one side of it with her knitting in her hand, and her neck half embraced by the stout arm of a young man who sat beside her, one russet-gaitered leg thrown over the other, and his good-looking face beaming with a sense of present happiness not to be attributed to any other cause but the gratulatory circumstances in which we find him. Opposite to them, in his high-backed arm-chair, with grey hair falling in thin locks to his shoulders, and a ruddy face full of health and kindness, sat the old man, now and then lifting his smiling looks to the pair before him; but more frequently with closed eyes and hands, giving way to some long dream of memory or of anticipation. These lapses were not lost by the lover, who crowded caresses on the arched brow and blush-

ing lips of Lucy, all the while reminding her how soon she would be wholly his own. Still Lucy plied her knitting-needles faster than ever, and her restraint, which had at first been affected, became real, for his reference to their marriage made more difficult any allusion to the affair of the money, and some latent fears of his displeasure would force themselves, in spite of her faith in his generosity and goodness. At last the old man fell fast asleep, and Lucy, after covering his head with a handkerchief, stepped to the casement, and remained looking out on the moonlit road and snow-powdered plants in the little garden. Her unusual reserve had not passed unnoticed by the young gardener, and he stole over to her side, resolved to dissipate it or discover its cause.

"How is it, dear Lucy," he said, passing his arm tenderly around her, "that you do not seem to be half as happy as I am this evening? Why, ever since I spoke to the parson this afternoon I have felt as if nothing could be put in my path so high that I could not leap over it."

"Spoke to the parson!" echoed Lucy, with a look of almost dismay.

"Yes, dear girl; what is there in that to surprise you? Did we not agree that Thursday should be our wedding-day? and to-morrow, you know, we must start over to Broad-street for the ring and other matters; and who knows?—why, perhaps I should come back too late to see him; so I thought there was nothing like the time present, and have told him we would trouble him on Thursday next."

"You have done wrong," said Lucy, gravely; "at least you might have spoken to me first, and I would have explained to you that it is no longer in our power to marry this week—that"—

"No longer in our power!—not marry this week! You are laughing at me, Lucy!" interrupted Lovet.

"Indeed I am not," said the girl earnestly; "it is the truth, dear George—I have spent the money which you gave me for the ring in another way; but I do not think you will be very angry with me."

"Nay, come," exclaimed the gardener, perceiving a roguish smile on her lip; "this is beyond a joke—I cannot, will not believe you."

"It is the truth for all that," rejoined Lucy firmly, though, in spite of the gravity which she assumed, George Lovet detected a sparkling gratification in her look, difficult to account for, and (considering the liberty she professed to have taken with his property) almost impertinent; the indifference, too, with which she

spoke of it, and talked of putting off, as a mere matter of course, the event he had so long looked forward to as the dearest hope of his existence, galled and offended him ; and perceiving that as his vexation and perplexity increased, the more distinct became the laughing mischief in her looks, his temper gave way, and the evening in which he had anticipated the planning of so much happiness, was upon the point of ending, as our plans of joy too often do, in bitter disappointment, for Lucy, piqued at finding he could so easily conclude her fallible, offered no explanation, while her lover felt too angry to ask one ; when, fortunately for both, Nat Lee made his appearance, and, seeing the young gardener, he must needs, for the fiftieth time during the day, go over all its history, from his first application to the overseer and doctor, to his piteous request for five shillings (from the former) towards making up, with the assistance of his neighbours, the fee which Mr. Cribb required, before he could be brought to exert his skill for the benefit of the dying woman. Then he described how, when all hope had left them, and the miserable sufferer was fast sinking for want of medical assistance—how Lucy had come forward and paid the doctor, and purchased nourishment, and by her interference saved her life, which would otherwise have fallen a sacrifice to poor-law inhumanity and individual sordidness.

“ Ah ! I knew,” said Lucy, lifting up her happy face to that of her lover, who, long before Nat Lee had finished his story, had clasped her fast to his heart ; “ I knew you would forgive me, and not mind waiting a few weeks longer, when you knew a neighbour’s life had been at stake ; indeed I could never have forgiven myself, having the means at hand, if I had scrupled to make use of it.”

“ Nor should I have forgiven you, my own bright girl, if I thought you could have had any doubt of my wishing you to act otherwise,” exclaimed George ; “ but why not tell me all about it at first, dear Loo ! Were you too modest to speak of your own goodness ?”

“ I am ashamed now, though,” said Lucy, ingenuously, “ to tell you why I did not do so, but I wished to tease you a little, to *try* if you could be angry with me, which you have so often told me you could not.”

“ Ah, Lucy,” whispered George, “ love *trusts* without *trying*. Let me have all your confidence, and I do not think I shall ever have it in my power to be angry with you ; or if you will keep a secret from me, let it be one like this, that will make me love you ten times dearer when I find it out.”

To be brief, the whole circumstances of the case were so bruited about, and such deep indignation was felt by the inhabitants at the brutal conduct of the parish authorities, that the affair ended in a public inquiry, at which one of the former had the modesty to taunt the doctor with his inhumanity, in having left the sufferer in the hour of "nature's sorrow" upon so base a plea as the want of a ten-shilling fee; while the other retorted back the poor man's evidence of the refusal of the parish officers to afford medical assistance or pecuniary aid; while, amidst all the details of suffering and poverty on the one side, and of heartless, iron-handed inhumanity on the other, the conduct of the cottage girl, beautiful in its simple earnestness and negligence of self, shone out a salient sun-touched figure on the darksome background, drawing to itself heart-admiration from all. Nor did the want of the money so generously sacrificed prevent their marriage taking place on the day projected, for the clergyman of the village insisted on performing the ceremony without fees; and the appreciation of rich neighbours, when startled into an acquaintance with the facts, added a purse to the bride of ten times the amount she had expended.

C. W.

THE MOSS ROSE.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. F. A. KRUMMACHER.)

THE Angel who tends the world's sweet flowers,
 And decks them by night with the silver dew,
 Laid him, one day—in the warm spring-hours—
 To slumber awhile where a rose-tree grew.
 And when he awoke, in the grateful shade,
 He looked on the tree with a glance divine,
 And grieving a thing so fair should fade,
 Said—"O thou richest of daughters mine,
 I thank thee well for thy cool retreat,
 And the incense of thine odorous air;
 Ask me for aught of my treasures sweet,
 And I will endow thee beyond thy prayer."
 And the rose-tree answered, breathing balm,—
 "Invest me then with another charm."
 So the Angel gave his promised dower,
 And with moss he clothed the queenly flower.
 And peerless she blooms in that chaste array,
 The fairest of gifts from the sultry May.

Haverhill.

JOHN HAMILTON DAVIES.

PEARLS FROM POPISH PLACES.

BY A SERIOUS PARTY.

LETTER II.—TO MRS. RUSTLER.

Liege, ——— 15th, 1846.

My last was expedited. When brimful with the flush of nascent impressions, I first set foot upon this deluded ground, alive to the fatal enormities which are precipitating it rapidly towards bottomless ruin, but awake, with all the pristine ardour of innocent energy, to the sights, and sounds and scents which remind me “that more storied shrines detain my wondering feet” (as Aken-side’s “Traveller” found it also in his time) than my own dear flower-plot at Tinglebury: or, the school-house, where week after week, I initiated the lowly dwellers of the hamlet into precepts beyond all price: a singular circumstance has been raised up, to give adequacy to my desires. Your Diana, my dear, travels with many eyes upon her! An announcement in “The Fiery Furnace,” penned by Mr. Pecker’s powerful pen, with valedictory haste,—of our intention to sow true principles where guilty compliance has too often wandered,—was worded, I fear, somewhat more ambiguously than his lucid wont. Known to have stood for some years in the light of fraternity to an heiress, and the tidings of Mrs. Niblett’s marriage having insufficiently transpired (with such Jesuitical mystery do these hasteners towards perdition complicate their simplest transactions!) it is announced that he has sacrificed his own Christian privileges, in ministration to the health of a young and lovely heiress under his care. What a *faux temps*, my dearest friend, for your Diana!—To contradict the mistake would be to rivet curiosity upon the pilgrim, and bid “the blushing primrose top the poppy’s idle part”—to succumb, elevates me to a position of conspicuousity which cannot be hid. Brilliantly does Mr. Pecker’s wit strike out all the possible conjunctions liable to arise from an error so curiously calculated to give the zest of adventure to my already excited nerves. Once a day, am I requested to select among foreigners—to apportion, presuming that my hand and my heart *must* be left in the

stranger's land—which would be your Diana's choice. But no modest woman will tamper: even in support of infantile sportiveness. To observe—to draw my own auguries—to disclaim the complications of compliment—while no aperture is closed to the frank intercourse, which only Prudery's self (be it far from me!) can stigmatize—is my part: but not, even in jocosity, to fancy, my destinies commingled with those of Gallic or German origin. Mr. Pecker's aim, however,—as always,—is upright and noble: to make his partner smile—and to draw out powers, which have now an ample field, in your poor friend. It were most ungrateful, then, to remind him that in the matrimonial wisdom of the heart, your Diana has never owned a guide, "save Delicacy's kindred self." I mention this, because, possibly, Wailford may ere this—proceeding on shapeless tongues!—have awarded me to one or other of those whom courtesy has attracted to me. The solicitude of yourself and the Blackadders must not be abused. Pass off whatever you may hear as a jest of Mr. Pecker's; his sportive mood will be sufficiently explanatory. I am still unattached.

On the curiosities of Antwerp I could dwell for pages—to divaricate to less thrilling topics. Reubens, my dear, is here the reigning spirit: and I have stood on the spot, within his mansion, where the Queen of Navarre picked up his pencil, saying, "Let me salute the hand which has declared to the world I am beautiful!" The water-well of Rembrandt (you may correct your Lindley Murray on Mr. Pecker's more certain authority) lies somewhere on the Scheldt—a short excursion—hence: but we forewent this, owing to a slight seizure of Mrs. Pecker's, whom the *cornichons* (or chimes—I am not a Lady Morgan, my dear, to assail you with erroneous foreign phrases!) of the cathedral, disturbed in her light sleep: and imagining that custom house officers were about to enter her chamber in quest of our brother's bells,—was attacked by the hysterical terrors which are only to be soothed by anodyne administrations. The churches built by Van Eyck (architect also of Strasbourg) and Hemlinck the Younger, are vast rather than symmetrical. Of the mummeries we witnessed there, Mr. Pecker's indignant quill shall speak to the "Fiery Furnace." It was fine, and English, to see his manly form towering amongst the genuflexions of the poor ignorant creatures, who "fed on husks, no purer sapience know,"—and turning neither to the right or to the left, as he read aloud from his guide book for us—never prouder of him than at that instant! Would

you believe it that Britons are to be found venial enough to express uneasiness at such overt testimony! An individual of our country, approaching Mr. Pecker, in an under tone, was so audacious as to request his forbearance. "The English," he asseverated, "gave great offence when abroad, by disturbing the rites of others' dogmas." "I hope," replied our brother, "that such offence will never cease in this darkened land—You are not aware, sir, whom you are setting to rights. My name, sir, is Pecker: of Tinglebury." "And mine," replied the other, with a timid smile, "is Lord — ;" and he turned away, abashed. Think of our meeting this celebrated traveller, this pillar of our constitution, in an aspect so revolting! Shall foreign travel ever bring us so low? I answer in the negative. It was sweet of Mr. Pecker, after such a pronouncement of insult, (a foreign idiom, my dear, imbibed from our instructress) to waive animosity by leaving his card on the unworthy Peer, at the latter's hotel. It was not reciprocated: but no stone should fail to be turned on these occasions. I inclosed "Culpable Compliances with Continental Customs,"—penned ere we quitted England: but neither of this came any acknowledgment: as gentlemanliness towards a shrinking female might have dictated. Mr. Pecker showed an unusual amount of disheartenment. "Single handed," he says, "how shall one frail mortal wrestle with Babylon?" Do not afford Mr. Podd matter for triumph—by revealing the unworthy fact. It craves more weighty dealing than my light pen controls.

In her own simple way, dear Mrs. Pecker has not shrunk from testimony.—After long and anxious consultations, dining at the public table being agreed upon, (my unworthy voice turning the scale!) it was gratifying to see the same unspoiled creature as ever. No gew-gaws of foreign cookery, my dear, will ever gain her verdict! "Plain roast and boiled,"—to use her own unambitious phrase,—"*were all she aimed at.*" Nor was she satisfied till Mr. Pecker had interpreted her wishes to the waiters: whose conviction assumed an aspect of perplexity, from which it was your friend's mediating part to relieve them, by announcing our country. The subsequent sounds of "*Oui!—une dame Anglaise*" made it evident that she had struck deep. "But how she is to live in the meantime," she says, touchingly, "she cannot tell."—Our brother, ever fertile, proposed eggs; till corrected by her well known exclusive fidelity to her own poultry at Tinglebury:—a joint of meat in slices, to be divided amongst our packages, was the next expe-

dient : sighingly accepted : a provision to that effect, was laid in, by Sophie : who also superintended the cookery : Mrs. Pecker having wished herself to attend to this indispensable feature in our preparations. The helplessness of these foreign women is recurrently brought before us,—a source of gratulation, dear friend, to those * * * * and whose oil is ever burning. Will you believe it, that tears were shed, ere so simple a comfort could be assured to us—on the part of our attendant ? Her ascription of them, to the culinary incivilities she met with in the process, was but one of the deviations from truth—here, alas ! organical : since, “ when the fire was once made up,” as Mrs. Pecker pointed out to her—“ there was nothing but to see that it did not burn : and was neither over—nor under—done.” More of this, however, when discussing the treatment of women abroad. A prolific theme. It was necessary to render her reducible to order, by adverting to the terminability of her engagement in accordance with our inclination. For discipline, let us all recollect, is the sinew, while Faith is the soul of practice !

My own share has been more flattering. I had long been pained with the instantaneous laxity, as regards the proprieties of dress, which Englishwomen manifest, when abroad. Besides the discomfort of dining in matinal toilette—I felt that when my beloved brother and sister were so earnest in assertion, should my little part be declined, how great the turpitude ! Accordingly, at Liege, whither we were wafted by the railroad’s iron pinion—I appeared at table as I should at Tinglebury. Your pale blue gift, dearest friend, was worn : and I sighingly thought—as I donned the cerulean robe—of the leagues which sunder us. Pleased murmurs of surprise accosted my entrance—nor was the confusion tranquillised by Mr. Pecker whispering aloud, “ Here, at least, is our sister Diana a *liege* Lady !”—My lot cast me next a son of Mars : and the historical promptitude of chivalry to exhibit loyalty to the fair, has rarely received a more agreeable manifestation. He spoke English : with an elegance predominant over exactitude : toilette the topic : in which, as you know, your friend is no novice. When I think, indeed, of the hours of anxious care I have, in fond foolish days, bestowed on the ungracious task of decking Mrs. Niblett : and call to mind Life’s futility, I blush ! But weak I was born, and weak I shall die : a thrall to my affection. You will be interested to be acquainted with one fact illustrative of a land, where costume yet lingers, and the Peninsular mantilla has still (fancifully to

characterize) a surviving progeny. Captain Van Bommel (inquire not of woman's ingenuity how I developed the name) after more complimentary advertence to my robe than it befits Christian simplicity to repeat, turned to me animatedly during a cessation in the repast, with the startling inquiry, "*Why you not put flour in your hair to-day?*" We thought powder was extinct; and that the effort made towards its revival, by the French ladies some springs ago, was fabricated by Miss Podd - ever eager to boast the accuracy of her foreign sources among the untravelled; and to throw dust in the organs of those who doubted the amount to which she had mingled, when in the Parisian metropolis. Here, however, seemed traces. It is not mentioned in Mrs. Trollope's record of her divarications in Belgium: but the criterion of accuracy applied to her statements, would "leave but a baseless wreck behind." Thus women travel, and more exquisite still! publish! You may rely on the fact, and diffuse it in the Wailford circles, as derived from a visual witness. Mr. Pecker desires me to request that you will turn it in this form - his own, as its Doric salt bespeaks. "A Belgian receipt how to dress Hair with flour." When you see his conundrums rising on the horizon, you may know, by this, that all is well with us, beyond the power of Latitudinarianism to intermeddle!

Liege is full of interest. Walloon is the staple manufacture of the place, and engineering. The town is built on several hills, - like ancient Rome - and the basin is filled with the principal streets and the river Meuse. Captain Van Bommel enables me to insist on the Cimmerician papistry, which inundates this manufacturing district: the nuptial abstinence of the Romish clergy, naturally conducing to the subject. The composer Grétry, who, from a scullion in Louis Quatorze's kitchen, rose to be the companion of the Bassompierres and Richelieus of France, was born here. A statue was erected to his honour some years ago. You are aware that he was Handel's model. Many inventions, too, proceed from Liege. But this is Mr. Pecker's province, not your friend's. Few are the illusions which a delicate female can discover in the dust of manufactories - We perceive that the Nibletts have been before us here. No doubt Wherever Jezebel shines confest - there will they be gathered together.

I ought, ere this, to have entranced upon our railroad journey. The carriages are not convenient; greater plenitude of stuffing

being explicitly a requirement in their construction. We managed, however, capitally Mr. Pecker, by adroitly thrusting his head out of all the windows in turn,* superinduced that impression of fulness, which rescued us from the contamination of too close an intercourse with some of the company—Sisters of Charity, Priests, and others, forming a segment of the motley train. But thus must the separateness of the true faith give place to the encroachments of Utilitarian expediency. It is a comfort to hear Mr. Pecker say, that the Reactionists must do away with railways, or they cannot keep their ground, still less advance, on the going-back principle! I petitioned to stay at Malines, to explore the traces of Maria, so sweetly immortalized in Sterne's *Sentimental Journal*. But my wish was rendered nugatory: Mrs. Pecker had heard of the concurrence of railway trains, there; and unable, by any legitimate process, to disentangle this in her mind from the impression of accidents, and consequent nervousness, I yielded the fond wish, though not without reluctance. Were I a free agent, not one of Fiction's sad shrines should remain unvisited. A list of two hundred or more, culled from the animating works of James, is my constant companion, to be fulfilled as opportunity and the Peckers admit. A fanciful enthusiast, as of old, is your Diana! and innocent, at least, of any of such degrading superstitions as * * * * * are her objects of worship.—Adieu! for I am summoned to council with regard to our preparations for crossing the frontier to-morrow. Recollecting our Antwerpian detention, and the vigilancy with which our luggage has been watched, suggesting that a tinging sound is not convenient, Mr. Pecker is attaching strings to the clappers of his bells; and we are all charged to deny their existence. For it is beneath Tinglebury principle, he says, to bribe any custom-house officer what-

* The Editor is sorry to deprive Mr. Pecker of this one among his many original devices. But the expedient is in very general use among the English; and it has been often curious, though not very pleasant to the Editor's national pride, to observe the fluency with which his countrywomen, of a far less demonstrative order than Miss Rill, have declared "every place taken," to secure "themselves and party" from the entrance of fellow-passengers in the foreign railways. The English word—like English gold—was so good abroad, that for policy's sake, if from no higher motive, our tourists should think twice, ere they add the reputation of *tricking* to that of a somewhat inconsiderate exaction of their own peculiar wants. More of these "Traveling Morals," perhaps, in their own time and place.

soever. Am I not privileged, dearest friend, in these incessant reminders of the pure, unmistakeable duties, which are nothing if not practised. I must go to him at once. Good night.

Your faithfully attached friend in * * * *

DIANA RILL.

Mr. Pecker's plan respective of bills should not be forgotten—though too simple, he declares, to claim a place in pages which too partial friends may call into publicity. It is to *dispute everything*: aware as we are of the mandates in continental operation to counteract English liberty of commerce, by exorbitancy on the private scale. With a more efficient coadjutrix than Sophia, the success accruing would be decisive: the *calembourg* (idiomatic of “stratagem”) of every one professing inequality to understand our brother's accent, being too transparent to seduce into momentary credence—and the unworthy farce of interpretation being requisitional—I have offered my services: but our brother comparing me to the Venice porcelain, which only contained odorous refinements, shivering when grossness was poured in, absolved me. “Nor would it become,” said he sportively, “the heiress of the party to interfere in the paltry details of lucre.” His considerateness costs us dear, for alive to the continental usage of respective support in fraudulency, and well knowing, too, that the Socinian heresy imagine the Church a legitimate spoil in spite of * * *

* * * * We are satisfied that our attendant is bribed into acquiescence with the extortionary measures, to which—as the rain falls upon the blades of grass, just or unjust—we, too, must submit!—Another direful result of English liberalism! But bolts are making hot for many, now secure in their triumphancy! In every traveller's book Mr. Pecker records his weighty ideas at length. Sophia is enjoined to diffuse tracts in all the hotels; your Diana, for reasons above expressed, being for the present absolved from her old, fond service. Yet she has not been idle. A request made to our charming new friend, the Belgian officer, to superinduce her presentation to the Bishop of this City, is in *tapis*. Once admitted, the purple of prelacy shall not stifle my weak advocacy!—But zeal is also cautionary. Those who win, must assert their principles by yielding. Rimmon, my dear, is awarded as an example to all those who would gain the unbeliever. Here is a *billet* from the gallant and martial Belgian, inclosing a box at the theatre this, Sunday, evening—and his

company. Mrs. Pecker says that she never partook of Thespian excitements on that day, at Tinglebury, and shall stay at home and have supper in her own room. But, soaring above all narrowness, and employing the symbol of a "believing wife," the applicability of which strikes me as remote, though ingenious,— "Who knows," says our brother, "of the utility which may present itself in so untried a sphere." "Let us foil," he added, emphatically, "the followers of Ignatius Savonarola by their own subtle artillery." But as Wailford is not foreign parts, and there are those within its borders whose feet are swift to misconceive all that cometh out of Tinglebury, he requests that this may not be diffused. It might, under * * * * be the means of sowing the whirlwind betwixt him and his friends of "the Fiery Furnace," and scandal, among brethren, is not to be sought. Yet I own to repugnancy; and but for ulterior views of extreme delicacy had not adhered to the proposition. Our military friend is distinctively handsome; more roseate, perhaps, than is befitting a hero, but taller than your Mr. Henry Blackadder. Remains he still the Argus *volage* of Wailford? My love to those sweet girls, his sisters.

LETTER III.—TO THE SAME.

Aix, ——— 10th, 1846.

THE date of this, dearest Mrs. Rustler, would not surprise you, could you have threaded our steps unseen. I attempt no explanation of the interpolative chasm in our correspondence, save such as your own pregnant fancy can supply. To seal my pen, when addressing my Sarah, was never your Diana's double part—still less to express foreign usages, or depicture the scenes where

"Every step

Thrills with bright memories of the sceptred Past,"

as Bishop Heber's *Fazio* says in "The Fall of Kehama," while tenderer personalities are monopolizing every nerve, and vistas of a fond felicity engaging the enchanted view. Yet nothing is certain. The embryo of Time still retains your Diana's destinies incompleted. Her word has not passed the Rubicon, which maiden's foot thrills to cross. Mr. Pecker, however, now commands oracular preparations, which, like the veils of the Egyptian Anubis, will obscure little of the truth, from eyes, eagle-visioned as yours. The Blackadders, he thinks, ought to be prepared for

a shock. My reluctance in *that* quarter, you will understand ; but I hope the talented individual to whom it refers, will, ere this, have rivetted his fastidious (not mine ungenerously to say *fickle*) choice on some brighter being than your poor friend. It will break like a torpedo on the Podds. O yes ! we anticipate. “ She who crested it so high at Tinglebury to stoop to a Flemish foreigner ! ” “ She, whose opinions were dearer to her than the quick of her bones, to join in nuptial bands with a Papist ! ” Witness I not the laugh ? Hear I not the supercilious mockery ?—The Nibletts, who will shout for joy, to conceive me in the filaments of their net—I can parry them, too. Secure in feminine principle and Christian integrity, strong and stately as the adamantinē cedar in the foundations of my felicity, I can put aside the Podds ; and forgive—meet the Nibletts ; and challenge *her* to assert which has chosen the best. A foolish creature, my dear, will have it that I promised him a promenade. *Io ! ** Well, indulgence was always inevitable to your Diana ;—and here is Mr. Pecker, on the other side, telling me the post must go. My eyes are in a whirl. Am I treading on cerulean air ? Feel, kindest partner of my girlhood’s fond experiments, for your fluttering

DIANA.

RAILROADS IN EGYPT.

THERE is no remark oftener repeated than that the affairs of this world are in a perpetual state of mutation. One of the most striking examples of its truth is the constant changes that take place in the relative importance of kingdoms and states. Neglect is now the fate of many nations that once filled the world with the fame of their achievements : and spots which have been comparatively forgotten acquire, from time to time, a sudden and unexpected prominence, blaze with unwonted light, become the theatres of political intrigue, the arena to which is transferred that strife betwixt rival powers, which, whatever form it may assume, whether it wears the horrid garb of war, or dons the more decent apparel of peace, ever continues to rage, and is frequently most

* From a direction in Miss Rill’s MS., the Editor presumes the above exclamation to be Italian. It is not, however, in Baretti.

violent, when, in the eyes of the superficial observer, it has ceased to exist.

Egypt is precisely in such a position. For several years it had been by many considered merely as a field for the labour of the antiquarian—a land of wonder, of pyramids and obelisks, of temples and propylæa—a region peopled, if we may so speak, with mummies, hieroglyphics, and crocodiles. The French campaign, the more brilliant than solid rule of Mohammed Ali, but above all, the establishment of what is called the Overland Route, have changed all this. Egypt does not now only appeal to the imagination and historical sympathies of men, its affairs are no longer foreign to us, they come home to our business and bosoms; the whole English nation, directly or indirectly, is interested in every question which concerns it. There is scarcely a family perhaps in the United Kingdom some relation or friend of which is not compelled to use this once mysterious land as a common highway; the mythical gloom which formerly overhung it is dissolved; we look at it now in a much more vulgar light, and not only feel curiosity about its condition, but more than that, are absolutely compelled in some respects to take the initiative in matters which we might otherwise deem it advisable to leave for ever unmeddled with on our part. Before the Overland Route was regularly established, Egypt was visited for its own sake, in order to satisfy the requirements of a liberal curiosity; it is now the half-way house between England and India, one of those stepping-stones which enable steam, with its giant strides, to traverse the wide expanse of water that separates us from our possessions in Asia.

Various projects have been started for the purpose of improving this route; and to some of them we shall endeavour to direct the attention of our readers. But before doing so, let us premise a few words on the actual state of the transit. We are not among those who join in the outcry against the present arrangements. There have been, doubtless, many just complaints made; but it cannot be concealed, that the cause of the outcry now raised against the whole establishment is the assumption of it by the Pasha. Whether this was a wise or proper act on his part is a question open to discussion, but into which we do not think it necessary at present to enter. This, however, we must say, that the violent and indiscriminate attacks that have been made, the exaggerations that have been indulged in, the distortion of facts as regards the transit

administration, are not very creditable, and have tended to damage very much that respect in which Englishmen should always be held. Unjust accusations often fail in producing the desired object ; but they are never without some effect, for they recoil on him who makes them, and throw a stain on the quarter whence they proceed. We allude more particularly to certain articles which have appeared in the Bombay press, emanating, probably, from interested parties, in which advantage is taken of certain accidents incidental to the season, as the heat and want of water, both in the Nile and the Mahmoudiyah, to denounce the whole conduct of the transit, and to declare that it is virtually at an end.

We are in a position to contradict these statements, having not only performed the journey ourselves, but having had opportunities of hearing the opinions of many hundreds of persons who have done so likewise. The following, then, we believe, is a fair representation. The transit is far from perfect ; both in matters of detail and in the general plan fault may be found and improvements suggested ; the journey, especially that across the Desert, is always fatiguing, and great hardships are sometimes encountered. People who travel between Alexandria and Suez must not expect to find, especially in manners, the same facilities and comforts as between London and Liverpool. Egypt is still a semi-civilized country, whatever some sycophants may pretend. But we can bear testimony to the fact that the *employés*, high and low, are polite and obliging ; so that we never heard a single complaint made by any passenger of personal incivility. The inconveniences and hardships that are experienced, chiefly during two months of the year (June and July), are the result of the same system of mismanagement which causes much of the misery of Egypt. It has always, for example, been a custom in that country to neglect public works when once completed, and the Mahmoudiyah Canal, therefore, has been suffered to choke up in many places ; but, we can assure the complainants, not out of any desire to impede the transit. The same cause which has compelled many of our countrymen to undergo so much fatigue between Alexandria and Atfeh, has also offered serious impediments to the whole commerce of the country, and acted as a great discouragement to agriculture. But these things are not, as they are represented to be, quite new. In 1845 there were similar obstacles encountered, though not in the same degree ; because we have this year had a very low Nile, and because Said Pasha thought or found it necessary to ir

his rice fields with the water that was intended to serve the purpose of navigation. We are aware, that if a hundredth part of the energy were exhibited in cleaning that was exhibited in making the canal, it might always be kept tolerably open; but we can scarcely expect this in a country where the principle is, never to put a new piece of cloth on an old garment.

In saying this, we do not mean that we despair of ever seeing any improvement, that we must always be content to be tugged along in more or less discomfort in heavy truck boats, or wheeled across the desert in two-wheeled vans, at an enormous expense of animal life. On the contrary, our object in the present paper is to show that vast improvements may and must be made: but, at the same time, the course many have pursued is both unjust and impolitic. It is unjust, because the complaints are in many instances unfounded, or misdirected; it is impolitic, because if a man like the Pasha finds that what he does do is ill appreciated or misrepresented, he may take it into his head to do nothing at all.

However this may be, one thing is certain, that having gone to so great an expense in perfecting that portion of the route to India which lies over her proper domain, the sea: having succeeded to a certain extent in opening a new line of communication through the centre of Europe, England cannot rest satisfied until every possible improvement is introduced into the transit through Egypt. Luckily there has for a long time existed in the mind of Mohammed Ali a desire to lend himself in this particular to the views of Great Britain. Twelve years ago, Galloway Bey, his engineer in chief, laid before him a project, of which he instantly appreciated the importance. It was proposed to him to construct a railway from Cairo to Suez, which would not only save a great deal of valuable time, but enable passengers to escape from that most disagreeable portion of the journey, the crossing of the desert.

The history of this project, and of the cause of the delay that has taken place in its accomplishment, is a curious one; but we cannot at present undertake more than a sketch, or rather a notice, of some of the most important heads. The first step, naturally, was to have the ground surveyed, which was done very minutely by the projector himself. It was soon ascertained that instead of any engineering difficulties existing, there scarcely ever was a line which held out hopes of being completed at so small an expense. The peculiar conditions under which labour was to be

procured being taken into consideration, it appeared more than probable that the whole work could be executed for £300,000. Every encouragement therefore was offered on this score ; and, in fact, the difficulties that have been thrown in the way of the construction of the railway have never had reference to the cost of its construction ; they have all been political, within the province of diplomatists, not of engineers—of consuls general, not of surveyors.

Before the establishment of the Overland Route in its present state, it required some sagacity to see that such a line as that we mention would be of the importance it must now acquire. It is not every mind that can look forward and estimate the probabilities of the future. Men are too apt to follow in the train of events, to be led by circumstances instead of moulding them. It does therefore some honour to Mohammed Ali that he early perceived and acknowledged the value of the Suez railroad, and took steps for its construction.

In 1834 Galloway Bey received instructions from Mohammed Ali to carry out the proposed undertaking, and proceeded to England to make the necessary arrangements, purchase of rail, &c. At the same time he was deputed by his Highness to acquaint the British Government with the circumstances. All he required by way of remuneration was a common transit duty on merchandise of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Confident that so reasonable a proposition could not fail of being fully acceded to, Galloway Bey lost no time in laying it before the government, who unfortunately treated the communication with indifference. This of necessity disgusted the Pasha, and served the interests of foreign powers, in dissuading him from carrying on the work.

Political events now crowding round him, and being repulsed by the power most interested in the construction of the railway, Mohammed Ali suffered the idea for a long time to sleep, though twenty miles of rail, with locomotives, were actually brought over from England by Messrs. Galloway ; and instead of resuming at the final settlement of the Egyptian question this once favourite project, he allowed himself to be drawn by French influence into others of doubtful utility or apparent absurdity. The fortifications of Alexandria, which are crumbling at one end whilst they are unfinished at the other, attest the prevalence of idea opposed to sound improvement ; and the Barrage—a project truly barbarian, in which means are employed vastly disproportionate to the end

proposed — typifies the kind of civilization which the Gallic race are introducing into the land of the Pharaohs. Is this unfortunate country destined never to be the scene of reasonable achievements? Obelisks, pyramids, a barrage, are these the only works on which Egyptian hands can be employed?

Within the last four or five years, however, the Pasha has reverted to the idea of a railway, the advantages of which are now more apparent, more easily appreciable. A great change has taken place in Egypt. Instead of an occasional passenger content to traverse the desert on the awkward dromedary or the humble ass twice a month, there is a regular influx of strangers from Asia, as well as from Europe, into the country. The products of the gorgeous East are once more beginning to find their way to the Mediterranean through this channel; and through it likewise the civilization, the science, the wisdom of the West, are continually flowing back towards their supposed sources. Every year increases the number of persons that ply on the route, so that it is impossible not to see that as soon as the work is finished it will afford an amply remunerative return; and then when the principle that railways make traffic has operated the profit will be very great indeed.

In 1843, accordingly, Mohammed Ali again came to a determination to proceed with this project, and actually requested Mr. R. Galloway to proceed to England for the purpose of completing the necessary arrangements. There appeared now no prospect of any change taking place; and the next steamer was positively to carry out the final order, which having once left Egypt could with difficulty be recalled. It was necessary therefore that those who were interested in suppressing this useful undertaking should vigorously exert themselves, employ every resource of diplomacy, or even descend into the mazy paths of intrigue. Such exertions were made, and the result was that as Mr. R. Galloway was about to embark the order previously given was countermanded, and from that day to this scarcely any real progress has been made towards the accomplishment of this important object.

It is scarcely necessary to point to the French consulate as the quarter whence the opposition which was so successful proceeded. In many instances England has been reduced to guess at the machinations of her rival; she has found herself in presence of a secret enemy, and being compelled to fight him with his own arms has often been defeated for want of an opportunity of a fa-

hand to hand struggle. In Egypt it is otherwise. There the rivalry, the hostility, the opposition of France are undisguised. Her consuls have openly avowed, for example, their determination to prevent, if possible, the railway from ever being carried out ; and as England unfortunately has not taken up the subject in a tone sufficiently peremptory the railway has necessarily miscarried or at least been postponed.

No great penetration is required to divine the motives that urge the French Government to adopt the line of policy at which we have above hinted. In addition to the ever-living jealousy that exists between the two nations, Egypt is too important a country for England, and still possesses too much of the traditional affection of France, to allow the latter to behold us quietly running a railway through its territory. Without certain precautions this work might of course, if such were our desire, open a way to conquest. But we know the Pasha too well to suppose that he would not take every precaution to prevent us from acquiring any military advantage by means of a railway. It is evident that Louis Philippe, whatever he may attempt to promise the Pasha, must know that no improvement in the transit of our mail and passengers can directly contribute to the establishment of British authority on the banks of the Nile. A superior degree of sagacity to that which he possesses might teach him indeed that danger to the independence of Egypt can arise not from facilities given to the transit, but from obstacles thrown in its way, that there is no surer means of inducing us to lay aside any ambitious pretensions he may suppose us to entertain than to give us the fruits of victory without its dangers. A safe and rapid transmission of travellers and intelligence through Egypt, secured by binding treaties, will quite satisfy England ; whereas, if she is to be irritated there is no better way of doing it than by the cunning conduct at present pursued by the French agents in Egypt.

We are not among those inclined ever to give the most Machiavellian interpretation to the actions of men. In this instance, as we have before hinted, jealousy of Great Britain, a desire to impede her movements, to embarrass her merely for the sake of doing so, seem chiefly to impel France to action. She loves; without any immediate purpose of advantage to herself, to cast little stumbling-blocks in the path of that gigantic power whose greatness overshadows and alarms her. For this purpose her agents, especially in the East, present themselves everywhere

under various forms and names, but always with the same view, and the same mode of action. Having no great object to accomplish, even the best of them are compelled to descend to littlenesses. Being commissioned to carry out no extensive scheme of policy, but simply to annoy, impede, and pester, with diplomatic good-humour, a dreaded rival, all their actions necessarily correspond with their object, and are small, crooked, obscure, or insignificant. In Abyssinia, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, everywhere we have encountered an ill-paid Frenchman labouring with commendable perseverance to undo what we have done, to prolong, if he cannot ultimately prevent the attainment of our desires, or if he is powerless in both these capacities to misrepresent our actions and libel our policy. In Egypt, the personal character of the present French consul general has given a little more variety and openness to proceedings essentially similar. M. Barrot has not publicly wished the success of the railway, and privately opposed it. He has declared, with a frankness perhaps disagreeable to his Government, that his intention is ever to resist the execution of this project, and if we are to believe report, has given his reasons pretty plainly.

Let us listen to his principal argument. "*I am afraid that if the railway ever is made we shall never have the canal.*" The railway then stands in the way of some other project, which is at once a favourite and of apparent inferiority. We presume that even the French consul will acknowledge that the canal is not a thing to be loved *per se*. Is it not then extraordinary that such an argument as this should be seriously put forward? Are we not at liberty to infer that France patronises the canal simply in order to stifle the project of the railway? Is there any other explanation of so strange a process of reasoning? Are we not forced to believe, when we hear the two schemes put into such curious opposition, that they really occupy in the mind of the speaker, a position very different from what he avows? M. Barrot patronises the canal, affirms its vast superiority, its importance to the cause of civilization and humanity; and yet fears that the establishment of the railway would prevent the canal ever being made; he must conclude then that the former would fulfil all the useful purposes of the latter, that it is acknowledged in fact to be the only feasible work, and that the canal is merely put forward as a blind.

We do not intend to enter into the question of the actual

practicability of this "Great Cut" as it has been called, from Suez to the Mediterranean; but will simply observe that the vast cost of its formation, the length of time it would occupy, and the little comparative benefit that would arise from it, would be sufficient to deter any reasonable person from the attempt, even if all the real advantages its most sanguine promoters propose were not to be obtained by more economical means. However, if France really desires to perform this stupendous work, let her undertake it, but let her not endeavour to prevent Great Britain from constructing a railway, which will in fact be indispensable to carry to her field of action the requisite materials, and the supplies for the vast numbers of men, whom for perhaps a quarter of a century it will be necessary to employ!

It now remains only to inquire how it is that we have suffered France successfully to oppose us in this particular. Certainly there has not been any remarkable reluctance on the part of our Government to give it support. Opinions have changed since a British minister so singularly thwarted the desire of Mohammed Ali, and rejected his overtures. Lord Aberdeen in October, 1843, after the French consul had dissuaded the Pasha from commencing the railroad, forwarded the most positive instructions to Colonel Barnet, our consul-general in Egypt, to give every support to the undertaking; but we are sorry to say that the supineness or indifference of this gentleman, or it may be the persuasion of his bosom friend, the French consul-general, prevented him from fulfilling those instructions and induced him to neglect in a most singular manner his duty to his employers and his country. On him rests the responsibility of having been the means of preventing, instead of assisting the execution of a work of such paramount importance to British interests, both in a commercial and political point of view.

Let us hope that Lord Palmerston, with his accustomed energy, will pursue the example set him by his predecessor. We hear that the question has already been presented to him, and that it has occupied his most serious attention. It will be necessary, however, for him to bear in mind one circumstance. Whatever goodwill he may possess and evince, nothing will avail unless strenuous, urgent and precise instruction be given to the new consul-general. No doubt must be suffered to remain on Mr. Murray's mind as to how far he may go in his support; but armed with distinct orders, having in view a specific object, he must be enabled to go

to the Pasha and explain himself fully and freely ; he must make opportunities of exerting his influence if he cannot find them, and, finally, he must remember that a petty jealousy and an affectation of rivalry are unworthy the character of a British representative. If what we here counsel be a prophecy ; for we do not flatter ourselves that it will affect the decisions of Government or the conduct of its representative—of whom indeed we have great hope ; we shall soon have to congratulate the Pasha on the commencement of a work which will confer great blessings on the industry and commerce of his country, whilst it multiplies its chances of independence, of security against foreign aggression ; and to announce to Great Britain that the best route to the vast possessions in Asia is indeed open and secure, and that she need no longer fear any interruption in her constant communications with the Indies, with China, with Australia, and that important country now beginning to unfold its riches before us, the vast island of Kalamantan.

"THE HOUR AND THE MAN."

He is a little gentle child,
 Upon a tender mother's knee,
 On whom the dawn of life has smiled
 In its unclouded infancy ;
 On her is fixed the soft blue eye,
 The wondered gaze, the upward look,
 And in her loving smile he reads
 The first sweet page of nature's book.

He is a little merry boy,
 A creature formed of smiles and tears,
 All full of energy and mirth,
 And thoughtfulness beyond his years ;
 Among his little friends he bounds
 A throng of life and glee,
 But lists with soul-filled eyes of grief
 At tale of misery.

The infant and the child expand
 In th' open brow of the fearless youth,
 The clear glad eye, the generous hand,
 The earnest flush of conscious truth ;

'Tis the same tender infant child,
 The same glad boy of merry mood,
 On whom the parents' thoughtful eye
 Rested with deep solicitude.

With what emotion now he reads
 Of actions brave, of high-souled deeds,
 Perchance of martyr band ;
 How kindles his blue earnest eye,
 How heaves his breast the deep-drawn sigh,
 And oh how longs that sympathy
 To stretch a helping hand !

Pass some few years, young eager soul,
 Thy wayward passions to control,
 To ripen all thy worth ;
 And thou shalt find a mission high
 To rescue human misery,
 Ordained thee from thy birth ;
 Deep hid in the Almighty plan—
 The *hour* is come—and *thou* the *Man*.

FABLES FOR FOOLISH FELLOWS.

No. I.

MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT ; OR, THE WISE GOOSE AND THE
 FOOLISH SPARROWS.

IN the green suburbs of a great city which shall be nameless, there was a waste, wide-open, wild spot of many acres which, time out of mind, had afforded free commonage to all the geese, ducks, sparrows, and small fowl of the village, to say nothing of the donkeys, and donkey-boys, and schoolboys, and illiterate boys, between twelve and two at mid-day, and from five till it was time for boys, donkeys, ducks, geese, and sparrows, to go in and go to bed at a good hour in the evening ; for all these free-commoners had, no doubt, had it impressed upon their young minds, either by precept or example, and especially the geese and the donkeys, that—

“ Early to bed, and early to rise,
 Was the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

But, alas the day !—this long-neglected Noman's land was no

more to run wild : no more to resound with whoops and halloo, brayings, chucklings, cacklings, and chirpings. One of those rich men who would not steal a goose from a common for the world, but think it no dishonesty to steal a common from a goose, got this ownerless land into his hands, some say by underhanded means—inclosed it—levelled it—planted it—laid it out as an ornamented garden—made here a pleached alley, and there a gravelled walk—here a bed and there a bed for flowers—built a comely villa in the centre of all—stuck up scarecrows for one sort of offenders and words of warning for another, letting them learn what they would get by trespassing ; for, to add insult to injury, at one angle of the inclosure they might read this inscription—“ *Beware of the Gaol !* ” and at another angle this—“ *This is one way, but not the nearest, to the County Prison.* ” In other words, whoever trespassed on these premises was assured that he would be prosecuted according to law.

The obstinate donkeys and rebellious boys resisted, for some time, so gross an innovation on their liberties, and broke through here and clambered over there ; and the one got fined and the other pounded for their pains. The ducks and geese waddled, as they had been used to waddle daily, to their old wild wandering-place, and cackled and clamoured and quaquaked, and thought it scandalous that they should be barred out of their right of commonage ; but about the time of the coming in of green peas the ducks were reduced to silence, and a little while after Michaelmas sage and onion subdued the geese by their offensive odour. The sparrows and small birds showed that they had a spirit which would not, and could not, and should not be put down in a hurry ; and for a time they trespassed with impunity. Cherry-clacks, scarecrows, (to which they paid no attention, as they were sparrows,) and the going off of a gun occasionally, were tried in vain to warn them off—they would not take warning, and grubbed up the ground as audaciously as ever, till the gardener hit upon a plan of guarding his beds, which brought them to their senses by frightening them out of them ; and soon not one of them was bold enough to venture further than the ledge of the palings or the tiptop of an old hawthorn overhanging the grounds.

The oddest and wildest of fowls had taken possession of the garden, and kept it. The most experienced sparrow of those parts had never seen a specimen of such a bird, with so long and

attenuated a body, and feathers for ever ruffling in the wind, so white and wide apart! Was it a bird, or what was it? who could say what it was? But a sort of bird it must be; or wherefore all those feathers, frightfully fluttering? And they stood in chirpless silence, wondering to see it turn and turn again like a spindle; and though they broke out at last into a general titter or twitter of admiration of its antics, they were not the less afraid of it. An old-lady-sparrow—quite a prude to look at—thought its extraordinary evolutions barely decent—decidedly unbird-like, and bade her fair young friends to come away; upon which all the young-lady-sparrows, who had not thought of that, with a pretty affectation, set up screaming fearfully, and flew off, anywhere, out of sight of such a monster, their lovers following them and gallantly chirping after them not to be afraid, which made them scream all the more, so that there were soon few or none but old fellows left to admire this foreign wonder, of all the brave and bold fowls of the air the only one that ventured there, where sparrows dared not show their faces; and they are the boldest and least diffident—in short, the most impudent birds in the world.

Ever since a good stout fence of oak-palings had surrounded this spot, the wading birds, as the pond they loved so much had been filled up, waddled away to a piece of water further down the road, where the weed was pretty good and green, but the frogs few and smallish, and so they gobbled two or three at a time. In the old pond—ah, that was something like a pond!—one was almost a choker: here three frogs went to a mouthful. And now, of all the hundreds of wild and domesticated fowls once common to this once a common, there were but three geese and a gander, (nick'd by the gardener as his private property,) and this foreign wonder of a fowl, who were not afraid to venture within this sacred inclosure, regularly tabooed from all the wild fowl world. When the gardener's back was so completely turned that he was sitting with his face fronting the Two Jolly Gardeners, a mile up the road, taking his pipe and pint of ale, these geese and their green goslings (not because they had more bravery than sparrows, but because they had more stupidity) would run cackling in where they dared not now think of going for a minute in their way to somewhere else;—

“Thus fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

The gander especially (a fine, full-grown fellow, as proud as a

turkeycock—quite a Grand Turk in his way) so strutted and waddled about “at his own sweet will” wherever he liked—all over the new-mado beds, and ducking his head even under the very vertebra of the long-backed monster which so scared them, as if it had no terrors for him, great goose!—a very Alexander of a gander!—that, willynilly, they could not choose but admire him; for, if he had not courage, he had insensibility to danger—a good substitute for that old bull dog virtue.

By way of compliment to the gander, some one suggested that he should be asked what he thought of this bird, with the spinal column six yards long. Agreed to; but it was not so soon agreed who should ask him; for the goose looked so very grave and grand, that they were all afraid to speak to him. At last it was settled that they should get their old gossip the Magpie to pop the question indirectly, not to the Gander, but to a Robin who visited the villa daily for bits of broken victuals, though there was a cat there who hated the very sight of him. As luck would have it, Mag came screaming by, in mere wantonness and fun, for there was nothing amiss with him; and seeing such a goodly company of sparrows in full convocation assembled, he slackened sail, and dropped in among them. He was a clean, clerical-looking fellow to look at, with a good many of the airs and graces of a pert, smart, pragmatistical, pet parson, spoiled by too much praise of his eloquence, and too many presentations of rings and silver tea-pots by fair hands. If there had been any schism in his church touching white and black gowns, he had settled the question by wearing a pie-bald surplice—as much black as white.

When they had informed him that his worship was the last person they had in their mouths, they begged his attention to the foreign wonder, and directing him where to look, they inquired if he had ever seen so extraordinary a bird in his life? Mag looked accordingly, with his beak first to one side and then to the other, making all sorts of odd, exclamatory noises as he looked intently at it; and then he confessed that, in all his wanderings, he had never seen a wild fowl like it before, or behind either, for that matter! At which piece of pleasantry there was an universal twitter of sparrow laughter: for he had such a renown among the small birds for his great wit, that he had only to open his mouth, and his silliest badinage was received with a roar. His chuckles of wonder at its antics—his imitations of its capers as the wind affected it—were really comical; and made the small birds

merry—very! Among other memorable things said by him on this occasion, he remarked, "That, as it could not say it had not a feather to fly with, why did not it fly, and not stand there frightening the sparrowocracy, and puzzling him what to think of such a fowl ornithologically?" And as Mag was in such a gracious humour, they boldly put it to him, "Would he ask robin to ask the gander——"

"No, indeed, I wont," said Mag decidedly. "Robin is a proud, bird-unsocial fellow; social, and mean, and humble enough to our great enemy, Man, and because he is a poet, and can sing pretty well when his betters wont sing—in winter—when the concert-season is over, he is above speaking to sparrows or to me. Even I should not get a civil answer from him: he would mind his song, and never mind me; which shows that he knows more of music than of manners. The goose I think I could talk to, and get, if not a wise, a civil answer from him. For you will remember—if you don't, I do," and he looked uncommonly nutty upon his knowledge, "that he is called *Anser* by the learned, and must answer when called upon by the unlearned." And here, of course, there was a prodigious twittering, so gratifying to his vanity, that he readily promised to ask the goose the question propounded. "And there he is, coming down the grand gravelled walk—how grandly and how gravely, as if he had something more on his mind than Michaelmas-day next! I'll ask him at once to oblige you!"

And so saying, Mag walked over the way with great dignity—the dignity of an usher of the black-rod with a message from the upper house—and meeting the gander at the gate he saluted him, and hoped he was salubrious—he looked so; and the ladies and the little ones, all pretty well? Yes. And then paying him a fulsome compliment upon his wisdom, he laughed, and looked behind him at the sparrows cowering in a corner, and told him of the terror of the small birds at the appearing of this monster-fowl, "all feathers and no flesh, with a spinal column ten yards long, who was eating up all the worms, slugs, and snails to himself."

"What monster is this? where is this monster?" said the gander, looking as if it was the first he had heard of it.

Mag directed his eye to the centre-bed; and at that moment the indescribable bird was playing most extraordinary antics, and throwing his feathers about from one side of his long spine to the other, as if he cared not which side was warm and which

cold. The gander lifted his head with such a deliberate air as only a great goose can assume, and looked very gravely at this monster in the middle bed, Mag, with his sly eye, watching him the while, and wondering to see how wholly unafraid he was—apparently ; for Mag—a great observer—knew that there were dissemblers in this world, who could affect to look calm as a custard cooling, while their hearts were dying within them in dread, and therefore his calmness went for nothing.

“ Well ? ” said the gander, looking as if he saw nothing wonderful in this wonder.

The grave sparrow, ambassador, surprised at his insensibility, said, “ You are not scared by it, I see ! ”

“ Why should I ? ” quoth the gander. “ If you call that a monster, it is a monster of my own making—mine and my family’s ! I should be a goose indeed to be frightened out of my wits by my own shed feathers, strung on a string stretched from peg to peg, to scare away such fools as sparrows are, between you and I, with all their swaggering. It has no terrors for me ! I am in the secret—I know what it is—what it is made of—how harmless a wild fowl it is, and no foreign wonder to me, and Grubbins the gardener ! It is simply ten yards of twine, two tent-pegs, and my and my wives’ cast of finery ! Here, Maggy, my fine fellow, come and see for yourself what this terror is made of ! ” And so saying, with an inward cackling, like the chuckling of some grave old grey-beard among men, when he laughs at the follies of the day, the gander waddled up towards this

“ Gorgon and chimera dire,”—

the ambassador following after him, about a hop, step, and jump, in the rear, for he had his apprehensions still ; and when he saw with his own eyes what it was, and what it was not, that had scared all Sparrowdom, he chuckled too, and indeed screamed with mirth, which the sparrows hearing, set down for screams of horror.

When their merriment was over, the gander, out of his pity for the small birds, said benevolently, “ Don’t disabuse these simpletons of their terrors, by telling them that it is no monster, or they will come trespassing in these grounds, and get shot down by the dozen ; for my master’s man swears he’ll have no mercy on them if he catches them grubbing here again. When you go back, Maggy, go among them with all your feathers on end, as though you were woundily frightened ; and beg and pray them to keep

off these premises till the monster disappears, which will be the case when the seeds come up. There is room enough in the wide world for them : why should they want to come here in particular ? Simply because they are forbidden ? Disobedience is delightful, I know ; but don't let them pay too much for the pleasure of wilfulness ! As a friend to them—a well-meaning friend—if you love them, frighten them ! Tell them of the terrors you have endured—enough to turn your black feathers to white, your white to grey ; and warn them of Grubbins's great wrath to come. His double-barrelled gun is ready, loaded with small shot, and standing handy in the tool-house ; and he is in a horrible humour to-day, because the squire snubbed him for oversleeping himself. And so good morning, Maggy ; for I must about my business—get a gizzardful of early earth-worms for my dear little goslings !”

And so saying, the gander gobbled up a great worm and had his eye on several more ; while Mag flew screeching back among the simple sparrows, as if awfully horrified at all he had seen and heard. He would never more be seen there, he said, to serve or satisfy anybody, even himself ; and away he went, and they after him, till he alighted five fields off ; and there he solemnly warned them to avoid that spot, if they set any value on their lives.

And during all that slow seed-time—for it was a cold, backward spring—not a sparrow was to be seen within gunshot of the tabooed ten acres, till an old bird, noticing how fat, how sleek, how sly and shy Mag had gotten in their abstinence, watched him ; and saw him and the gander grubbing together, and faring sumptuously under the very midriff of the monster. He could hardly believe his old eyes ; but he could his ears when he heard Mag say, and chuckle as he said it, “ What gullible fools your sparrows are ! ”—and the gander answer him, “ Yes, they are simple believers, truly ! ” and cackle in contempt of these fools of fowls. “ Phew ! ” whistled the old sparrow, and went open-mouthed to tell his congeners what he had seen and heard ; but they would not believe a word of this tale : “ Tell it to humming-birds, and they won't swallow it ! Mag is too honest and open a fellow for such base hypocrisy ! ” said one of them ; and not a sparrow, save this spying one, but religiously kept aloof from the sacred soil : till, towards the end of May, Mag himself—as fat as a mortified monk in Lent—announced that the monster had suddenly disappeared, and the interdict was withdrawn.

"There!" cried three hundred sparrows with one voice, "who dares to disbelieve in Maggy now?"

So, in the good old dark days of superstition, a certain church would scare away its simple spiritual sparrows from the carnal good things of this life in the seedtime of the year, which the priests, careless of their bodies, thoughtful only of their souls, kept them from, and kept unto themselves; and this they did by setting scarecrows and scaresparrows as sentinels over all things sacred to the church, and setting them in motion, till the uninitiate were subdued by terror, and fled for their lives. Meanwhile all orders of the hierarchy—popes, anti-popes, bishops, archbishops, abbots, priors, monks, friars, priests, deacons, archdeacons, mass-men, chaunters, vergers, even beadies and lay brothers, who, like the Goose and Magpie of our story, were in the secret, and knew what sort of scarecrow it was which kept the *illiterati* from trespassing—enjoyed themselves, entered without fear into these sacred places, strode over the tabooed spots, and gobbled up every good thing they could gather, as proper to geese but improper to sparrows, and from which these only were to be scared away by sweet persuasion where that would do; and where that failed, by the terrors of the church and the engineery of enormous lying.

New Books.

THE FAWN OF SERTORIUS. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

THIS fiction is one of a noble kind: a kind that is not of the highest but still one that is graceful, instructive, and interesting. It has a little fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; and since circulating libraries have become more abundant, and cab-drivers, and turnpike men, and other sedentary personages, beguile their weary hours with works of fiction, a style more illustrative and daguerreotype has somewhat misplaced it.

The novel of the modern age might be divided into as many classes as the drama by Polonius. We certainly have the historical, the historical-political, the historical-domestic, the historical-modern, the historical-middle-aged, the historical-classical, and were we as fluent and as tedious as the old courtier we could outrival his list with the infinite varieties of modern fiction. Sertorius belongs to the historical-classical, a kind that we think may be traced to the elegant and interesting romance of Valerius by Lockhart, who, in more senses than one, is the son of Scott. Sir Walter himself had not much sympathy with the

cold and abstracted nature of classical writing, but having brought novels into fashion with the learned, and obtained that great triumph over academic prejudice, the elegant scholars of the time brought forth the historical-classical romance. And it betrays conspicuously its origin. Correctness of manners, archaeological accuracy, and the sententious morality of the ancients, as recorded in their precise and logical philosophic moralists, are its distinguishing characteristics. It possesses a certain cold formality of character, as if the knowledge had been derived from a study of marble and bronzes, and gleaned through "the spectacles of books." The same earthly, unspiritual, sensual, though refined feelings that are perceptible in all the classical, at the least in the Roman writers, predominate in it, and men and women are delineated on principles akin to those which govern geometrical proportion rather than to that mingled and mingling process which actual observation of life produces. Still as the product of refined minds, as dealing with remote objects, interesting and suggestive from their very remoteness, this class of writing has many charms, and more especially for the cultivated. A kind of real idealism pervades it too, which precludes its being tested by nature or reality; and although it is felt not to be a true delineation of humanity, nor a *spirituel* subliming of it, yet it is taken as accordant with a character of its own, and all necessary allowances being made the mind is interested, unreal, and untrue, as it abstractedly is. It is an elegant and stately dream, and as such pleasingly absorbs the reader.

The Fawn of Sertorius is the production of a truly ripe scholar, filled to overflowing with information, which streams with a copiousness and smoothness that proves it is derived from an abundant well of knowledge. We could almost do it the honour to suppose it from the pen of the finest writer of *scholastic* prose of the day—Walter Savage Landor. We do not perceive, however, the penetrating glances into human character, nor the brief but vivid touches which make his delineations glow with an intense reality. It may be the product of decaying perfection, or the early effort of a ripening genius. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish the extremes of morning and evening. Whoever is the author, it is a proof, with others lately had, that however weary we may grow of forms of fiction, that fiction itself is a necessary offshoot in some shape of humanity itself, and that we shall never be without its manifestation in some phase or other. We trust this work may be the product of a young hand, that we may hope for farther and perhaps still higher works from it.

We have considered the work as a fiction, for it is of little moment whether Sertorius only required an equal historian to have ranked him with Julius Cæsar, as the novelist contends. As the world, however, will judge by results and not by intrinsic merits, it would seem very unlikely that any pen could have given him such renown, even had he been able to wield it as powerfully in his own behalf as Cæsar.

Of Sertorius we know nothing, except from Plutarch, though probably

curious scholars are able to piece together some fragmentary information regarding him. In one important particular, affecting completely the entire character of Sertorius, the novelist swerves from the ancient biographer. The latter in most unequivocal terms declares that Sertorius "feigned a lye of the Hinde" (in the quaint translation of North), and that "he made the simple barbarous people believe that it was a gift that *Diana* had sent him, by the which she made him understand of many and sundry things to come: knowing well enough of himselfe that the barbarous people were men easily deceived, and quickly caught by any subtile superstition, besides that, by art also he brought them to believe it as a thing very true." The novelist starts with citing that this tale of the Fawn is a proof that the Roman mind was of the same spiritual and superstitious nature that the Teutonic is acknowledged to be. The whole conduct of Sertorius, as related by Plutarch, would lead to a different conclusion, proving him to have been an extremely politic and worldly-minded gentleman, very wise in his generation.

After reading again the Life of Sertorius, as given in Plutarch, we cannot but think a story of more power and interest might have been given from it. Every paragraph is there a suggestion, and it abounds with scenes of glowing interest. Had any of our old dramatists condensed it into "some three hours' play," what an intensity of life and action would they have revealed! In the present work we have some agreeable description, pleasing sentiment, and elegant disquisition, but it wants life and vigour to give it a universal interest. The scholar will be pleased with it, and the reflective man of the world may be interested in its development of the conduct of men engaged in rivalry for power, and banded together for merely selfish purposes: but the general reader will prefer fictions less elegant but more true; and seek for a more exciting narrative, regardless if it be less didactic.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F.S.A. Printed for the Shakespeare Society. London: 8vo.

OF all the books which the Shakespeare Society has yet issued, we deem this the most interesting. There have been many volumes printed by the Society, for which the lovers of literature must be grateful, and which, by being printed and distributed in various copies, are secured from total destruction. The Coventry Miracle and Chester Whitsun Plays; The Accounts of the Revels at Court; Jonson's Conversations with Drummond; The Diary of Henslowe, and numerous reprints of plays of value and variety, are all and each good; but they still had only an interest for the highly cultivated reader of our old literature: the present is a handsome volume, which the general reader will find highly interesting.

It is impossible for any one to be in the habit of perusing Shakespeare's

Plays not to imbibe an irrepressible curiosity to know something personally of a writer so immeasurably superior and different from all others. That this is the case is proved by the innumerable Looks published endeavouring to dissipate the darkness that shrouds his biography by the piecing together the few fragmentary scraps that relate to him. This natural, if not laudable curiosity, extends to those connected with him, and in the utter hopelessness of getting any full particulars of the great one himself, we extend our researches to his great contemporaries and his as great representors. Here then is a volume the fruit of a life of diligent research guided by scrupulous truth and controlled by the most cautious investigation. We know, bulky as the book is (upwards of 300 pages), that every fact has been sifted, and the whole mass winnowed by the faithful author. Mr. Collier stands above suspicion, and may be cited in this particular as the contrast of Stevens, who also spent a life and a fortune on the same researches, but who rendered nugatory all his labour by an utter disregard for truth.

The volume contains the lives of twenty-five performers, all the principal actors *but one* in the plays of Shakespeare. Commencing with the "renowned Burbadge," and ending with John Rice, who seems so far like his modern namesake to have "jumped Jim Crow," that he went from stage-playing to preaching; no such extraordinary change in those days, however, when the stage had not very long emerged from the church.

We have said all the principal actors but one in the plays of Shakespeare are included in this volume; that one omitted is the great one himself. His life has been already as elaborately given by Mr. Collier as the known details will admit; and he justly belongs to another volume of still higher natures,—the dramatists. The interest of the volume consists in the collection of numerous facts which incidentally shadow forth the modes of life of our "buried ancestors," and we read it with that solemn but not gloomy interest, wherewith, on a bright summer day, we peruse the inscriptions in an ancient churchyard. We are reminded of our mortality at every turn; we read of christenings and burials, intermingled with marriages and solemnities; but we are in such goodly company, and so plainly perceive that death, at all events, is not invidious, but that in departing with him we only fulfil the inevitable law, that we are sobered but not saddened; interested and not depressed. In this particular, too, the biographies assimilate with the subjects; their lives were spent in uttering dramas, where all these mingled elements of our existence were the constant theme.

The Life of Richard Burbadge is intensely interesting. Of all men he must have known most of Shakespeare. The words of Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Richard, Romeo, were first given to the world, never afterwards to be forgotten, by him. He must have known the whole process of their creation. He must have heard from the lips of Shakespeare himself his own commentary upon them. All that scholars of all realms have since so eagerly sought to learn must have been familiar to

him. Every vibration of feeling, every reach of the author's thought must have been developed to him. What philosophers have since speculated upon must have been shown to him in all its depth and power; and the whole crowd of commentators would have been unnecessary had he only faithfully recorded his interviews with him. "But he died and made no sign;" woful omission, never-to-be-repaired injury. He seems, however, to be in other respects worthy of such association, and was a great actor, having as such a noble passionate imagination; He was three years younger than his great friend and instructor, for that Shakspeare's instruction was a chief reason of his greatness there can be no doubt. The relative position of dramatist and actor was then properly arranged. Burbadge looked up to him, but we doubt if in the present day the transcendent genius of even the greatest of the world's writers could have subdued the ignorant and indestructible arrogance of a modern favourite actor. They who mutilate his works when dead to minister to their inordinate vanity, would have had the temerity to dictate to him were he living. But the ancient actors were a different and more noble race. They had genius and reverence. Imaginations moreover, and were not mere rhetorical spouting swaggerers, who could only perform characters suited to their narrow natures and stunted idiosyncrasies. We find that Shakspeare, the author, friend and partner, of the great actor, did not confine himself in drawing the characters of Shylock and Coriolanus, Romeo and Richard, Prince Harry or Othello, Brutus or Lear, to any individuality or peculiarities; but had an actor able to pourtray the infinite variety of his conceptions, and not a mere person, whose narrow range would limit his genius. Burbadge had the great requisite for acting a fine and plastic imagination. He was not a mere factitious stage-player. All the notices of him proclaim that he had so much of that power, which seems to have vanished from our time,—the power of personation.

Thy stature small, but every thought and mood
Might thoroughly from thy face be understood.
And his whole action he could change with ease
From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles.

And that he had the power

To charm the faculty of ears and eyes,

there is testimony more trustworthy than that of modern newspapers.

He survived his friend and coadjutor only three years, dying also at an age too premature.

We have left ourselves no space to remark on the remaining twenty-four biographies, but cordially commend the volume to the perusal of all lovers of literature. It is a book that ought greatly to add to the numbers of the Shakspeare Society.

THE SHIP OF GLASS: OR, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. A Romance in 3 vols.
By HARGRAVE JENNINGS. Post 8vo. London: T. C. Newby.

WE have felt, like this author, oppressed with the everlasting facts of this working-day world, as doubtless have hundreds of readers in our overwrought age, when as much work is done and expected of a man in a day as in a month of the old leisurely barbaric time; and have also been ready to plunge into any stream of ideas, however unreasoning or unreasonable, that "the dilated spirit might bathe" in the fiery floods of some glorious imagination. Seeking away from every-day life, to stray deep in the forest glens and necromantic regions of the Fairy Queen—

Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambusean bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

It was therefore with a prejudice greatly in favour of the work that we sat down to it. "The Ship of Glass" was a poetic title, and seemed to bespeak that power of mingling the fancy with facts which made the writings of the early romancers such enchanting reading. But we regret to say we have been disappointed: for so far from there being a wild and wondrous vein of thought in the tale, we find ourselves chained to fact in a most painful manner. For instance, in the midst of a narration of a violent brawl in a Spanish posado, we have a parenthesis of the following kind—"Viva! Viva! Here are the bulls!" ("*a proverbial Spanish exclamation of delight.*") Now, a writer who is so extremely minute in his facts, is not very capable of sustaining the illusion of high romance.

The author has evidently made himself acquainted with the facts of magic and necromancy by the long list of magicians' names and works he quotes, but he gives no proof of being inspired with their genius. He does occasionally, however, soar out of the common-place, and Klypp, the magical ship-builder's character, has some felicitous touches. There is also something poetical in the prediction which leads to the main incident of the story. "The bold must put forth his one life to win a double. *His ship must be of woven light, and shadowless must be his crew.*" But his dreadfully prosaic style cannot maintain or bring its flight above fact.

Yet the author has powers of description and finer sympathies, and we are loth to represent him too unfavourably to the reader. He has capacities, perhaps great ones in him, and if he would or could adopt a better style, might yet "enchant the eye or ear" of numerous readers. The following bespeaks "observations impregnated with feeling"—

"Phiroditis' window looked down upon the ancient shipyard, where the slips of water gleamed, and all remote objects, and the towering buildings intermingled in dubious obscurity like the *chiaro' scuro* of a Rembrandt, or some of the oldest of the old Spanish painters, in whose amber shadows and dusky twilights, flat, even, and uniform as the tint may be, you are deceived in gradually distinguishing unsubstantial and incoherent shapes of structures and representations of objects, which in their uncertainty might be anything or nothing. In fact, in the very picturesqueness of the doubtfulness and immateriality and uncertainty of this southern twilight, filling and penetrating into the depths, and closing up into the corners of the ship-building domains you might have laid out, and arranged, and pictured to yourself a whole region of things, and persuaded your readily credulous imagination that there had been, and was still going on an actual wrestling into forms and embodiment of articulated shadows.

"Gaunt, giant like—nay awful, rose spire and turret. Doors looked more than doors. Holes looked dens. Every shadow quickened as if it could breed its ghost. Out of the depth and darkness below, rendered more curious from a strange sort of blue glow which spread abroad, you might have thought the moresco steeples, and the fretted and crocketed pinnacles, were happy in escaping into air, and catching the last warning light, and a glimpse of pale undecided moonshine, too grey for starlight, as it was too watery and shimmeringly yellow for moonlight."

Atcherley is a tale connected with the Rye-house plot; and although it betrays the same want of artistic power, this deficiency is not felt to be so unpleasant, because it is not so antagonistic in style and subject as in the former story. The powers of description here also, displayed, and the delicacy of sentiment and feeling make us take leave of these volumes with regret mingled with expectation. Regret that an author of so much pleasing capacity should by the want of some one element of construction so mar his own powers, and with the expectation that we shall yet have from his hands a fine and noble fiction.

ENGLAND'S COLONIAL EMPIRE: an Historical, Political, and Statistical Account of the Empire, its Colonies, and Dependencies. Vol. I. By CHARLES PRIDHAM, Esq. B.A. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THIS undertaking, we fear too gigantic to be completed in any reasonable limit of time, or mass of paper and printing, singularly enough commences with the small island of Mauritius, and occupies a very closely printed volume in octavo of above four hundred pages. The history of an island discovered three centuries ago, and of which no valid trace beyond that period of time is to be found, required no

drawing upon ancient and obscure allusions about African navigation to assist in stating known facts. Our author in describing a modern island and people gives it to us in "the manner of the ancients." Thus the policy of the planters in giving allotments to the negro slaves, common once in our own colonies, was, it seems, derived from the Romans and their *peculiarii*! The early state of the French colony is compared to that of Corcyra from Thucydides. The chapter heads have Greek and Latin mottoes, and the first opens with statements from Herodotus, the Bible, and Pliny, about the discovery of Africa, all which is utterly superfluous and out of place. The volume itself is compiled from French accounts of the islands; Bernardin de St. Pierre, English state documents, Montgomery Martin, and the Colonial Gazette, among the rest. The account of naval operations in the Indian seas, and a good deal of extraneous matter, too, swell the volume out most unreasonably. If a petty island be thus treated, to what extent must other colonies run, India from Alexander the Great, no doubt, and Bencoolen from the time of King Solomon and Ophir. To say nothing of the mother country or empire included in the title, where will the colonies and dependencies stop if the author go back to Ulysses under the head of the Ionian Islands, and to St. Paul for Malta? Mr. Pridham should have tact enough to perceive that such a history as he has projected must, to be successful, consist of condensed facts, confined to authenticated records, and well-ascertained dates of discovery. The design is praiseworthy, but the judgment displayed in the execution cannot receive the same measure of commendation. Mr. Pridham must forget his college propensities, and use his classic knowledge with more discretion. His compilation is spun out too much, and he has not in consequence availed himself of that advantage which his materials afforded him in obtaining effect by their concentration. A good colonial and statistical history of the British dependencies is much wanted—we trust Mr. Pridham will improve in his next volume, and, benefiting by experience, yet supply the existing deficiency in a satisfactory manner. The matter in the present volume shows that such a work, well carried out, will afford both amusement and information. It will serve the purpose also of giving the public an idea of the amazing extent and importance of our colonial possessions, which number in themselves, including India, upwards of one hundred and thirty-three millions of souls.

The statistical tables in the appendix, annexed to the history, are valuable records copied from various sources. The table of the climate of St. Louis is from Montgomery Martin on the same colony, others are from public communications and documents. They are all useful for reference, being particularly full. It is facts like these which are valuable. The system of taxation, the plague-spot of the British colonies from following the example of the mother country and giving extravagant salaries to *employés*, is here as visible in the state of the finances as elsewhere. The revenue, nearly £300,000 per annum, is

about £3 per head, approximating closely to the ratio for the United Kingdom. Yet England is burthened with the pay of the troops and ordnance. Disgraceful, indeed, has been the neglect of our colonies and the extravagance of their establishments. Mr. Pridham has given an account of the natural history of the island, which will be read with interest, generally extracted from the French. Among the birds at the Isle Rodriguez is that remarkable one, the "*Solitaire*," a large fowl the size of a turkey, of a very peculiar character. The vegetable productions of the island are also fully detailed and interesting to all who are curious in the beautiful productions of the tropics at once so profuse, various, and splendid.

The climate of the Mauritius is remarkably salubrious for one situated in the tropics. The temperature ranges from 77° to 96° of Fahrenheit in December, the hottest month, and in the coldest from 71 to 75°; but this is at Port Louis, which is extremely warm; in the interior, and on higher ground it is 7° or 8° lower, with a remarkably pure atmosphere. There are no peculiar maladies in the island. Those of Europe prevail; locked jaw more commonly than in Europe. Gout and paralysis attack those who are intemperate in diet. The small-pox has been very fatally felt, and cholera has fearfully visited the island. The mortality among the troops is very little above that of Europe, or between three and four per cent. annually. Those who drink arrack and spirits die of delirium tremens. There is much of interest to be found in this work which might be abridged to great advantage. We do not wish to discourage the continuance of such a publication, far from it, but we know that there are certain conditions under which alone it can be successful. We are very certain, too, that there are no obstacles in the way of success more weighty than those which we have pointed out and recommended for removal during its future progress.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION: OR, THE PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS OF GERMANY; to which is added, a brief Account of the Public Schools of Prussia, with Observations on the Influence of Philosophy on the Studies of the German Universities. By WALTER C. PERRY, Phil. Dr. of the University of Gottingen. Longman and Co.

THIS is a well-timed publication, and redeems the German character in several of the states from the charge of neglecting popular education. In this good work Prussia stands prominent; then comes Bavaria, which, within a mere trifle, expends in education among three millions and a half of population as much as all the German States of Austria; even in Hanover, under her existing despotism, a large sum in proportion to her revenue is laid out in education. But Prussia is far in advance of the rest. Out of a revenue of eight millions and a half she expends £127,648 sterling in education, and of her youth nearly all must receive the benefit of her fostering care, since out of fifteen millions

or nearly that number of population in her different high and low schools, or in her "Gymnasias," "Real Schools," "Middle Schools," and "Elementary Schools," upwards of two millions and a quarter of her population are well instructed. Without giving freedom, all is done which can be done. Prussia mainly owes her superiority in education to the reign of Frederick the Great, and an order given by him in 1779; but it was not until 1809, that the system was begun which is at present in full force. It commenced under the auspices of such distinguished men as Humboldt, Niebuhr, Nicolovius, &c. The schools are all under the control of the Minister for Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical Affairs, in the same manner as the universities, but more indirectly, through subordinate provincial authorities. In every province there is a provincial consistory, to which is committed the charge of the ecclesiastical, medical, and other institutions of its province. This body acts as a sort of privy council to the minister, and has a section called the Provincial-school Collegium for Affairs of Education, having a president, vice-president, and two school councillors, one for the Protestant, the other for the Catholic schools. These last are called Consistorial Councillors, and this body watches over the whole course of instruction in the province. The schools are either wholly Protestant, Catholic, or mixed. In the two first the teachers must be all of the respective creeds, and none but Catholic or United Evangelical Ministers are allowed to give religious instruction in them, which the scholars thus receive from the clergymen of their own church. The officials are, a head director, appointed by the King, who lays down annually the plan of study given out from the central government, he is the *censor morum* of the other teachers, and can make secret reports upon their conduct; he enrolls new scholars, and examines their testimonials and the scholars themselves. The money affairs of the schools are managed by a standing committee, elected by the local government, whether the funds are from a private foundation or by royal grant. The Director is himself expected to give instruction besides his other duties, from eight to fourteen hours every week. The teachers are of two classes, "Ober Lehrer," or Upper Masters, and those who attend to the lower or middle forms, "Ordentliche Lehrer." There are also assistant masters, or supernumerary teachers. The salaries are very moderate. The scholars are divided into six classes, which they pass through in nine years. The surveillance exercised over the scholar is very strict, even to criticism upon dress, should it be too smart. No corporal punishment is permitted. Obedience and industry are pretty certain to be procured where the youth well knows that to set his master at defiance he defies all the authorities up to the King himself, and he may be left without testimonials of good conduct which will be ruinous to his views in after-life. The chief evil of the system seems to be that the boys are rendered too serious among a people like the Germans, who have naturally enough of phlegm, and that the happy thoughtlessness of childhood is too soon brought

to sustain its load of care, consequently that a constitutional effect prejudicial to the development of the bodily energies may be produced. We have often observed an extraordinary sedateness about German youth, which perhaps has arisen from a maturity thus too early forced. The Gymnasias are day-schools, and in these all the youth designed for the learned professions are educated. The cost is but from £1 16s. to £2 8s. per annum, for an education very far superior in scope to that of our public schools. Latin, Greek, French, German, mathematics, arithmetic, physics, mental and moral philosophy (the head class), history and geography, natural history, writing, singing, drawing, and for future clergymen and schoolmasters the Hebrew, are all well taught. Scholars designed for commercial pursuits are sent to a class of schools somewhat dearer than the above, where Greek always, and Latin frequently, are omitted, and modern languages substituted, with instruction analogous to the pursuit of business.

We have not space to notice the account of the German universities, nor the other subjects treated of relative to education in this little volume, which cannot but be interesting to those who desire to extend their knowledge upon a most important topic.

FAREWELL TO THE POPE: OR, REASONS FOR RENOUNCING THE CHURCH OF ROME. By J. J. MAURETTE, late Priest of the parish of Serre (Ariège.) Edmonds.

THE able Maurette, late a Catholic clergyman in France, having come over to Protestantism, gives in this little *brochure* his reasons for the change of his sentiments. In an introduction by Dr. Cumming it is stated that the publication has caused a great sensation on the Continent, and it is recommended here on account of the Protestant divines who are apostatizing to the Church of Rome, in order to show that in other places the tide is taking an opposite direction.

PRICE'S MODERN GARDENER; with the proper Mode of using Guano as a Manure. Dean and Co.

A CONDENSED and practical little work, put together by one who evidently understands the subject upon which he treats, well adapted for such as are their own operators in the shrubbery, kitchen, or flower garden, plainly written, and valuable more particularly to those who are novices in the pursuit.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SNIPETON liked to be duped. He hugged himself in the knowledge of his weakness, mightily enjoying it. And so, he suffered his wife to nestle close to his chair—to place her hand upon his shoulder—to look with earnest, pleading eyes upon him—to talk such fluent sweetness, melting his heart! And whilst Clarissa assured him that, in a playful moment, she had placed the miniature about the housekeeper's neck, that it was a wickedness, a calumny, to think otherwise,—that, in very truth, it would cause her—his wife, the wife he so professed to love—such pain and remorse to think suspiciously of Mrs. Wilton,—Snipeton, that learned man as he deemed himself in the worst learning of the world—that sage, who picked his way through the earth as though its fairest places were all the closelier set with gins and snares,—he would not see the sweet deceit in his wife's face; he would not hear the charitable falsehood flowing from her lips; no, he would be filled with belief. He would commit a violence upon his prudence and blindfold her. She might rebel and struggle somewhat; nevertheless, she should wear the bandage.

This wise determination still grew in his heart; in truth, the soil was favourable to the deceit; and therefore next morning, enjoying the amenities of breakfast, Mr. Snipeton assured his wife that—whatever his thoughts had been—he now felt the

* Continued from page 300, Vol. IV.

deepest, sweetest confidence in Mrs. Wilton. She had shown herself a most considerate gentlewoman, and he should ever respect her for it. "Poor thing! I never knew anything of her private history for private histories, my dear"—this tenderness had become almost familiar to the husband—"private histories are very often like private wasps' nests; things of danger, with no profit in 'em; nevertheless, she always appeared to me too good—yes, too good for her situation. That's always a pity;" and Snipeton continued to breakfast very heartily.

"True, husband, true," said Clarissa; "such inequalities of fortune are very sad."

"Very inconvenient," cried Snipeton; "for you see, my dear, people who are too good for their employment are generally too bad for their employers. There is no such lumber in the world as broken down gentility. Always out of place—never fit for anything. A decayed gentleman as he's called is a nuisance; that is, I mean, to a man of the world—to a man of business. For you see, there's always impertinence in him. He always seems to be thinking of what he has been—you can't get him to think of what he is. He becomes your clerk, we'll say. Well, you tell him to call a hackney-coach, and he sets about it in a manner that impudently says to you—'Once I kept my own carriage!' You order him to copy a letter or what not; and he draws down the corners of his mouth to let you know that—'Once in his day, he used to write cheques!' Now this is unpleasant. In the first place one doesn't like any insolence from anybody; and in the next, if one happens to be in a melancholy, thinking mood, one doesn't like to be reminded by the bit of decay about one, what, for all one knows—for it's a strange world—one may drop down to one's self. A decayed gentleman to a rich man is—well—he's like a dead thief on a gibbet to the live highwayman. Ha! ha! What's the matter?"—asked the mirthful man, for he saw Clarissa shudder at the illustration, though so very truthful and excellent to the maker. "To be sure, I'd forgot; you've a tender heart—I love you all the better for it—and don't like to hear about such matters. And then again I'd forgot—to be sure, what a fool I am!"—And then Mr. Snipeton remembered that, in his virtuous denunciation of bankrupt Plutus, he had forgotten—led away by the dazzling light of simile—the condition of Clarissa's father: had, in the heat of speech, failed to remember that he had bought the bridal victim of the necessities of her parent. But, Mr.

Snipeton, as he thought, made immediate amends. For taking his wife's hand, he pressed it very tenderly ; kissed her, and then repeated—"What a fool I am !"

(Now this confession—a confession that the very wisest of us might, without any hesitation, make to himself three times a day ; and we much question whether the discipline so exercised would not carry with it more profitable castigation than aught laid on with knotted rope—this confession was not to be expected of so sage and close a man as Ebenezer Snipeton. Some sudden satisfaction must have betrayed him into the avowal : some unexpected pleasure, tripping up habitual gravity, and showing its unthought of weakness. Much, indeed, did the wife of his bosom, as he would call her—and why not ? for do not rocks bear flowers ?—much did she marvel at the humility of her husband that, even for a moment, placed him on the flat level with other men. But great happiness, like great sorrow, will sometimes knock the stilts from under us ; admirable stilts, upon which so many of us walk abroad, ay, and at home too ; though the world, provoking in its blindness, will often not perceive how very tall we are.)

"But the truth is, dear Clarissa" — continued Snipeton — "I had a sort of respect for Mrs. Wilton, and though I often spoke of it, I really had not the heart to turn her from the house. I often threatened it ; but it's a comfort to know it—I couldn't have done it. Now she's gone, I feel it."

"Gone !" exclaimed Clarissa !

"Discharged herself, my dear," said Snipeton, as upon his defence. "I found this upon the breakfast table." Hereupon Snipeton, unfolding a note, placed it in his wife's hand. Silently, with trickling tears, she gazed upon the paper. "I shall have no objection to give her a character ; none at all : for I feel very easy about the plate. I've no doubt, though I've made no inquiry as yet, that all's safe to a salt-spoon. Not that she tells us where she's gone ; nevertheless, I feel my heart at ease about the property. Come, come, now—don't be weak—don't be silly. You should not attach yourself in this way to a servant. It's weakness—worse than weakness." Thus spoke Snipeton to his wife, who had sunk back in her chair, and covering her face with her hands, was sobbing piteously.

At this moment Dorothy Vale moved into the room. "Will mistress ride to-day, the man wants to know."

"Yes, she will. Yes, my dear, you will"—repeated Snipeton,

moving to Clarissa, and very tenderly placing his arms around her ; and shuddering, she endured him. " You hear ; let the horses be ready in half an-hour. Go." And Dorothy went ; but not a thought the faster for the thundering monosyllable discharged at her. " You'll see me on my way to town ? Some way ; not far ; no, a mile or so. 'Tis such a morning : there's so much heaven come down upon the earth. Such weather ! You'll take health with every breath. Eh, Clarissa ?" And again the old man threatened an embrace, when the victim rose.

" Be it as you will, sir,"—said Clarissa—" in half-an-hour, I shall be ready." And she left the room.

Now was Snipeton delighted with her obedience ; and now, he paused in his triumphant strides about the room, to listen. Had she really gone to her chamber ? Ashamed of the doubt, he walked the faster—walked and whistled. And then he was so happy, the room was too small for his felicity : he would forth, and expand himself in the garden. He so loved a garden ; and then he could walk amid the shrubs and flowers, with his eye upon the window that enshrined the saint, his soul so reverently bowed to. How frankly she yielded to his wish ! Every day—he was quite sure of it—he was becoming a happier and happier husband. He looked forward to years and years of growing joy. To be sure, he was growing old : but still looking onward, the nearer the grave, the less we see of it.

" If you please, sir,"—said St. Giles to his new master, as he entered the garden,—“do you put up both the horses in the city ?”

" No : your mistress will come back," said Snipeton.

" Alone, sir ?" asked St. Giles ; and the husband, as though the words had stung him, started.

" Alone ! Why, no : dolt. Alone !" There was something hideous in the question : something that called up a throng of terrors. Clarissa alone, with the world's wicked eyes staring, smiling, winking at her !

" Humph ! I had forgotten. As yet, we have but two horses. Fool that I am !" A second confession, and yet early day ! And Snipeton, musing, walked up and down the path ; and plucking a flower, rolled it betwixt his finger and thumb to assist his meditation. She had consented—so kindly, blithely consented to his wish, that it would be cruel to her—cruel to himself—to disappoint her. " Now, my man, be quick. Run to the Flask, and in my name get a horse for yourself. In a day or two, we must

see and mount you—must see and light upon a decent penn'orth. Quick. We mustn't keep your mistress waiting. And harkye! take my last orders now. When you return, you will ride close—very close to your lady: so close that you may grasp the bridle; the horse may be skittish; and we cannot be too cautious. Obey me; and you know not how you may serve yourself. Go." St. Giles ran upon his errand, and Snipeton—after a turn or two, after another look at the chamber-window where it so strangely comforted him to see, through the curtain, his wife pass and repass—walked towards the stable. He began to hum a tune. Suddenly he stopt. He had never thought of it before; but—it was a whim, a foolish whim, he knew that—nevertheless he now remembered that his wife never sang. Not a single note. Perhaps she could not sing. Pshaw! There was an idleness of the heart that always sang—somehow. And thus, for a minute, Snipeton pondered, and then laughed—a little hollowly, but still he laughed—at the childishness of his folly.

Mr. Snipeton was by no means a proud man. He was not one of those incarnate contradictions that, in the way of business, would wipe the shoes of a customer in the counting-house, yet ring up the servant to poke the fire at home. No: he was not proud. He refused not to put his hands to his own snuffers if the candle, or his own convenience, needed them. And so, entering the stable, and seeing the mare yet unsaddled, he thought he would make her ready. And then he patted and caressed the beast as the thing that was to bear the treasure of his life: even already he felt a sort of regard for the creature. He was about to saddle the animal, when he heard, as he thought, his wife in the garden. He hurried out, and found Clarissa—already habited—awaiting him. And still his heart grew bigger with new pride, when he saw his wife; she looked so newly beautiful. What wondrous excellence she had! Under every new aspect, she showed another loveliness! If he could only be sure that so sweet—so gracious a creature loved him—him—so old and—and—so uncomely a man! And then she wanly smiled; and he felt sure of her heart: yes, it was beating with, a part and parcel of, his own—pulse with pulse—throb for throb—their blood commingled—and their spirits, like flame meeting flame—were one!

"Why, Clarissa—love—you never looked so beautiful—never—indeed, never," said Snipeton, and the old man felt sick with happiness.

"Beautiful, master, isn't missus?" said Becky, and with her opened hands, she smoothed down the folds of the riding dress, as though it was some living thing she loved; and then she gazed at the beauty of her mistress, believing it would be wrong to think her quite an angel, and just as wrong not to think her very near one.

"Your horse is not yet saddled, love," said Snipeton, taking his wife's hand, "not yet, dearest."

"Bless you, master, now missus is drest, I'll saddle her," cried Becky, and she ran to the stable. Most adroit of handmaids! Equal to tie a bobbin as to buckle a girth! And ere St. Giles arrived from the Flask with his borrowed steed—it had a sorry, packhorse look, but, as the landlord assured the borrower, was "quite good enough for him; who was he?"—the mare was ready.

"Well, 'twill serve for to-day, but next time we must do better than that," said Snipeton, glancing at St. Giles's horse; and then he turned to lift his wife into the saddle. Untouched by his hand, she was in a moment in her seat: another moment, nay, longer. Snipeton paused to look at her; he had never before seen her on horseback. At length the riders went their way, Becky, hanging over the gate, now looking at her mistress—and now, with red, red face and sparkling eyes, bobbing her head, and showing her teeth to St. Giles, doing his first service as groom to Snipeton—and doing it with a sad, unenay heart; for he felt that he was the intended tool for some mischief—the bound slave to some wrong. And with this thought in his brain, he looked dull and moody, and answered the eloquent farewells of Becky, with a brief, heavy nod.

"Well, I'm sure!" said Becky, as she thought, to her own snubbed soul.

"What's the matter?" asked Dorothy Vale, who stood rubbing her arms, a pace or two behind her.

"Nothin'. What should be? I never lets anything be the matter. Only when people look 'good byo' people might answer."

"Ha! child," replied Mrs. Vale, with an extraordinary gush of eloquence,—"men upon foot is one thing—men upon horseback is another." How it was that Mrs. Vale condescended to the utterance of this wisdom, we cannot safely say: for no thrifty housewife ever kept her tea and sugar under closer lock than did she the truths unquestionably within her. Perhaps she thought it would twit the new maid—the interloper—brought to be put over

her head. And perhaps she meant it as a kindly warning : for certainly, Dorothy felt herself charitably disposed. Mrs. Wilton had left the cottage ; and of course that girl—that chit—could never be made housekeeper. However, leaving the matron and the maid, let us follow the riders.

Great was the delight of Snipeton, as he ambled on, his wife at his side ; her long curls dancing in the air ; the nimble blood in her face ; and, as he thought, deeper, keener affection sparkling in her eyes. Never before had he taken such delight in horsemanship : never had felt the quick pulsation—the new power, as though the horse communicated its strength to the rider—the buoyancy, the youthfulness of that time. And still he rode ; and still, at his side, his wife smiled, and glowed with fresher beauty, and her ringlets—as they were blown now about her cheeks, and now upon her lips,—how he envied them !—still danced and fluttered, and when suddenly—as at some blithe word dropt from him—she laughed with such a honied chuckle, she seemed to him an incarnate spell, at whose every motion, look, and sound, an atmosphere of love and pleasure broke on all around her. Poor old man ! At that delicious moment, every wrinkle had vanished from his brow and heart. He felt as though he had caught time by the beard, and had made him render back every spoil of youth. His brain sang with happiness ; and his blood burned like lava.

And so rode they on ; and Snipeton little heeded—he was so young, so newly-made—the steed that, with asthmatic roar, toiled heavily behind. They crossed the heath,—turned into Highgate, and with more careful pace descended the hill. Every minute Snipeton felt more precious, it was so close to the last, when he must leave, for some long hours, his life of life !—

(Now, is it not sad—we specially put the question to the Eve whose eyes may chance to rest upon these ink-stained thoughts—is it not a matter, tears being upon hand, to weep over, to think of love in love's paralysis, or dotage ? Love, with cherub face and pale gold locks, may chase his butterflies—may, monkey as he is, climb the Hesperian timber, pluck the fruit : he is in the gay audacity of youth, and the tender years of the offender sink felonies to petty larcenies. But love—elderly love—to go limping after painted fancies—to try to reach the golden apples with a crutch-stick,—why, set the offender in the pillory, and shower upon him laughter.)

We have written this paragraph whilst Mr. Snipeton—in the king's highway, and moreover upon horseback—kissed his young wife, Clarissa. Although the man kissed the woman through a wedding-ring—a lawful circle, and not a Pyramus and Thisbe chink—we have no excuse for him, save this, it had been dragged from him. She—poor highwaywoman—had made him surrender his lips by the force of death-dealing weapons. He was about to separate from her. He took her by the hand—grasped it—she looked in his eyes, and—we say it—the old husband kissed his young wife!

“Caw—caw—caw!” At the very moment—yea, timing the very smack—a carrion crow flapped its vans above the heads of man and wife, and hovering, thrice cried “caw—caw—caw,” and then flew to the northward, it might be to tell to gossip crows of human infirmity; it might be, like coward scandal, to feed upon the dead. However, the married pair separated. He would return early—very early that day—to dinner. And she would gently amble homeward; and—as she knew she was the treasure of his soul—she would be very careful not to take cold. She would promise him—ay, that she would.

“Remember close—very close,” said Snipeton in a low voice to St. Giles; and then again and again he kissed his hands to his wife's back. “She might look once behind,” thought Snipeton gravely; and then he smiled and played with his whip. It was not impossible—nay, it was very likely—she was in tears: and would not show the sweet, delicious weakness to the servant. And still Snipeton paused and watched. How beautifully she rode! Strait as a pillar! And how the feather in her hat sank and rose and fluttered, and how his heart obeyed the motion, as though the plume were waved by some enchantress.

He wished he had taken her with him to St. Mary Axe. What! Ride with her through the city? And then he recoiled from the very thought of the thousand eyes opened and staring at her—as though by very looking they could steal the bloom they gazed at—recoiled as from so many daggers. Still he watched her. Something made him, on the sudden, unquiet. And then, as if at that moment it had only struck upon his ear, he heard the clanging cry of the crow. Another moment, and he loudly laughed. Was it anything strange, he asked himself, that crows should caw? And then again he looked gloomier than before.

He would go home, he thought. For once, he would make holiday, doing double work on the morrow. Yes ; he would not toil in the gold-mine to-day. And now she had turned the lane. It was too late. Besides, business was ever jealous—revengeful. Love her as you would for years, the beldam brooked no after neglect. She would have her dues—or her revenge. And with this thought, Snipeton stuck his spurs to his horse, and rode as though as he was riding to Paradise or a hundred per cent.

“ I ask your pardon, ma’am,” said St. Giles to Clarissa, about to put her horse to its speed, “ but master told me to follow close, and—indeed I ask your pardon—but ’tisn’t possible, mounted as I am. I’ve had a hard bout to keep up, as ’tis. No offence, ma’am,” said St. Giles, very humbly.

“ Oh no ; we shall soon be at home—’tis not so far,” answered Clarissa ; and her altered look, her mournful voice surprised him. It was plain her cheerfulness had been assumed ; for, on the sudden, she looked wearied, sick at heart. Poor gentlewoman ! perhaps it was parting with her husband. No : that generous thought was banished, soon as it rose. Already St. Giles had a servant’s love for his young mistress ; she spoke so sweetly, gently, to all about her. And then—though he had passed but one evening with his fellow-servant, Becky—he had learned from her so much goodness of the lady of the house. Again and again he looked at her ; it was plain, she had overtaken her spirits ; she looked so faint—so pale.

“ Dear lady—beg your pardon—but you’re not well,” cried St. Giles. “ Shall I try and gallop after master ? ”

“ No—no ; it is nothing. A little fatigued—no more. I am unused to so much exercise—and—nothing more. Let us hasten home,”—and controlling herself, she put her horse to an amble, St. Giles whipping and spurring hard his wretched beast, to follow, that nevertheless lagged many yards behind. A horseman overtook him.

“ My good man,” said the stranger, “ can you tell me the way to Hampstead church ? ”

“ I don’t know—I’m in a hurry,” and in vain St. Giles whipped and spurred.

“ Humph ! Your beast is not of your mind, any how. ’Twould be hard work to steal a horse, like that, wouldn’t it ? ” asked the man.

"Steal it!" and St. Giles looked full in the speaker's face, and saw it one indignant smile. Surely, he had met that man before.

"Come, follow, you know me?" said the stranger. "Once would have done me a good turn. I see now you recollect me. Yes; we are old acquaintance, are we not?"

"No, sir; I know nothing," said St. Giles, but he shook with the lie he uttered. Too well he knew the man, who, with looks of triumphant vengeance, scowled and smiled upon him. It was Robert Willis; the murderer loosed from his bonds by the magic tongue of Mr. Montecute Crawley. "I beg, sir, you'll not stop me. For the love of goodness, don't, sir"—and St. Giles trembled, as though palsied.

"For the love of goodness! Ha! ha! For the fear of the gallows, you mean. Now, listen to me; felon—returned transport. That lady must not go back to her home. Nay—'tis all settled. She goes not back to old Snipeton—the old blood-sucker!—that's flat."

"What do you mean?" cried St. Giles stunned, bewildered.

"My meaning's plain—plain as a halter. When we last met, you'd have put the rope around my neck. Raise one cry—stir a foot faster than 'tis my will and—and as sure as green leaves hang from the boughs above you—so surely—but I see you understand—yes, you are no fool, master St. Giles, though Hog-lane was your birth place and school, and Mister Thomas Blast—you see, I know your history—your only teacher."

"Do what you will! Hang, gibbet me, you sha'n't lay finger on that blessed lady"—and St. Giles, throwing himself from his useless horse, ran like a deer after his mistress, Willis, with threats and curses, following. St. Giles, finding his pursuer gained upon him, suddenly stopt, and as Willis came up, leapt at him, with the purpose of dragging him from the saddle, and mounting his horse. In a moment, Willis, beneath his assailant, was rolling in the dust; but as St. Giles was about to leap upon the horse, he was levelled to the earth by a blow from Tom Blast who—he was a wonderful man for his age!—sprang with the agility of youth from a hedge.

"What!" cried his early teacher to the prostrate St. Giles,—
"you'd do it agin, would you? Well, there never was such a fellow for stealing horse-flesh! You was born with it, I suppose."
—said the ruffian, with affected commiseration, balancing the

cudgel that had struck down the vanquished—"you was born with it, and—poor fellar—it's no use a blaming you."

In a moment, Willis had remounted his horse, and shaking his clenched fist over St. Giles, galloped off.

"How now!"—gasped St. Giles, his sense returning—"how now," he cried, opening his eyes, and staring stupidly in the face of Blast—"what's the matter? What's all this?"

"Why, the matter is jist this," said Blast. "Your missus is much too good for your master. That's the 'pinion of somebody as shall be nameless. And so you may go home, and tell 'em not to wait dinner for her. It's wickedness to spile meat."

"Tell me—where is she—where have they carried her—tell me, or—" and St. Giles, seizing Blast, was speechless with passion.

"I'll jist tell you this much. Your lady's in very good company. And I'll tell you this, particularly for yourself; if you go on tearing my Sunday coat in that manner, I know where the constable lives, and won't I call him!" With this dignified rebuke Mr. Blast released himself from the hands of his captor, who—with a look of stupid misery—suffered him to walk away.

TIME VERSUS LABOUR.

MR. SHUTTLE'S VERDICT.

"WELL, Sam," said Shuttle, as he rubbed his face with the towel till it glowed like a November pippin, "yours seems to be a nice easy sort of life of it, leisurely walking in the land of Goshen, eh?"

"Pretty well," replied Sam, looking down on his superlatively glossy livery, "but we'se got used to the sort of thing, and we'se don't always be thinking of eating and drinking as in low life. It's the gentility's makes the difference."

"It's slavery, Sam, slavery," said the old weaver, combing down his few scanty locks, for he was about to proceed to an artizan-meeting on the Ten Hours' Bill, and was making himself tidy; "for such as you and I, Sam, can only get into Goshens of that sort on our hands and knees, and . . ."

"La! Shuttle," interrupted his wife, whose portly girth looked

like a note of admiration beside her little old shrumped-up hard-worked comma of a husband, "sich 'pinions as them do very well for yer Unions and Dilly-gations, but Sam's quite right to stick to gin-tillity and chickems and Madeira when he can get 'em. Sich notions 'a high life are el-lewating to us Christians, Shuttle, and, as I may say, are next to the truths of the kat-a-kis, in-stid o' your 'pinions, as, Trounce the beadle says, would pull down Church and State. No! Sam wouldn't be my dear sister's son, as lived in the noble the Mar-kis of Frizzle's kitchen twenty-two years and ten months, if he didn't likes chickems and felt el-lewated by harris-tock-ri-si."

"Fudge, Mrs. Shuttle," said the old man, as he put on his hat, "you talk about what you don't understand. But come, Sam, you want to hear a little common sense, don't you?"

"Oh, no," replied Sam, as taking leave of Mrs. Shuttle he followed the old man to the door and brushed the dust of a pauper chair off his Goshen badge of knee-worship, "'tisn't 'pinions, but my Lord Honeysip so often talks of Commons' Committees whilst I stands behind his chair, that I likes an igea of the bisnis, as it doesn't do to be ignorant 'afore sich a man as Popp, our butler, who is really equal to my lord hisself in bin formation."

Having thus delivered himself, Sam closed the door and picked his way along the sloppy street; the old grey-headed man, a pace or two before, already lost in thought on the wants and needs of such human creatures as have to pay an earnest for their bread. It was a mean dark street, and such faint light as came through dusty panes or creaking shutters, bespoke of meagre rushlights bought with needy pence, or run on score at the nearest huckster's shop. However, there was one pretty strong light a-head, and when the old man came up to it, he saw it was the orthodox—of course unwatered—oil-fed lantern of Trounce, the parish beadle, who was stoutly hammering with his stick of office at a poor mean door.

"Richard Lackbread is our chairman to-night," said Shuttle, stopping short, "and he's at the room by this time."

"Does womens gives wotes, or children speechify treason?" asked Trounce, fiercely, "because it's about the children a coming to our school in sich ragged frocks, and that don't do, Mr. Shuttle—respect, respect, is a dooty to our superiors."

Reserving his forces till he could catch Trounce's pomposity in a still higher state of inflation—for a man, when he's lost his

breath, finds it hard to keep his legs—merely added, that Richard's wife and children would, in all likelihood, be found at the Committee room, or near it; and then went on, falling however soon into the rear, as Mr. Trounce never walked behind any one *but* the parson, and of course he had pleasant words for a respectable young man like Sam, whom he knew, by the Land of Goshen signs, to be my Lord Honeysip's lacquey, and, of course, not likely to sully the virgin ear of perfect beardedness with words of irreverent tendency. A turning in the street brought, as I may say, these three representatives of the Constitution, to-wit, the Church, the Aristocracy, and the People, into one better lighted, not only with the usual lamps, but by the flaring gas in the unglazed fishmongers' and upholsterers' windows. On the pavement, before one of these latter, the little party were for a moment stayed in their progress—till Mr. Trounce called lustily out, “the Church, good people, a member of the Church's executive,”—by a young mechanic, and a modest pretty girl, whose labour at a factory had its signs by the little dinner basket on her arm, and her heart's gladness and woman's pride, by the downward gaze whenever looked at by the other, and by a little hand all lost in one much larger.

Yes, our old friend the cobbler, would have had an anti-Malthusian carol with his lark if he could have seen it. That they were going pretty quickly to follow Tom Kittletink's example was clear, for they were inspecting a mahogany table, and six new chairs, with veritable horse-hair and brass nails.

“Yes, love,” said the young fellow, covering still closer the little tiny hand, “I'll work wery hard for the sake of the chairs being mahogany, for when one tries once to make a good beginning, we keep on, and so if we wait a month longer we'll ——”

“You'll have to wait a good many, young Fillover,”—said old Shuttle, with a particular shake of his head, that veritably outdid Trounce when an apple-eating boy was within sight—“our blessed Parliament-men are going to cut hours pretty short, and tie up a poor man's labour as landlord legislators did corn.”

“But what's the harm if a man works two or four hours less, and yet has the same wages, as they say 'll be the case?”

“Ha! ha!” laughed the old man, “one would have thought, Bob, courting would have taught you some o' the secrets o' human nature. Do you think the world's so for'ard yet in humanity, that, if ye give a man a penny, he'll give a shilling in return, and this for principle's sake?”

"I don't stop here to hear wickedness agin our blissid Con-sti-too-shon," interrupted Mr. Trounce, who, by some mischance very hurtful to his dignity, had fallen in the rear. "let a Con-sti-too-shon-all off ser pass on, on the executive—fellers and girls, let me remark, should be at home and at their prayers by this time," and with a mighty look, as qualification to this advice, Mr. Trounce and Sam passed the former, like that swelling frog of thine, oh! human-knowing Phœdrus, and, in doing so, he did not see Shuttle's wink, nor, on word of advice, that young Fillover followed.

Up a broad, common staircase, with just light enough from a guttering candle to show the pallid faces and compressed lips of earnest men as they passed to and fro, lay the large bare-walled room they sought, now densely filled with the unwearying emmets of capital and labour. Business had already commenced, and Richard Lackbread, as chairman, was seated at the top of a large deal table, explaining, as Mr. Trounce cleared a way with his stick before him, that they had met to petition Parliament against any further interference with labour-hours. Richard spoke earnestly, for when a man has a glorious heart, broad-patented with the signs of Nature's noblest heraldry, it requires no casuistry to teach it principle, and this principle soon evolves itself into clear distinct conception, which, *being* truth, can never be false.

"My friends," concluded Richard, "if you put this Bill into a scale, a little false meant philanthropy will be the feather on one side, and enmity against the Ministry and manufactures the stone on the other. Now we want to fight clear of both these things—Time being our only heritage, it is not for us to let the sign and seal of monopoly be set further upon it. Not that I am disputing, friends, the *mighty principle of rest* of which we see the foreshadow, and which will gradually evolve itself through the great urgencies of *Knowledge, Science, and Progress*, without any interference of gentlemanly legislators. I therefore propose a petition."

"Lord a' mussy," exclaimed the bandle, loud enough for every one to hear, "what wickedness o' disputing the wisdom o' our blessed pastors and masters in the 'ouse! But in course the day o' judgment is near, but—but—"

"Of course you and your cock'd hat 'll escape, Mr. Trounce, for it would take a mighty earthquake to swallow them," chimed in the little old quizzical Shuttle, unbuttoning his threadbare coat and stepping to the table, "but before that time I trust the world will—"

"There, that 'll do," stopped Trounce, "in my hearing. Instead o' this flying in the face o' yer betters, you should be humbly thankful for two more hours a day to purge yourselves free o' wickedness."

"With a daily loaf the less, eh?" winked Shuttle, "but we can't afford to lose flesh, Mr. Trounce, nor honest bread, nor let the masters' capital lie still, nor—"

"Quite enough, quite enough," wagged mighty beadledom, "I'se not a' come here to speak upon our glorious Consti-too-shon, but to tell you, Richard Lackbread, that your four children can't come to school o' nixt Sunday unless you put 'em in good frocks and shoes, for decency's a Kris-tin dooty, par-tik-lar when one hasn't to walk a mile to the shoe shop."

"And who robbed children of their work and their wages, eh?" asked Shuttle.

"Oh! dear, dear," groaned Trounce, "a riglar Slaughter o' the Innocents, did our blessed Con-sti-too-shon let yer. Why my blessed faith is, you'd eat your own children and pick their bones too, if the wisdom o' the Parliament didn't stop yer. No! not even spare 'em a 'our for the kat-a-kism afore it."

"What has made parents unfeeling," echoed Richard, "eating their own flesh as you say?—why, penury and ignorance. Let there be bread enough, let there be knowledge enough, and Nature and God are bountiful enough with glorious humanity. But when you brutify the parent, you crush the child."

"Fudge," said beadledom, "that's nothing to do o' this pint o' Sunday shoes and frocks."

"Well, as you insist on bleeding a post," helped Shuttle, "perhaps you 'll be a Samaritan for once, and give"—

"He-m! he-m!" coughed the beadle, "public and private dooties is different things, and charity begins at home and not abroad. Well, I see I can't conwince, so I 'll report to the westry, he-m!"

With a skin less tense, this Frog walked off, O Phœdrus, as many human frogs do at the name of charity, and then the business of the night proceeding, it was learnt, that Lord Honeysip, their representative, was about to proceed to London on the morrow to vote for the bill.

"Now, Sammy," said Shuttle, bringing Sam forward to the table, and informing the assembly that he was Lord Honeysip's footman, "how would your master like Parlimint to send him

to bed at one hour, and eat at another, and read at another, and"——

"Lord!" hastened Sam, whose oratory had never been heard beyond a kitchen before, "when he's cramming for a speech, as Popp our butler says, he's at his books eighteen hours at a time; and of course if you passed an Act for him to read only twelve, on course he'd break down o' the first sentence of his speech, and that Popp let out one night to the cook and me, when we've got a little champagne atween us, and was"——

"Well," said Shuttle, "as a man can thus see the necessities of time towards speechifying, we may convince him of the necessities of time from Capital and Bread, and so I propose to this meeting that a deputation, headed by Richard Lackbread, wait upon Lord Honeysip to-morrow to remonstrate upon the purpose of his intended vote."—This proposition was unanimously agreed to.

"Now, friends," said Shuttle, when the petition was duly signed and the business of the night nearly concluded, "don't let this little cry of mercy deafen you to the right; it is but a penny whistle, which no man should listen to when it's to put a bond upon his sinews when young to bring him to the workhouse when old. Men, let labour be free, and all the rest'll come. Now, young Fillover, we've learnt enough o' good from our magazines and newspapers, to have a liking for better things, and we can't have 'em without good wages. Good wages and prosperity of the country go together. Now I ask one question of you Bob, which is the truest principle of human nature?—Twelve hours' work, good wages, the six mahogany chairs, and—?"

"Maria and the twelve hours' work," answered Bob cheerfully, "rather than not have her; and with the hope o' getting on a bit in the world, I'd work twenty."

"You're right," said Spindlegold, a capitalist, who had watched the whole of these proceedings with much earnestness. "In crying for restriction, you forget our capital and machinery; a steam engine isn't like an old woman's spinning wheel, to be twirled only at the cry of every landlady and country squire. Wait, let us get cheap bread, and commerce free; let us have the market of the world for our woollens and our cottons; let us increase the mighty power of every loom by new inventions, and without one glut, or single pound of raw material wrought up beyond the means of its disposal, we shall be able to give you more remunerative wages for eight hours' labour than for the twelve you work now. When

we can do this, when we can, at the end of your eight hours, place a new army of workers over mule and spindle, then this great question of Labour and Time, as connected with Rest, will be seen in its right view ; till then, any Restriction Act is but strapping monopoly like a sloth upon your shoulders."

"Right, sir," cried Shuttle, lifting up his rusty coat collar with as much dignity as if it were a robe of ermine. "If we be able to make Lord Honeysip think in this way, then 'll be one vote the less. And so good luck be with us !"

The events of this night, after the meeting, were of divers kinds : First, a tremendous curtain lecture from Mrs. Shuttle, upon the sins of "Dil-ligations," which Shuttle, from habit, bore in the fashion that a cow does a thunder storm—by turning his back upon it ; next, the delivering of certain banns of marriage to the clerk of the parish ; next, the schoolmistress's note, dictated by Trounce, to reprove frockless pauperism ; and last, not least, Sam's shaken faith of the wisdom of aristocracy (in spite of its growth under the benign influence of nourishing chickens and Maderia), and his mighty victory over Popp the butler on the subject of Committee business, and the consequent vow in the heart of the applauding cook to treat him with the next spare jelly.

My Lord Honeysip (forewarned by Sam) was found by the threadbare-coated deputation, headed by Lackbread and Shuttle, next morning in his study, weighing with nicety (my lord was a just man) that humble, excessively humble thing, called poor man's time, against the solemn wisdom and consequent will of heaven-born, hereditary legislators.

My lord heard Lackbread's introductory statement through, with much suavity.

"One question you will pardon," said Lackbread. "Suppose we working people were to send a bill to Parliament for taking a sixth of your property"—

"But, but," hurriedly said Lord Honeysip, "the estate is mine by the law of the land, and the gift of the king."

"And our estate, called Time, my lord, is one of the laws of Nature, and the glorious gift of God."

"You take the matter too seriously," smiled his lordship ; "my intended vote arises from feelings most charitable. I do assure you, I'm wishing you to have rest, games, instruction, religious and moral, and"—

"Give us bread, my lord, first, and then all these things will

follow easily. But it is of no use talking to a hungry man and his starving children ; I say hungry, because if by this bill you take away a sixth of our wages, and set fast a sixth of masters' capital, we shall come to the scanty loaf. Now, suppose you lost a sixth of your money, a sixth of your estate, a sixth of your church adownsons, a"—

"I've certainly not looked at the question in this light. As to the bill itself, I thought all operatives were in favour of it."

"A few who don't see far. Now, my lord, I sincerely believe your philanthropy in this matter, but it is as impossible for a rich man to know the poor man's value of Time, as it is for the born blind to see. This is where the harm is in the rich legislating for the poor ; it's Fiction playing a mistaken game for Truth. Keep to the few broad principles, and leave us to the development of the general rights of the community. The people wish to get rid of monopoly in every form ; no Restriction Bills under the guise of charity,—we've had enough of them. Then when we shall have sufficient wages to satisfy propensive necessities, and to raise us beyond grinding want,—when we can see our children fed and clothed, our hearths cheerful, then we shall work less and rest more, for Nature seeks repose. When we shall through better education perceive the mighty agency and worth of machinery, when we shall have newer Arkwrights, newer Hargraves, newer Lees, newer Watts, then we shall begin to see clearer the now involved question of Rest ; which is that steam, and perhaps some mightier agent yet undiscovered, shall be the worker and the willing slave, the hewer of wood, the drawer of water, leaving man to the mightier labours of direction and progress. This is the question, but the 'Ten Hours' bill is no step towards it."

"You speak powerfully, Mr. Lackbread ; and I certainly will see the masters before I leave the town."

"Think a bit, my lord," added Shuttle, "words ain't like thought for the matter o' that. The best thing is to know that babies' food, and babies' frocks, and babies' shoes, are scarce enough already, and if the father's wages"—

"I really will consider the matter"—

"If you do, my lord, it'll be the first time the Lackbreads of the earth have persuaded the Honeysips of a truth." So, after another promise, and a generous reception of the petition, my lord bowed the deputation from the room.

"Well !" said Sam, who came popping into the hall from a

side door, "I've had my ear to the key-hole all the time, and you may jist tell naut that the blessed aristocracy, in spite o' chickens and Maderia, was dead-beat by plain bread-eaters, and so I'm no longer elewated by that side o' the question."

"Well, Sam," added Shuttle, "it isn't the first time that an ear to a key-hole has been persuaded of strange truths. Stick to your opinions, my boy, and recollect that the shuttle and the loom, the spade and the hammer, the press and the pen, have yet to show Labour and Time to be things worthier of honour than all the milk and honey in the whole aristocratic land of unworking Goshen. This is my verdict, Sammy."

E. M.

THE ADVANCE OF THE MASSES.

THE difficulty of conceiving truths or things as possible which contradict established experiences, though such even be acknowledged the experience of error, is powerful in proportion to the ignorance of the mind the conception affects. Where once however you have educated this single mind, or the aggregated minds of a community, you have increased the power of comprehension, and virtually laid those sequences of truth, which evolve and show themselves not to be dependent on the various contingencies of time, but upon the light of nature which is eternal; for it is a natural law of truth to generalize and simplify itself, whether in connection with ethics, jurisprudence, government, or the more exact sciences; in this simplification following out the harmony of nature, whilst the shallow conceptions of ignorance particularize only to be more steadfast in error, and more obstinate in dogma.

Towards this simplified generalization of causes, it appears to us the social organism of progressive civilization tends. A harmony of cause is in action, operating on the leading public mind, and will operate universally when education has enlarged the extent of comprehension; for, passing by the once all-powerful particulars of a dogma or a party-cry, the foremost minds who lead society see only those mighty points of generalization which tend to the perfecting legitimate truth, or the eliciting some social phenomenon of advance. No point has shown this more clearly than the great measure of the corn laws; for granting that some few of its advo-

cates, both in and out of parliament, might be led by party or interested views, we may safely infer that without this reasoning upon a general principle, so many individual dogmas, so many particulars of belief, would not have been blended into that omnipotent spirit which was as powerful in action as the measure was one of greatness. Thus the more we discover of all universal laws, the more they appear to us simplified, and the more visibly linked by one great harmony of causation: the more that the moral and social laws shall evolve themselves, the more easy shall we be able to demonstrate them with precision. Our grand agent then of this demonstration is education. Educate the masses, and you make each one a discoverer as well as actor of truth; but, whilst we bind this almost necessitated advance by dogma, we reason in the ignorance of all the essential laws of progress. Enforce this religious creed before you educate, says one; bind by these articles and limit error, says another; never heed the public mind so you make the public faith certain, cries a third; and in thus crying and saying, forgetting that it is in a worse spirit than ignorance, for it is with the cant of affected wisdom. Open the mind, enlarge the understanding, limit no view of nature, and you create a nation of worshippers; for the necessity towards a pure worship, is the comprehension of the greatness we adore. Now our opinion is, that we virtually create a religious public, in proportion as we educate it; and if religion means worshipping in spirit and truth, and in the earnest observance of moral laws, then religion has never yet been the glorious worship it has yet to be: for how can we in fulness adore, when we set a worse than helot bond upon the comprehension of the benevolence and attributes of that we would worship. The universal mind will need no artificial enactments to enforce religion, when enlightenment reveals to it the limitless wonders of creation, and the limitless generosity of the Creator; for generosity, mercy, goodness, are apportioned to the perfected mind, and when these shall have become the natural sequences in the improved physical and improved mental condition of the masses, then will be rightly estimated these divine conditions of the Deity.

It was surmised of old, and the exact sciences of our own day teach, that a harmony of numbers pervade creation; the tendency towards logical induction proves this likewise a law of the mind; and in our opinion a necessity in the education of the masses, after the first one of scouting dogmatic particulars and teaching gene-

realising truth, is, that the simple principles of mathematics and geometry should form a large element of universal rudimental learning. The rigid processes of thought as they operate afterwards upon the great principles of social and political governance, can only be elicited from the masses by an inductive method of this kind ; and education can as easily give precision to the great law of association of ideas, as it now blindly places truth and falsity in juxtaposition ; easier too, for the laws of nature are kindred principles in the mighty organism of advance. We want a rigid principle of induction in all things, for that accuracy of form, that precision in mental ideas, which is the great necessity in manufacturing England, that necessity which still limits her artistic power, both as to creation of, and appreciation in, art and design, is one which equally affects the phenomenon of her historical and political phases, for she has yet to discover that it is not mere specific experience that will either promote her artistic or political advance : she must generalize the truths of progression, and form her progression thereby.

With this mighty spirit of advance in abeyance, virtually on the very surface of humanity, waiting but for the vivifying touch of knowledge, it behoves the government to give, and to set no dogmatic bonds upon this vital necessity of progress ; and it behoves the great intellectual aristocracy of the people, to allow no coercive hand of ignorance to bind down mighty comprehension, by the narrowness of particular opinions. Let it be taken as an axiom, that man has no right to gauge the extent of human knowledge, or set down his puny thoughts for abstract truths, because he may have the art of clothing them in brilliant metaphor. Let us have truth if in homely guise ; let us smile at small journalists, who solemnly show their profundity by calling *this* a barren age ; an age that has produced a Bacon in John Mill, that has given an Auguste Le Comte and Humboldt, and clothed with all the grace of humouristic fiction, some of the divinest principles of the human heart. Educate this vital mind, and you paralyse the hypocrite and the bigot, who only fester and flourish whilst ignorance remains. Cultivate the appreciating mind and writers become fearless ; cultivate the heart through the judgment, and Truth stoops to earth, as it were heaven ; give life to thought and you sepulchre the hideous form of persecution ; cultivate the harmonies of nature and we may elicit a combining intellect, and create from among ourselves the God spirit of a second Shakspeare.

Joy on earth at this moment, that man has made such advances! Masculine joy founded on truth and the "solidities of nature," not running forth in loud vociferation but filling the comprehending soul, as God does the universe with His own divine harmonies, and who may, in His high watch-tower of eternity, gladden that man that least comprehends the purposes of His creation.

Nor last, nor least, that the spirit of the English people waits but for its law-givers to invest it with the insignia of comprehending advance.

FEASTS AND FUNERALS.

A HOMILY FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

BY PAUL BELL.

ONE of my boys, sir, who has made acquaintance with a German family, (much to my Mrs. Bell's discomfiture, who says "she is sure he will learn to smoke himself to death amongst them,") brought home the other day a number of *their* "Pictorial Times," to show me a grand wood-engraving of the burial procession of those who were burnt in the late fire at the *Hotel de Polemne* at Leipsig. I have not seen anything grander at any of the theatres, even when Mr. Grievens half-ruined himself to bring out his own tragedy of the "Sack of Troy." Cocked hats and splendid uniforms—mourners in knee breeches: and the bodies set at equal distances—singers and ringers. . . . There was a great deal in the picture, I assure you, to constitute what the print-sellers would call a "richly-attractive page."

A great deal, too, which set me a-thinking of matters at home as well as abroad. We did not, it is true, then indulge ourselves in thus decking out the last scene of a similar frightful tragedy, which startled all London some two seasons ago: but I cannot help fancying we are too apt to flounce and to furbelow the serious transactions of life, not asking ourselves the while how far it is or it is not, in accordance with a barbarous custom. I should like to see the fashions with regard to these matters closely, wisely, and kindly looked into; and till some better and wiser observer of manners shall do so, perhaps, sir, you and your friends won't object to use my old tortoise-shell spectacles.

I say "kindly," because I am aware that there are many excellent persons to whom the slightest comment or recommendation on matters so exclusively—as they think—pertaining to "feeling," will appear the heart-hardness of the nether-millstone. And I meant what I said. Thank God ; I can still go far for a holiday ; I can still love a merry-making as well as when I was a boy, and longing for my Mrs. Bell. No scheme of life can be right, methinks, which does not include enjoyment for enjoyment's sake. No *good* man (if complete) will discourage luxury and comfort and the excitements of innocent pleasure, where proper. Those who shut out the gratifications of sense, I have heard it said, and believe it, are apt to "take it out" in temper. But I know of very few transactions in which example is more fatally and painfully cogent than such as these, and therefore I would have all people, while they are in their sound minds, underanged by immediate affliction, attempt to separate what is accidental from what is essential,—to distinguish affection from ostentation, and the fear of their neighbours from the indulgence of every dearest and tenderest human feeling.

Old-fashioned people, observing the increasing simplicity of our manners, make a very honest and very common mistake, but which has much solace for themselves included therein. They complain that love is wearing out of the world : have a sort of delicately-self-tormenting pleasure in imagining that "no one will mourn *them* as they mourned their departed friends, when they were young ;" and to make up for this shortcoming, keep up a sort of perpetual *keen*, of which their own undervalued virtue is the theme. What a strange selfish error, what a wilful determination to misinterpret love in its highest form—self-sacrifice ! I have watched households where the loss of one of the family put the rest under the tyranny of a gloom maintained for an extravagant period, the escape from which *must* be a hypocrisy,—of all hypocrisies the most detestable ; where a cheerful word or allusion to aught save the hearse and the vault and the agonising last sufferings of one "well out of pain," were sternly checked as wicked levity—until the appointed time had passed when black might shade into gray, and gray put on "a little colour" in its ribands—and this from a sincere idea that only by such regulation-distress were God's dispensations duly honoured ! I have seen cases of spectre done, where a stern widow or a weeping sister has *destroyed* (the word is not too strong) a whole living

family of relatives; the instances principally among women; for men *must* go out into the field, or to sea, as Saunders Mucklebackit put it, "though their hearts are beating like paving hammers," while they may dress the bier at home, and sit beside it uninterrupted. How was it with the dead? Could the most imaginative mourn him, if he had not cared for the happiness of others besides himself? Who loves him the most then,—he who shall press with the weight of his sorrows upon the living, or he who shall try to walk in his steps, and without undue violence to nature endeavour to avoid those stern and severe outward manifestations which become the hardest of cruelty in disposition as appeal against them is impossible? I am not, like a benevolent and venerable friend of mine, for a pattern-regulation of distress; but as little on the side of display as of suppression: and display (let those who will, think me an old brute for saying so) was the old-fashioned mode! belonging to days when there was in everything—as compared with the present time—more of tyranny and less of consideration. Better or worse it is hardly my business to decide:—merely to put forth the plain truth, that the Heroism of the Strong Hand has given way to the Heroism of the Strong Mind—but that neither in point of manifestation attests the reality or the non existence of warm genuine feeling.

Well, I may, some day or other, especially if Miss Martha Le Grand does not frequent our house less, give you a chapter on what a quaint old friend of mine used to call the "Oh!" and "Ah!" people: but what I meant for the present to illustrate is this,—that it belonged to the period when sorrow was the most rigid in its observances of precise time and outward show, to be the most elaborate in all the sad ceremonials, from the sight and the sound of which we try now-a-days increasingly to escape. An old-fashioned English house was turned as much upside down, very nearly, on the occasion of a burial as it is now, that dancers go *hot-supperless* to their pillows on the occasion of a ball. Beds were not taken down, it is true: but they were *set up* for far-away kin, "who would be affronted if they were left out." Aram was whipped for the inconsolable trifles cooked for broken hearts,—and partridge pies made very rich for critical relations who could not dine off a joint. Oppressive as this seems to us, I appeal to all old-fashioned housekeepers whether it is not a true picture. I remember a kind-hearted creature as ever went to Heaven, who had been renowned all her life for her princely hospitality and her

capital table : who, when dying at a very advanced age—having made her will and taken leave of every one—found a little remnant of her poor life and breath yet remained. The dear gracious woman signed to her attendant, bade her take pencil and paper, and write down the bill of fare for the coming funeral dinner ! The mourner struggled with her tears and obeyed : course after course was arranged—energy still lingering. At length all was done, down to the biscuits of the dessert—and the good lady subsided into her former state of quiet waiting, as of one who was patient because she knew the gate was being unlocked. A pause, and then another sign to call the watcher's attention : “ And take care,” added the expiring woman, by way of codicil, “ that the knives be sharp this time, for ————— will sit at the bottom of the table, and he is an awkward carver.”

Now, Heaven forbid I should say a word in disparagement of any one's whims ! They are, with many, the only individualities they possess, and they make a very amusing figure in history. Lady Penrhyn would have been long ago forgotten, but for her legacies to her dogs, cats, owls, and what-not. “ Princess Buckingham,” too !—who would care much about her, but for the vow she exacted, when expiring, from her ladies-in-waiting, (reported or invented by Walpole,) that they would not sit down in the room with her corpse !—and for her ridiculous death-squabble, with the brave virago, Queen Anne's Mistress Freeman ? She sent, when *in extremis*, to borrow the triumphal car which had carried home the dust of the Hero of Blenheim. Duchess Sarah replied, that the carriage which had been thus honoured, should never be used by any other person—“ *Meaner*,” I even think, was her epithet. Whereunto the Princess answered, that she had spoken to an undertaker, and could have a handsomer for twenty pounds !—Yes : long live whims ! will every one say who does not wish to see human creatures become like a row of pins stuck on a paper. Stop short at some point, however, they must. A *suttee*, for instance, is a thing the very bare idea of which throws English wives into red-hot passions ; and the executors of Radama, King of Madagascar—who besides burying an island's worth of treasure with their king, sacrificed one thousand human lives to make his obsequies gorgeous—went, I take it, to the uttermost limit of magnificence. Yet the *animus* of these sacrifices, and of Mrs.——'s funeral dinner, if looked into, will be proved to be the same : not so much honour to the deceased, as keeping up the survivors'

character among neighbours. See, only, to what this may lead—taking Ireland as our nearest extreme example. The Edgeworths, and Morgans, and Bunims have told us, again and again, of half-ruined families, *whole* ruined by their insane resolution, to “‘wake’ the dead genteelly or the O’Flanagans would never let ‘em hear the last of it.” Did no one of us ever know such a thing as a bankrupt’s widow, compelled by her terror of the Mistress Grundys, who have a particular affection for all dismal solemnities,—to spend her last fifty pounds in handsome mourning? The very touchiness of people, whom it was not long ago thought necessary to humour at these sad times, is good proof that the festivals we are examining had much of the world’s wisdom (or folly) in them. To feel aggrieved at being overlooked in a moment of dismay and confusion and weariness of spirit! To take umbrage at being only “provoked” to dine, whereas Cousin Rich was pressed to stay all night!—Can one conceive greediness more disgusting—exaction in a form less sufferable? Oh! let the old-fashioned people who bewail the retrenchment of outward show on these occasions, be made to unpack their budgets of experience;—and you shall hear of bent brows and back-biting words, enough to answer, methinks, for ever, their protest in favour of the ceremonials of sorrow:—to stop their serenade that Love is dying out of the land, because it is not perpetually borrowing the trumpet of selfishness to proclaim itself withal.

Let us consider, too, upon whom it is that fashion presses the most heavily. The rich are assuredly not to be pitied, if having made their own laws, they find them at times more oppressive than easy. “Pride of order” will support them under the oppression. They have borne the wearing of powder like martyrs; think of what they suffer, even to-day, in the matter of apparel, though a trifle, compared with what human creatures endured in the buckram days of old. From time immemorial they have helped to prop up and maintain a stateliness of court ceremonial, which an hour of agreement among themselves must, at any epoch, have consigned to the limbo of antiquated trumpery; since kings would find sitting on their thrones in empty presence-chambers weary work, and might end in walking about their capitals, enjoying God’s blessed air, like meaner beings, were once their tails to drop off! But the less rich: how fares it with *their* independence? Don’t pretend that they, of all people, can afford to set the example of pleasing themselves. The wisdom of old, of

young, and middle-aged is against you. The dignity of confessing narrow fortunes by abstinence from inconvenient and costly usages, which are supposed to testify affection, is not to be maintained without a rare effort of moral courage ; and in many cases, danger. It may cost Mr. Ironmonger dear to bury his father more shabbily than Mrs. Mercer buried her great aunt : and if Miss Smith shall start on her career of married woman from a more modest breakfast-table than Miss Potter left,—think only of the heads wagging and the tongues bitter ; in the doleful prognostication of which Mrs. Smith the mother will be the object ! When Everard Le Grand died—a good-for-nothing old beau, whose departure was universally felt to be a truly acceptable riddance,—his foolish sisters pinched themselves for a year, I have reason to know, that “no one might say a descendant of old Sir Roger Le Grand’s was put into his grave like a common shopkeeper !”—though relieved, every one of them, by being set free from one feebler and more selfish than themselves, and who asserted a man’s right (glorious privilege !) to drain and prey upon the females of his family !—so that ostentation at set times may not be quite the innocent parade of one flower the more : or another hand’sbreadth of miniver, which, to some, it seems. Let alone its cruel repugnance to sick and sore hearts,—it exercises a tyranny as cruel over those who dare not speak out—it has the thralldom of a Tiberius for the weakly-principled, who fancy their affections will be measured by their outward manifestations !

Trying matters thus, by their results, I cannot think myself a heart of flint, or a bad citizen, for pressing on every one the encouragement of liberty of conscience in these, if in no other ordinances of our existence. I speak for the timid—for the backward in self-assertion—for those of narrow fortunes, or who are enmeshed by those small difficulties and discords in their family relations so impossible to plead, but so powerful in binding and in loosing. Shall I be understood if I say, that there is a touch of the Funeral in every set feast ?—destroying the apology of those who would brighten life by this expedient, and tell us (what we knew before) that “it is a poor heart which never rejoices.” Shall I be called “over exquisite” if I assert, that the keeping of anniversaries is a sad, elaborate business in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. One empty chair may spoil the blithest ; and who has not felt how lugubrious is the necessity of being confidential or merry, because

it has been long decreed that such or such a day shall be "a gaudy day?" As for weddings, Charles Lamb has spoken for me on that chapter. The marriage of a very young girl,—who can be naturally gay on such an occasion? The Father: anxious that all the glitter may be pure gold? The Mother: thinking how much she has struggled with since *her* bridal veil was put on, even if she have married a—(modesty forbids *my* filling the blank). The sister—who was her chamber companion, her *confidante* in the garden walk,—her other voice in the duet, her partaker in all manner of little childish pleasures or plans, that the old may not *frown* upon, but can hardly care about? No one, I verily believe, save the boy-groom man, proud of his favour, enchanted at the beauty of his blue coat, and either impudently or awkwardly triumphant in the privilege of saluting the Bride's-maids! The only really merry wedding I can fancy, is when Fifty-Five marries Forty: and there the mirth arises in fact from what is the *summum bonum* of human felicity—the un-hoped for arrival of the Blessing!

Let us take heed, then, to put despotism from us, while ordering our own pleasures, or commenting on those of others. We shall not have an easy life, I am aware, for saying "live and let live," and for *doing* accordingly. Quite the reverse. The angry will call us cold, and the bigotted latitudinarian;—the shallow will complain that we skim upon the surface—the one eyed that we are blind: and we walk on a very narrow path. There is a jargon about "simplicity," which is merely the language of an absolutism worse than that we are condemning—inasmuch as it has "nothing to show for it." Better anything almost, than this cant. Ease in the conduct of our daily life, is not to be insured by our echoing the (*cat-and-dog*) mas of those who are poor in tastes, and limited in their capacities, and who, therefore, assume their barrenness to be the condition of Eden as it came from the hand of its Maker! My neighbour, Mr. Scald, is perpetually girding at the gay waistcoats of Mr. Fightington, which I mentioned when discussing my Mrs. Bell's and the *Post's* notions of a New Clothing Bill: but Mr. Scald forgets to let us know how often he has given half a guinea for a mackerel he meant to eat by himself: while I, who think both very extravagant, should not like over much to be questioned as to the money I have "thrown away" (Mrs. Bell insists on the word) on coins and curiosities; which would neither clothe the one nor feed the other; and

which, I have at times a heart-sinking sense, are, after all, rubbish to one who has no museum. ,

But it cannot be rated as either uncharitable or tyrannical to point out the wisdom of free-will at precisely those times and junctures when the world is least disposed to allow it. While we endeavour to distinguish between the signs of real feeling, and the shows which are a relic of the by-gone times of savagery, peace to their ashes ! And if it can be proved that Feasts, as formerly understood on the transaction of some important change in our lives, are really heartily relished by few save the interested and the *uninterested*: the Lazarillos—the Mrs. Gamps, and the *Pique-Assiettes*, who prowl about good (and bad) men's houses, wheresoever the sound of mourning and the smell of cookery break out—it is to be hoped that other and more individual ways of showing affection and geniality may be studied :—that Regret may not be gauged by the depth of the barrel of beer broached for mutes to swill — that Sorrow may not be exclusively presumed to sit upon “broad hems” — neither that they who do their best to go on their way resignedly—O not unmindful, because silent !—may be sentenced to transportation to some penal colony where every vice flourishes, and neither humanity nor virtue exists—by the Sobbers, and the Blowers of Noses, because theirs was the fashion of the ancients !—If I write lightly on this matter, it is because I feel deeply. Truth may sometimes fly a long way on a feather, whereas, if graven on lead, it may drop like a dump at the Prophet's foot, to be buried in the earth or picked up as a treasure, as may be.

A VISION OF OLD FAMES.

I HAD a vision in the years gone by—
 A vision of a vast sepulchral hall,
 Reared on gigantic columns, black and grim,
 And lit with torches of undying flame.
 Around the walls stood pedestals, whereon
 Were statues numberless, the marble shapes
 Of warriors, dauntless chieftains, stalwart knights,
 That in the stormy battle days of old
 Had won their right to that proud eminence,
 And stood there crown'd. Majestic shapes, in sooth,

Strong-limbed, stern viaged and with life-like eyes,
 That seem'd for ever glaring at gaunt Death
 With a fierce mockery, —and mighty men,
 Men of renown were they, foremost in fight,
 Whose names were blazon'd in the scrolls of fame,
 For the world's worship. In their hands they held
 Great swords, or keen edged axes, and each foot
 Was planted firmly on its granite base
 With an immutable will, as who should say,
 "We take our stand here till the eternal years
 Bring us renewal of our glorious prime!"
 Above them hung old banners, that had waved
 On many a stricken field, and with brief pause,
 A trumpet blast reverberate, awoke
 The hollow echoes of the vaulted aisles,
 With its victorious clangour, —whereupon
 Those banners rustled, waving to and fro
 As in the rush of battle, and a strange
 And ghostly marmur seemed to thrill around,
 As if the marble lips of those dead men
 Were striving to give utterance anew
 To their old war cries. And whenever thus
 The trumpet sounded, then methought I saw
 The spaces of the hall on a sudden filled
 With a dense multitude, all kneeling low,
 All pouring forth the tide of their hearts' love
 And reverential homage at the feet
 Of those crowned knights of war.

Musing, I gazed,

Compass'd with saddest phantasies of thought,
 Till slowly waned the vision from my sight,
 Chased by the dawn, and to my waking ear,
 With the first matin-song of happy birds,
 Came rumours of great battles, won afar,
 Harvests of slaughter, garner'd in by Death,
 And honours, by a world's acclaim bestow'd
 On our victorious generals.

Time rolled on,

And once again, in dream, I seem'd to stand
 Within the portals of that hall of Fame.
 Lo! change was busy there —change—ay the grand
 Calm fix'dness that reigned supreme before
 Had vanished wholly, in its place was seen,
 Working its pitiless ravage, fell Decay
 Still burnt the torches, though with failing fires—

Still on their pedestals were ranged the shapes,
 The effigies of those stern men of old.
 But all the jewels in their crowns were dim,
 And from the drooping brows of some the crowns
 Themselves had fallen ; phantom-like they looked,
 An unsubstantial, ghastly, wan array,
 Impalpable, unreal—their glowing eyes
 Grown meaningless and void, their stately bulk
 Shrunk and shadowy—all their grandeur gone,
 All their proud bearing—scarce their meagre hands
 Could clutch the deadly symbols of their sway,
 Their rusted swords and axes—tottering,
 As if o’ermaster’d by a fate sublime,
 They stood in act to fall ;—and when the trump
 Broke the drear silence, not as erst it did,
 In notes of exultation loud and long,
 But with a feeble melancholy moan,
 It woke no recognition, and so died
 Into a silence drearier than before.
 Wide open stood the portals, but in vain—
 No throng of worshippers sought entrance there,
 No knees were bent, no vows were paid : pale Death,
 And Desolation, and Decay alone
 Stalk’d like avengers through the lone dim aisles.
 So pass’d the hours, till one by one the flames
 Of the wasted torches flicker’d and went out,
 And pitchy darkness hover’d over all.
 Then suddenly, a mighty thunder peal
 Shook the huge fabric—the tall columns rocked,
 The solid basements trembled, and in the midst,
 What time the trumpet breathed its final blast,
 A wail of lamentation and despair,—
 Most like the cry of a lost spirit’s woe,—
 Down, headlong from their granite pedestals
 Fell those false idols, while amid the din,
 Methought I heard a solemn voice proclaim,
 The voice as of an angel, clear and strong,—
 “ *These shedders of men’s blood, for evermore
 Their glory hath departed :—God hath said,
 Even God, the Lord Omnipotent, hath said,
 There shall be no more war !* ”

Oh bless’d dream!

I look through the long vista of the years—
 I see the forms of the meek men of peace,
 The men with thoughtful eyes, and broad calm brows,
 That in their patient lowliness of heart

Have been up-lifted to the seats of power,
 And from that eminence have scatter'd down
 New light and wider blessings on mankind.
 I see them wear the crowns of the world's love,
 Its earnest homage, its enduring faith —
 Wear them, not darkly in sepulchral halls,
 But in the open sunshine, 'neath the smile
 Of the sweet heaven. I look abroad and scan
 The rich plains of the populous earth, its vales,
 Its mighty cities; o'er the seas I look.
 Lit up with white sails of the merchant ships,
 And in the length and breadth of the fair world,
 I see no lingering token of the reign
 Of the destroyer, War. But to my ear
 Instead, the burden of a solemn hymn
 Steals, floating upward from the souls of men,
 Upward and onward still, from star to star,
 Through all the spaces of the Universe,
 "*There shall be no more war!*"—Oh! blessed dream!
T. WESTWOOD.

FABLES FOR FOOLISH FELLOWS.

No. II.

THE HIGHLAND AND THE LOWLAND SHEEP WHO WENT TO WAR AT
 THE PERSUASION OF WOLVES.

IN a country not so remote that it cannot be reached by the moral of our fable there had been, from time immemorial, a feud between its Highland and its Lowland races of sheep, which came to a collision whenever and wherever they met on the borders of their feeding-grounds, which neither their respective shepherds, nor their irrespective dogs, could prevent, appease, or put down, when once their bloods were up. It was shocking to mutton-eating men to hear of this perpetual petty warfare, and the rumours of a general rising of both of these belligerent parties, to bring their quarrel to a general battle, and abide the issue; but this their lords and masters would not hear of for a moment, and contrived as much as possible to keep the rival clans apart, driving them to higher grounds on the one side, and lower grounds on the other, so as to leave a good broad neutral line of land between. The main bodies of both armies being

thus kept encamped at such respectful distances, the war between them was, for a long time, little more than an affair of outposts, a picking out of pickets, and serving them out, as we say, or driving them in, as men-military express it. The neutral ground was rocky and mountainous, and pretty well covered with forests of pine and ash and larch, and such like woods, and was in the joint occupation of eagles of large growth, and daring, audaciously daring characters,—now lifting a lamb, and, when lamb was out of season, a young shepherd in his swaddling clouts; and of a pack of wolves, gaunt, bony, and grim, whose reputations were just as bad as the eagles', and both would hang them in any court in Christendom. A nice neutral country this for strong-headed, wrong headed, and stupid sheep to straggle through, when their bloods were up, to have a brush with the enemy; and a nice set of neutral, indifferent spectators these wolves and eagles were truly, to stand by, and see fair play when Greek met Greek, and came the tug of war!

The cause of quarrel was about as good as these causes are even among wiser creatures. Born and bred in one common country, it was a war of castes, or clans: a feud—a difference about blood, which was the purest; and an intolerance to hatred of each other's religion, though their faith was in essentials the same, and their modes of worship not greatly at variance. Blood—bad blood—ill blood—and that that thought itself the purest, really the foulest and blackest—was at the bottom and top of this desire to destroy each other. The Highland sheep despised the Lowland sheep as an inferior race—as sleek, well-fed, fine-woolled, slavish, cowardly, and shut up in folds and pastures fat and warm; and not wiry, sinowy, shaggy, courageous, strong, free, and wandering at their own wild will over mountains and exposed moors and rock strewn valleys, as hardy as the heather they roved among. Their animosity originated partly in a religious prejudice. In the ear of a Highlander it was horrible, and like blasphemy, to mark the drawling nasal *Bää* (long) of these Lowlanders, which they pronounced *Bää* (short and crisp as their scant herbage), and believed to be orthodoxial, and the other accent to be irreverent, indecent, heterodoxial, and a scandalous departure from the simplicity of the natural piety of sheep. They would not have minded it so much if they had kept their heterodoxy to themselves; but when they forwarded a set of sleek, meek fellows, in wool as white as snow, and combed very straight, as missionaries

to the heathens in the Highlands, who dared to call their hills which get the first and last of the sun when the mists will allow them, a dark and benighted neighbourhood, and presumed to preach against idolatrous bending of the knee to stock and stone,—flesh and blood—at any rate, Highland flesh and blood—could not bear it, would not bear it. Besides, though fewer in number, they were their masters for strength and courage, and they knew it; and so did the Lowlanders, who avoided them as much as they could, as soon as they saw their missionaries sent back with broken heads and horns,

“And kept the even tenour of their way”

to themselves. But sometimes the young bloods of the respective races, in their border wanderings, fell in with one another, and fell out as soon as they met, *Băă* (short) and *Buă* (long), the old sign and countersign, soon setting them by the ears.

It was early in the day after one of these foolish encounters, when

——“many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground,”

the Highlanders having the best of the battle as usual, while the Wolves stood looking on, and not interfering, that the mountaineers were astonished to see three venerable Wolves, silvery white with age, emerge from the forest, and wend their way very deliberately, and somewhat infirmly, into their camp among the hills. They could hardly believe their eyes that they were Wolves, and thought they must be the ghosts of old shepherds' dogs, who could not rest in their graves for

“The foul deeds done in their days of nature,”

the sins they had committed in their hot youth in sheep-biting. But then again they loomed too large for the ghosts of departed tykes. This, however, might be an exaggeration of the morning mist, made to frighten them, as superstitiously inclined. But as these venerable strangers came nearer and nearer, they saw they were no ghosts of dogs, but veritable Wolves in the flesh. They did not fear them much, for they looked too old for mischief; but safe bind safe find: it was as well to have a care of them: for it is your old grinders that love to indulge in your young meats, as tenderest and most toothsome. The pack of which they were the reverend representatives was now so few in number, and had

met with such rough receptions from rams, shepherds, and dogs, that they had learned to keep themselves a good deal to themselves, much more than they had been wont to do ; but experience does make a few fools, here and there, the wiser for their education. As soon as it was seen that these Nestors of Nomansland were very wolves, there was a mustering and marshalling of the Highlanders, and every care taken to keep the weak to the wall ; and while the sturdy fathers of the flock—six in number, but twelve in prowess—and their sons—nine fine young fellows, in the flush of their second summer—advanced to the front, the ewes formed a hollow triangle in the rear, with their little ones in the midst.—This admirable manœuvre was made so rapidly, and with such precision, that Field-marshal the Duke of Limbs, (as the shepherds called him, he looked so like a ram on stilts,) who directed it, expressed his approbation afterwards in a short general order. Where, in what school, do birds and beasts learn their tactics of flight and self-defence, and who is their teacher?—His name is Wonderful !

As the ancient enemies to their race came nearer and nearer, and stood at last face to face—silly Sheep to wily Wolf—not farther apart than a wolf might leap easily, and a lamb get over at two bounds, there was a dead, dread silence, (like the hush of the English line of battle in the presence of the French, which is so shocking to that susceptible people,) unbroken even by the pretty bleating of a yeanning lamb in its playfulness. If a drop of dew had fallen it would have been heard, the silence was so intense. The Highland lads were cool enough to observe that, though old, these venerable visitors had lost none of their teeth, and but little of that gloating glare of the eyes which makes their gaze so terrible to the timid. Though modest, moderate, and amiable—for wolves—there was a certain something now not prepossessing in their looks. The opening lines of the poem led you to think you should not like the rest. Sheep are not great Lavaters in their way, but they were wise enough to know that these Wolves looked bland, but not benign—shy, but not sheepishly shy—calm, but not easy—friendly, but not to be trusted farther than a strong man can move a hill at once. They hung their heads a little down—a sign of slyness, though it might be a sign only of old age, a weakening spine, and musing habits of mind. They glanced, too, not boldly, but furtively, at the front rank of rams, steady in their strength. In short, to any other than these simpler savages, without guile them-

selves, and not suspecting it therefore where it is, they looked the very picture of three sad old scoundrels with wicked designs in their heads; and too well-spoken and civil by half—for Wolves!

The most dignified of the three, as a sign of amity, and to show that he contemplated no violence, none of the old leaping and tearing in the fold, laid himself down on the grass, quite at his ease, his companions doing likewise, and preserving this attitude of graceful repose, when their superior, slowly rising, advanced a little in front of the line of rams, as if to address them; upon which there was a movement among them of one step to the rear, and then a halt, and eyes right as before.

And now, after a little phthisical coughing, the venerable stranger said, not in the sweetest tones certainly—shepherds' dogs would have been shocked to hear such barking—"Be under no apprehension, my good friends. You have nothing to fear from us!" He was assured by acclamation that Highlanders knew not fear, so he proceeded: "I come an ambassador from my tribe—of peace to you, of war only to the Lowlanders." There was immediately vociferous bleating, which did not subside till he cried, "Hear me, for I will speak!" There was then a general call for silence, those who most demanded it and commanded it making the most noise, when he proceeded: "My people—I shall not be believed, it may be, when I say it—my people, of gentler natures than shepherds say they are, and more benevolent—my people have seen with sorrow, shaking their heads at it as sad to see, the perpetual petty war waging between the Highland and the Lowland races of sheep—a wasting war—a useless war—a war without the honours, though it has all the horrors of war—a war without end or aim, still beginning, and never ending. As a neutral nation between the high and low contending parties, it is a cause of continual disquiet to us, who love to live at peace.—Ay, I see how incredulously you hear me talk of peace; but Wolves are not what they were: we are a changed people—and, let me say it, changed for the better—since a patriarch among our tribes, dying, prophesied that, if we quitted not our predatory habits, lived harmless lives, left

‘Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,’

and took to salad-eating, as of old, every man's hand would ultimately be against us, and our ancient race be utterly extinct and

extirpated from the face of the earth. It was time to look about us. We attended to his warning voice—for what the dying say is true—counselled together conservatively, eschewed venison, and took to a vegetable diet and temperate water from the brook, in lieu of heating, fever-breeding meats and drinks ; and behold how well this abstinence agrees with us !”

And here there was a buzz of something not unlike satisfaction : it might be to hear that wolves had eschewed meats, which included mutton, of course ; but there were no congratulations on this change—no one was glad to see them looking so well—not one among all his auditors cried, “ Long live King Richard !” The bad odour of Wolves was not to be so soon forgotten and forgiven, even by simple Sheep.

He missed those encouraging signs that he was making an impression, for he had set this clap-trap for them : but no matter, a wolf can get on without them. He began again lamenting this little warfare, which resulted in nothing but the loss of a horn or two, and sometimes a hot-headed partizan or so, on either side. “ It was only two days since,” he said, when he was set right by one of his companions—it was only yesterday : he said it made no difference, but it did, all the difference—a glorious good dinner yesterday, if they had had nothing worth mentioning to-day. “ It was only yesterday,” he resumed, “ that our troop were out early in the grey of the morning, foraging for a favourite food with us since we have taken to a vegetable diet solely—a sort of rock moss or lichen, which is very fattening and strengthening, and conducive to longevity—when we were, if not horror-struck, sorrow-struck, to see two fine, full-grown rams of the rival races locked horn and horn together, and dead, in a gap into which they had rolled over the rock in the death-struggle.” The Highlanders looked sadly in each other’s faces, and hung their heads in sorrow. This accounted for the loss of one of their comrades—the bravest of the brave—who had died ungazetted ; but he had fallen gloriously in a good cause, and had dealt destruction to one of the enemy, and therefore not long they mourned him. The Wolf waited awhile, and then continued : “ The Lowlander was fat and fleshy : the Highlander in good condition—a nobler fellow never wore horns ! Both were tender——” —here there was a starting and a startling movement among his auditory, which he saw, and said quickly, “ —in years, I meant to say—too tender, too young to die !” He paused, and, casting his eyes upwards in good canting style, looked as much

as he could like a wolf who would be very particular in paying such rites, and said, "We, mourning to see so sad a spectacle, as shocking to mortality, put them out of sight as soon as possible, and

' ————— painfully
Did cover them with leaves.' "

He did not say of what sort; we could and if we would: but see John Hunter *passim—in verbum* "MANIPLES."

True to the old liking, not forgotten since yesterday, his companions licked their lips, and with longing, lingering looks fixed their watering eyes on two lambs—luncheons for two—who would come in front; and hoped they might never meet so sad a fate. The hypocrites!

"This loss of valuable lives—this little war—these deaths in dribbling detail," the grey Wolf continued, "must be brought to a conclusion in some way or other; or you sheep, like us wolves, will hear the awful voice of a prophet among you, crying 'Beware, the time is coming when every man's hand shall be against you, unless ye repent, and forsake the evil of your ways!'" And here there was a strong sensation among these simple ones, much consternation, and strange looking into one another's faces, as who should say, "May not this be so? speaks he not like a sooth-sayer? or like a seer among our shepherds gifted with second sight?" When they turned to him again from communing together, he observed that they looked upon him with a more respectful reverence than sheep had ever shown to wolves before; he resumed accordingly:—"There are but two ways to avert this dire calamity to the world—the extirpation of sheep as disturbers of the peace of society; for this land was not made for sheep alone, nor for wolves, who have been warned in good time to remember this, and make themselves agreeable to their fellow mortals, and be at peace with them. There are two ways to bring this war between your races to a conclusion, and both are honourable. The one is a proposition, to be made by you, for a general peace——" He was silenced by a burst of bleating which seemed to shake the very hills in their seats, the purport of which was, when translated, "No, no; we won't hear a word of peace; so don't mention it! War to the death with the Lowlanders! The Highlanders will never sue for peace!" and such like clamours. Poor ovine nature, like human nature, it is pride—still pride—evermore pride! When their clamorous *baá-bääing* was out of breath, and ceased,

he finished his sentence : “ —— or a general war ! ” and the uproar now was deafening. It was some minutes before he could obtain a hearing to add, “ Not a little war—a war of outposts—but a great and general war, which should bring these Lowlanders, numerous as they are, and insolent as they are, to beg for peace upon their bended knees ! ” And here there was another burst of bleating, accompanied by dancing and ungainly capering, as if the victory was already won, and they were wild with joy and exultation.

“ What a time this would have been for lamb,” whispered one of the weird Wolves to his companion, who was thinking so too, “ if we had not forsworn flesh meats—for the nonce ! ” And, unobserved, again they licked their longing lips.

When this cry before they were out of the wood was over, Hypocrite the First went on with his palavering, like one who meant, as we say, to go in and win. Not only lambs, but wolves looked up, and saw no end of good eating, like a lord-mayor on his induction. “ You have had great provocations, I believe,” he said, “ from this sleek, smug, snug, petty, pusillanimous race. Ah, you have endured more injuries from these Lowlanders than you are conscious or thoughtful of ! We have observed—you have not—that there never was an instance known of one of your race who went south ever returning—ever coming back again to his native wilds, to tell the tale of his travels ! ” They looked foolishly in each other’s faces : it had never struck them : this was indeed the first time it had struck them, and it struck them dumb. “ What becomes of them,” he continued, “ it is not for me to say. But one of our tribe, caught when a little, heedless, foolish cub, and sold into captivity, travelled through their country in a cage, till he escaped and found his way back to the forest : he tells us, and I believe the words of his mouth, though travellers are said to see and say strange things, that he has not only seen several of our skins, which these barbarians set great store by,” and he seemed much affected for a moment, “ but hundreds of the skins you wear, and which so well become you, carried out of the markets, a cart-load at a time, with no more life in them—no more flesh and blood and bone—than there is under the lichen on one of these rocks lying around us ! ” Here he was interrupted by irrepressible murmurs of horror ; and a proper question to be put by the Duke of Limbs in his place—how did he know that they were Highland integuments ? “ By the wool—not to be mistaken,” he was

answered. "Yes; these Lowlanders look sleek, and fat, and fleshy, and well they may, when they feed as they do, the cannibals—no; I will not utter the disgusting word! Learn this from me, and you will think worse of shepherds than you do: in some parts of the world there are shepherds who prey on shepherds, and think them good eating when baked with yams under them, and esteem them so done a dish for a king, or

'His black Mandingo majesty's white minister of state!'

Do you wonder, then, when sheep feed on sheep—Lowlanders fatten on lean Highlanders?"

The rage of these Highland Hotspurs was terrible to look upon. They were for an immediate descent upon these wretches, now while their indignation was at blood-heat.

"Ridiculous!" said the grey Wolf. "Rashness! Madness! How many of ye are there who can be called fighting rams? Aye, it sounds well to hear young and old among ye cry 'All! whether lambs or rams; but how few there are in this flock fitted for the strife! Not more than a dozen, at the most; while these Lowlanders increase and multiply so fast in their fat folds, they can bring their thousands into the field, and eat ye up, and lick their plates, not half satisfied with such a snack!"

But they should gather, the Highlanders said, as they rushed down, like an avalanche from the mountain-top in winter, and sweep, shatter, and scatter these soft hearted, soft-headed, soft-horned, craven creatures—a shame to the simple name of Sheep—like snow before the wind. No, no, he advised them as an admiring friend. Let them nurse and hug their wrath, and keep it as warm as they could—let the sun go down upon it—till winter came, and it was coming soon, and the first fall of snow was down; then they might, unseen in the thick mists of the long night, and unheard in the foot-silence of the snow-covered ground, rush on them in their separate folds, too far apart for warning and alarm, and crush them in detail. By that time the fine young fellows he had in his eye—an honour to the Highland race—would be fitter to fight by their fathers' side, and show the foe the mettle of their mountain-breeding. And here, casting his wicked eyes up to heaven, the canting old scoundrel for a wolf said, that grey hairs and great experience had made him a seer among his tribe; and he foresaw the coming shortly of a seer among sheep, who would descend from the farther Alps, with such an array of rams mighty

in war, the gathering of alpine clans they had never heard of, as should sweep these Lowlanders from the face of the earth, and give them their lands for an inheritance. Wait, he entreated them, wait till the hoary winter and the grey seer descend together from their snow-crowned heights, and then fall upon the foe as suddenly as you please. By that time the lichen on which his people lived would be scanty in the mountains, and they would have migrated and moved down to the woods in the low country, to feed on the acorns, chestnuts, and beech-nuts which every blast that blows showers upon the ground, till spring calls them up to their old haunts again: so that his people would be at hand to advise and succour them, and be a friendly power, on whom they might fall back, if they failed in their enterprise, if that were possible.

Would the Wolves make common cause with them as allies, inquired a young ram, with a diplomatic turn of mind; but he was clamoured down directly. No, however much they must sympathize with the Highland race, as Highlanders themselves, the quarrel was no quarrel of theirs; they had suffered no insults and endured no injuries from these Lowlanders. He consulted a moment with his companions, and then said that he could promise them so much aid as this, if they would accept it: that, as wolves were notoriously skilled in the healing art, and had performed wonders in the cure of wounds—indeed, one lick of a wolf's tongue was a cure of all complaints of that kind in oxen and horses and asses—some of the most skilful of these Hunters should follow both armies indifferently, and attend on the maimed on either side, as a work of mercy and good hospital practice. He could promise no more than this assistance, at this present writing. Perhaps it would be as well to settle now what should be the password on the Highland side when the time came for their assistance; for it would be dangerous to the wounded, and unhandsome treatment of their medical attendants, when two or more were met bearing some bleeding hero from the field to the rear, if they were challenged and arrested in their benevolent work. It was soon arranged that "*Băă*," short, should be the password on the one side; of course, "*Băă*," long, would be that of the other.

So far, so good, said the grey Wolf to his coadjutors, giving the slightest perceptible turn of his tongue in his cheek. When lichen failed, there was every likelihood of a glut of fools; and, by a beautiful provision of Nature, the more foolish the bird, the better the fowl for gustation. Thus, while the craftier kind of creatures

are not easily taken, such as wolves, foxes, and the like, and are not worth taking, because they are bad eating, geese, and sheep, and such small deer, simple souls! are as gullible as they are good eating.

"Enough," said the gaunt Wolf, with a smile—such a smile!—at the success of his embassy. "Be wise, be secret, letting not your shepherds know a tittle of your designs, and possess yourselves with patience till the hour and the leader come. The grey mist of the morning melts away, and shows these aged eyes, not so good as they were, but still far-seeing, the long shadows of two stalwart shepherds, and about the same number of dogs, faithful followers! stalking this way from the Eastern hills. We must not be seen, though messengers of mercy, or something injurious to us and you will be suspected. It is a scandalous world! Give a wolf an ill name, and you may spare yourself the trouble for life of thinking well of him. Farewell, good friends, farewell; till we meet again in the Lowlands, farewell!" And after a few hurried civilities on both sides, these reverend Rambassadors went off in an opposite direction to the shepherds: at first, slowly, gravely, and dignifiedly as aldermen enter our Guildhall when dinner is announced to be on the table; increasing their pace as they proceed from a slow movement to a quick step, and then a rush in,

"As fools rush in, where angels fear to tread."

For, whether the early morning mountain air was cold, and it was

——— "a nipping and an eager air;"

or whether it was past their time for breakfast, from a good walking pace they got into a trot; and, as they shook off the stiffness of age, into a headlong gallop down hill—the devil take the hindmost; and thus they kept up with great spirit, good speed, and good wind for old wolves, till they disappeared in the dense forest on the neutral ground.

Early in the winter, when the snow lay unusually deep in the windy Highlands, and in the sheltered Lowlands deeper and deeper still, the promised seer came down from the Alps in the grey of the evening—a long, lank, flat-sided, ungainly, unmuttonly ram to look at—a sheep who could not look sheep in the face. And he came not alone: for he was accompanied by from five to six hundred followers; some as shy, sly, and unhandsome as himself these were, doubtless, specimens of the Alpine sheep they had

never heard of, and they did not admire the breed); but the greater number of this gathering of many clans were fine strapping fellows, fit for anything—

“The finest rams, sir, that ever were fed upon hay,”

or grass, gorse, and green things! The ewes admired them vastly; and there was not a little coquetting among some of the pretty spinsters of the flock as they looked upon these gallants. But they came to hate, and not to love, and paid little attention to the fair. After a short parley with our simple friends, they took an affectionate farewell of their families, and fell in, and the seer led them that night upon the enemy.

Not to be tedious, an hour before day, to the inspiring cry of “Death to the Lowlanders!” the onslaught was made, while the foe were in their beds, if not their bedgowns, they were so taken by surprise. The battle was hot and bloody, and many brave fellows fell on both sides, but most on the Lowland side, they were so unprepared; but they fought gallantly, and gave no quarter, and asked for none. Victory, in no long time, proclaimed that the hardiest, not the most numerous, host had won the night, for it was not day; and such of the Lowlanders as had not fallen fled. The Wolves looked well after the wounded, as they said they would. No sooner was a ram down, toes upward, than two of them seized him by the shoulders, and drew him off the ground at a gallop, like a field-howitzer, to the rear, that his fall might not dispirit his brothers in arms. If he was only wounded, away with him to the hospital in the woods at once, where the skilled in healing would wait on him, and bind up his wounds, and, if they could not give him another horn, amputate the stump. They looked not after the enemy only, they were as attentive to their friends, bearing them, nay, tearing them off the field as well, before the fight and the life was half out of them. The last who fell was the leader of the Highlanders, wounded in front, honourably, by a stout Lowland horn. The skilled in the healing art—as scamping, ramping, raffish a set as ever danced a polka or chanted in chorus a Nigger melody in the dissecting-room at Guy’s—ran up to his assistance; but, unfortunately, not fast enough to hide him from the garish eye of his gallant friends, who, running up first, found the grey seer wounded to the death, with his woollen waistcoat, if we may so call it, ripped open from top to bottom. They could not believe their eyes when they saw what they saw—the surgeons

could, and wished they had not been called in at the autopsy. It was a wolf in sheep's clothing—the Rambassador! The Highlanders blated out “We are betrayed! Wolves are among us in disguise! Save yourselves!” A panic seized the conquerors, and they fled, leaving the field in possession of the Wolves—just what they wanted. The day was dawning, but they need not hurry themselves; so, calling a camp-council, they soon settled what was to be done with the killed and wounded: they ate the killed at once, and carried off the wounded to their dens in the forest, to be killed as they were wanted during the winter; and there was no more scratching up the snow for lichens and frost-bitten acorns while there was any mutton in the larder.

And thus ended the irreconcilable antipathy of the Highland and the Lowland Sheep, who went to war at the instigation of Wolves. Having found, a day too late, that both had been made dupes by the designing, to serve their own turns, they soon agreed to live in amity with each other—make a solemn league and covenant against the Wolves only, as the only infidels—and sink their own small religious differences, as non-essential: for, after all, the learned doctors among them discovered that their tenets were the same; and whether they pronounced *Bää* short or *Bää* long was a matter of indifference, even their shepherds said, if they meant it not irreverently.

THE SIGNS OF THE (OLDEN) TIMES.

HERALDRY, I take to be the art of chivalric sign-painting. The Griffins, the Unicorns, the Dragons, the Hands and Daggers, the Bleeding Hearts, and so forth, which the forefathers of our infallible hereditary legislators were in the practice of adopting as signs and symbols of their families; were, I presume, in their day, very much analogous to the Magpies and Stumps, the Pigs and Whistles, the Swans with two Necks, and the Green Men and Stills, with which that respectable body, the licensed victuallers of this empire, are still in the habit of adorning their establishments. The “Bear and Ragged Staff” may be kept in countenance by the modern “Marquis of Granby’s Head,” and the ancient Black Boars and White Harts, which flourished on the baron’s scutcheon, or waved in silken folds to the breeze over

the square donjon of the baron's keep, still swing gratingly above the tavern door, the harbingers and heralds of "Good Entertainment for Man and Horse."

Now I confess having a very much greater respect for signs than for coats of arms. The one class of symbols, at all events, indicate the whereabouts of honest traffic, while the others, when they were in full force and glory, frequently flourished in places where lodgings for a year or so might be obtained in a cool, sequestered dungeon, at no higher rate than the whole of the worldly goods and chattels of the entertained. No doubt it was very pretty and romantic to blow your bugle at eventide before some Front-de-Bœuf's castle, and see the drawbridge falling, and the seneschals hurrying forth to receive the wildered guest. But then, when one comes to reflect that the worthy baron might take it into his head to get up a pleasant and inexpensive evening's amusement for his retainers, by rifling his guest's saddle-bags, and thereafter chopping off his head in the castle court, by way of a graceful finish to the festivities, I must say for my own part—the taste is horribly vulgar, no doubt—that I would prefer, on the whole, stopping, now-a-days, at the Castle Tavern, to putting up, a few odd hundred years ago, at the Castle: that I would gladly exchange a flourish of the bugle horn for a peal of the chambermaid's bell—nay, that I would even give up the Seneschal, in favour of "Boots."

The feudal times were no doubt very nice times indeed to write novels about, but, on the whole, I think they are best admired at a distance. Ruined castles are very beautiful things—in ruins. I doubt much, however, whether their ten-feet-thick walls, garnished with

"Loop-hole grates where captives wept,"

were such agreeable objects of contemplation to the unprotected foot traveller, as now-a-days when we catch sight of their crumbling remnants from a speeding railway train. The truth is, that the baronial keeps of old were very much of the same nature with those establishments, which, in modern thieves' dialect, are denominated "kens," and "fences,"—in other words—refuges for robbers, and receptacles for stolen goods. "The man," said King James V. of Scotland, pointing to a Border Castle, "the man who built that tower, was a thief in his heart." Indeed it is a pretty patent fact, that not a few of the "great old families" of England would be, at this present moment, "great old families" in Norfolk Island, had an effective system of metropolitan and

detective police existed in the times of their founders—the Buried-lamented-days of chivalry.

I have spoken of heraldry—of coats of arms—the Signs of the bold barons of yore. The actual device was frequently not remarkable for aught but mere senseless invention of impossible monsters—distorted into impossible attitudes. Sometimes, however, the nature of the composition gave a shrewd hint of the profession, tastes, and predilection of the exhibitor. Now we have a hand and dagger, indicating that the owner of the device was given to those practices, which, when they are now-a-days made the subject of a newspaper paragraph are generally headed “The knife again;”—occasionally the peculiarity in question was merely pictorially hinted at, by a bloody hand. Implements of war and dungeon furniture generally cut a conspicuous figure in the devices of our respectable ancestors, but you may wade through many a book of heraldry without finding a trace of the slightest penchant for enlightened generosity or honest industry.

The mottoes however were peculiarly significant. If the device did not let the cat out of the bag—the legend did. The coolness indeed with which thievish mottoes were assumed, is quite delicious. We may be a nation of merchants—but so, in one respect, we always were. The feudal baron of old in his impregnable tower was a merchant, although not quite in the sense of the word as understood now-a-days. No doubt both the “House” and the Castle dealt, and still deal in monies and merchandise; the difference simply is, that the former makes ventures with its own property—the latter, whenever it could, operated upon other people’s. Thus the merchant, now-a-days, enters upon a speculation—the feudal gentleman rode a foray: He of the counting house has dealings with other counting houses—He of the castle had dealings with other castles; but they were confined in most cases to the pillaging line of business. The man of the ledger collects his debts—the man of the lance gathered in his black mail. The one has his clerks, the other had his moss-troopers. The first has his correspondents, the other had his spies. The former rears cities—the latter burned villages.

Taking this view of the case, and looking at a good many of the founders of our ancient families as gentlemen well to do in the burglary and sheep-stealing lines of business, nothing can be more appropriate than the mottoes which they chose, to hint the nature of their callings. The old legend of the Scotts of Harden was “*Reparabit cornua Phœbe*,” in plain English, “There will soon

be moonlight." The hint is most suggestive. You could no more misunderstand it than you can the "Country orders carefully attended to" of the tradesman in the next street. Moonlight!—Can we mistake the delicate insinuation. "Diana's foresters!—Gentlemen of the shade!—Minions of the moon!" The ancient motto of the Buccleugh family was similar—"Best riding by moonlight." Yes—especially when one is burdened with his neighbours' goods, or is making off surreptitiously with his own.

The Cranstoun family boasts a peculiarly self-denying and Christian legend. It is "Thou shalt want ere I want." But, as Lord John Manners will tell us—there was such high-minded generosity in the soaring chivalry of yore! "*Per ignem et gladium*," the motto of another noble family, breathes a fine spirit of peace and good-will towards men—strikingly contrasted with the sordid and selfish dictum, "Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest," of modern shopkeeping days. "Forth Fortune, and fill the fetters," would be a very good legend for a turnkey or a bailiff. It happens, however, to be that of the Athol family, who probably distinguished their pursuits from those of more ignoble cagers of criminals, by carefully abstaining from making legal captures, and only "filling their fetters" with those who might be instrumental in filling the pockets of their captors. "Grip Fast" is a piece of advice we have seen on an ancient scutcheon. It was probably quite supererogatory. "Ride Through" is another legend, which may, I presume, be rendered "Don't stand on bones—Go the whole hog—Make a clean sweep." While such maxims as "Spare Nought," (Tweeddale)—"*A ma puissance*," (Stamford and Warrington) give a fine notion of the power and the disposition of the magnates of those good old times which Young England would fain dig up in all their festering rottenness from the grave.

But no,—they are gone—past recall. The workshop and the counting-house have put down the castle and the keep. The spirit and the symbols of the ancient age are outworn together. Burglary, highway robbery, and arson, would not, now-a-days, be accounted a brilliant foray, or killing, no murder; while the peaceful merchants who now hold the sway, once exercised but by titled robbers and gold-spurred burglars, would hardly think of conforming so far to the spirit of times gone by, as—in forming a company, or entering upon a commercial speculation—boldly to blazon such a device as a pair of loaded scales, graced with such a motto as "Success to Swindling."

ANGUS B. REACH.

PEARLS FROM POPISH PLACES.

BY A SERIOUS PARTY.

LETTER IV.—TO MRS. RUSTLER.

Aix, — the 30th, 1846.

WE hope, my dear and ever valued Mrs. Rustler, that Mr. Pecker's project to entertain his far-away friends with conjectures of which I am the heroine, has produced its anticipated startlingness among the Tingleburian circles, and the kindred minds at Wailford. Played I not right well in simulating matrimonial probabilities: a foreigner the male party? Confess you not, that extraneous travel has whetted your Diana's invention to an airier keenness than was somewhile boasted thereby? No: beloved friends! bridle surprise, and restrict comment: descend from the altitudes of imagination, and lay hold on the fair fields of fact. When your friend weds, it will be with no such deceptive *ignis fortis* as the party with whom in my last, I so skilfully struck the credulous chords of old friends at home: and who, we have reason to ascertain, has no more right to claim episcopal connexion at Liege, than had (*souvenir vous?*) that Mrs. Rosamond Phillpotts to announce herself a scion of the admirable Exeterian prelate. Van Bommel proves to be a name as fictile as the rest of that person's base advances; or as the pleasing account to which, as we are enjoined in * * * *. I turned that root of evil, by titillating your scrupulous curiosity.

You are aware, my dear, that Aix-la-Chapelle has always been the head-quarters of those "who tempt the Iris Fortune's echoing maze"—see Mr. Turner's Pleasures of Hopo, annually illustrated by his life-giving palate) and who, without stable resources, live upon the die. For here it was that Clovis King of the Goths, who invented cards, staked the fortunes of the Lower empire against the impetuous Barbarossa. While the latter, by throwing his ring into the lake (now, alas! occupied by the Railway Station), gave the signal for that hatred betwixt the two races, the fire of which will not rapidly wither. From the moment when the supposititious Captain Van Bommel, after succeeding in

the attachment of himself to Mr. and Mrs. Pecker, succeeded in inducing them to halt there for a few weeks—my suspiciousness began to enlighten itself. Mysteries, dearest Mrs. Rustler, will not long baffle the aquiline instincts of * * * *. WE are not to be deceived, blessed privilege! Sweet Mrs. Pecker's transparency, it is true, held out. Who, indeed, would undeceive the dove-like soul, that

“Quiet in its calm, evades the shocks
Which baffle sodden churls”!—

Nor her partner: nor I. The impostor's assiduities smoothed sunken rocks in her path. Familiarised with the names of the foreign nobility, he diverted home-sick thoughts at the public table, gallantly grappled with little difficulties, and “catered choicest morsels for her share.” Nay, even procured her some culinary receipts, which, when produced on the Tinglebury board, will, we flatter ourselves, elicit more legitimate sensations than those attendant on Miss Podd's unwholesome importations—*said* to be from Paris. “She saw nothing in him”—dear charitable soul, but what Propriety's licence might approve; and while we were abroad (you know she sets her face against all sight-seeing) knitted him a comforter. Meanwhile I was exploring the town beneath his guidance, only waiting for the moment when Indignation's lightnings might unmask with due completeness. For the importance of no ordinary meed of serpentine wisdom in a matter so delicate, will be confessed, when I unfold, that reasons appeared to arraign our travelling attendant with complicity in his intent, whatsoever that might prove. We had warmed the Italian aspic in our philanthropic bosoms; nor was its rattle dumb! Once having detected him in earnest parlance with Sophie, his motives, unquestionably, evinced themselves as double. For to suppose—no, dearest, your fond girlhood's playmate, though humble as regards her exterior attractiveness, has *not* sunk to imagine the possibility of neglect, on personal motives, for one so pale in *tournure*, so mediocre in aspect, so devoid of elegant significance of demeanour, as our maid. Intrigue, then, was on its feet: it remained but for its poison to uncoil clearly.

Nor remained it long. One day, with all the tremor of uneasy duplicity, our myrmidon—the Peckers abroad—bespoke an audience. I seated myself, and fixed her: for at similar junctures, Tenderness should cast itself to the winds, while Justice vaults into the throne. I forbore; waited; until she spoke; falteringly,

and with all the tortuous diversifications for which my deaf ear stood open, commenced by an appeal to Duty's threadbare plea, and the desire not to meddle absolutely, audaciously declaring that intrude she would not, save under an awareness of my simplicity. "So!" was my ironic response. On saying no more, she proceeded, that the person known by the appellation of Van Bommeel had besieged her with overtures. A pause: your friend remaining still Monosyllabical, for Justice, my dear, should be satisfied with nothing short of the utmost want of lenity. It was not mine to make the crooked path of so deceptive a confidence facile. "The person," she blushing renewed, "had made her liberal offers." ("So"—was all that bridled wrath permitted itself—and here her tones became almost imperceptible, "for her interest with the Heiress under Mr. Pecker's care."—Then, produced a note said to be written by the deceiver, to substantify, she said, "a caution only offered with bitter reluctance." Mute as marble I sate: while Sophie added, that "she had reason to believe the person had no occupation more authentic than participation in gaming; and had, alone, been attracted to attentiveness—(Here, again, confusion resumed its sway) by reports of opulence." Then ceased: reluctant to meet scrutiny. I replied not: but waved her departure: and remained stilled. Though foreseen the shock afforded materials for crowding contemplation. Thought precipitated itself on thought—absorption on absorption. I whirled, and when the Peckers entered, I was found in a state of lethargic concentration, which originated the truest terror. Pressed to explain, I eluded; wept, I apprehend; and then the over-wrought nerves of Nature claiming part—feeling gushed free, and I fell prostrate into the arms of that Heart of Oak, my brother-in-law!

* * * * And so they credited at Wailford that I had partaken of the Theatre on Sunday, and Miss Podd, true to her gall, triumphed over your Diana as a fallen star!—Reciprocate on the credulity of those whose malignancy waited but till we should trip on the Continent. To the Play I did not go on that Sunday. The *relaches* of the Journals, "our Advertisements," my dear!) will assure you that the Theatre was put off, consequently to Mademoiselle Rachael's illness, owing to too serious an indulgence in *cornettes*, which are here dressed very rich with oil, and, they say, she eats to an excess. Women of her class, my dear, are generically alike: Rapacious, vulgar, and abandoned to the dis-

tates of Impropriety!—The Males the same. The familiar of Lady Tallboys and herself have arrived at Aix: but whatever be their eagerness to associate, it shall be discrowned with success. Fond and foolish may your Diana be: a Woman, dear!—as she was, ere Publicity had set its seal on her faltering efforts to ameliorate Tinglebury—but weakly compliant; never. When to lead, she knows and will. Among other miscreants of the place, Mrs. Pecker certifies to having detected the voice of her Bridget loud in mirth, with a partner “moustache’d like a Pard”—to her not cognizant—Lady Highborough’s butler having never crossed *her* path. It is by them that the vulgar assault of the person called Van Bommel has been invented: *if* the Niblets are white of all participation in the affair. They were at Liege, we happen to know, at the Jubilee there: ready, doubtless, to do Babylon’s bidding, and to dance before her Ark * * * * were the mummery ever so stupendous! Mrs. N.—, as I have opened to you, was ever the more frolicsome, the more corrupt the cause. What so natural, then, as their participatory sympathy? With their notorious rancour against every one whose purity has not bowed the knee. Methinks I hear you ask, what explanation gave The Serpent—whether any—when thus unmasked! None, dearest. My care it has ever been to evade discussions of which my unworthy self has ever been the object: and every woman, it is observed in Hannah More’s “Anastasius” can, whenever she pleases, by assuming a monumental frigidity, alienate the most vivid audacity. The iceberg was not more unyielding than I. Courtesy, the while, prevailing in tact. For had Mr. Pecker’s valuable life been even suspended in peril, for my poor self! * * * O no!—I am no Boadicea—

“To lip my lovers to defiance fierce!”—

(as Mr. Isaac Taylor, the Gresham Professor, and brother of the admirable Jane, says, in “Edward the Fair.”) The individual was gracious enough to accept an enigmatical demeanour, and vanished. Our attendant’s part in the baleful transaction, and the hopes she may herself have reposed on the Impostor, were in some points explicated by the remark she dropped to Mr. Pecker, “That if he discovered Miss Rill was no heiress, Molestation would fall to the ground.”—Sophie was already to have been dismissed: this inevitably accelerates. We have been deceived as to her French, which Mr. Pecker’s theory authenticates him

in assuring us is impure. Her uselessness to our Sister's simple desires, constitutes a further cogency, and the difficulties she has cast in the way of our Brother's disposition of his Bells, which having answered their purpose, and proving expensive, he was desirous of disposing of, to any travelling party, are the crowning *coup d'œuvre*. We shall part with her too, however, with ostensible tranquillity. True Christians, my dearest friend * * * * Whatever befall us, let us be faithful to our sweetness !

Enough, however, of these egotismal trifles ! Pass they like bubbles ; only confided to you for your elucidation, should the Nibletts' venom penetrate ears at home (the Podds and others how willing !). Released from myself, my pen shall prattle of foreign parts. I was enthusiastic to see the relics at Aix. For you know, dearest, my weakness ; have smiled at my appropriation of the kerchief with which the dying Napoleon wiped his lips, the faithful Madame Campan weeping near—when he cried "Accursed England !"—a malediction how agreeably nugatory, we know. You have sympathised in the pocket of Mrs. Fry, which, confided to the turncocks of Newgate, on her initiatory visit, has found its way to my little horde. And is it not to you I owe H.R.H. Prince Albert's pen, when answering our Sovereign's proposals, he announced his desires as modest, and pleaded for his father's ancient hound accompanying him, to share his state ? So the relics were to be seen, *coute que bien*. Not, however, without difficulties. Mr. Pecker's connection with the "fiery furnace" prohibited his allowing one iota of his money or mine finding such an outlet. We know, unhappily, how the Sovereign of these realms (I mean, you know, England, lost estimation with all true Christians, by her outrageous benefaction to the Scarlet Lady of Cologne. Unfinished may it ever remain ! I am, dear Mrs. Pecker, the same simple creature everywhere—and "seeing little," she says, "in sight seeing" could not be animated into a participation of my curiosity. "Nobody but Diana," she says, (don't you hear her ?) "would leave a comfortable room to go and stand in a cold church, after rags and bones, and jewellery there is no buying." Thus discouraged, it seemed probable that I might leave Aix without eventual enjoyment of its main feature. But a woman's desires, dear Mrs. Rustler, have been past control, ever since "Juno drank the Indian Pearl" we, as you know, rarely give up. A letter to the clerical authorities, mentioning my scruples, was in progress : and distinguishing antiquarian

desire from Papistical acquiescence. But ere Mr. Pecker could satisfy himself in translating my poor plea (Sophie's assistance in this case being precluded by delicate secrecy), another vista presented itself: and even as a last resource in slaking her appetite for knowledge, your Diana, dear, is not one, who would in semblance stoop to sue the Tiara! Inquiry developed a private exhibition of the Relics, awarded to Lady Tallboys. Eager, no doubt, to compound for her * * * * * by Jesuitical submission. As an adjunct to her party, was not agreeable—but alternative was none: and after a few civil reciprocities, the goal of my wishes was reached: and I accompanied her party *sans cognita*: I hope not uselessly—and who it * * * * * would elude mortification, and the deposit of dignity—that futile thing? To remember my sacrifices at Tinglebury consoled me, Mr. Pecker held aloof—as in position bound—“relying,” he said, “on my graphic tongue, to paint for him what his principle declined to witness.”* Discretion at Wailford, too, will oblige us. We have used every effort to keep the visit out of the German papers. The Developists would never let Tinglebury hear the last of what is strictly a romantic, and by no means a religious pilgrimage. Place, dearest friend! has little to do with a Christian temper. When Lady Salisbury rode her white ass into Jerusalem, did that constitute piety? No; still less Miss Podd's fulminatory ebullitions in her catechising class. Most guardedly, too, did I arm myself with tracts: those destructive of Roman Catholicism preferred, which I judged might, by alert ingeniousness, be covertly concealed, among the relics—to behold the light, when, who can say? Too solicitously watched was I, however, to succeed in the destined insinuations—so repeating to myself

* The Editor, vehemently accused by certain parties, supposed to be connected with “The Fiery Furnace”—of setting down in malice worse than Miss Rill ever wrote, must once more defend himself. While he confesses, out of respect for sacred things, to having omitted her texts—he has not garbled her *text*. He believes that all who have had much experience of the Englishwoman abroad, will find little difficulty in believing in Miss Rill's reserves, economies, and curious inconsistencies: whether as acquiescing in Sunday play-going, or availing herself of a subterfuge to deny the charge, or thrusting herself into strange (nay doubtful) society, when a sight is to be seen, cheap. Where such meannesses are confined to those who are always mean, it would be of small consequence—but it is vexatious to see how even our gentlemen and gentlewomen, are apt, virtually, to confound foreign travel with “a lark.”

"Dagon is no more," which, fortunately, I possess by heart, and assuming a determinate severity of aspect, I startled myself, and entered upon the repulsive examination.

I despair to convey what I beheld. The hunting-horn of Charlemagne, I assured myself, was not genuine: and Mr. Pecker's valuable counsels having prepared me that the race of guides and *cicerones* make a trade of purposely disseminating erroneous information, I felt it my duty to step forward and rectify Lady Tallboys, whose credulity, I observed, abandoned her as a prey to the undigested fabrications of our conductor. I assured her of the fact, that what we saw was principally plated ware, that art having been invented at Munich by Henry the Fowler—a famous minstrel: on whose tomb, as we know, were spaces left that Ladies might drink out of his grave! More enlightened, we: dearest Mrs Rustler!—The relics from Holy Writ, I bade her observe, were collaterally deficient in authentication: citing such passages from * * * * * and also from "Peeps into Prophecy," as might satisfy, that I bandied not words with levity.—I trust my efforts were crowned. "Madam," said she, with a deep and gratified air of conviction, "you must be very learned." I disclaimed: mentioning merely what had been accomplished at Tinglebury—accompanied by a little appropriate selection, which I pressed on her acceptance: having returned into my former sphere of distribution. The impression was obvious, they * * * nor least emphatic, as a testification, was the manifest displeasure of the handsome Ausonian, her companion. I thought it my duty to respond to his ill-concealed derision: by corresponding glances. Not for the world, my dear, shall one of Edom fancy, for an instant, that your friend is susceptible of allurements! I ached for Lady T. as we parted. Perchance we may meet again in this howling wilderness.—Mr. Pecker, I am allowed to subjoin, has kindly approved my assiduities. WE must not be backward in stepping forward!

A few miscellaneous notices elucidatory of German life, shall close this long epistolary communication: wrung from my pillow. What say you, dearest Mrs. Rustler, to the young collegians of Germany wandering along the high-ways, and soliciting alms? Can we be proud enough of our Oxford and Cambridge, thus contrasted? Mr. Pecker says that never before was he aware of the inexpressible beauty of *Alma Matrix*. The yet more vaunted beverages of the Rhine, are no less reprehensible. He will not

taste them. Christians, my dear, cannot be too cautious. Mrs. Pecker, however, who has more than once transgressed in a sip, gives it as a verdict that the pre-eminency of her famous green currant receipt remains still unshaken. The innkeepers, we are aware, seek to pillage British tourists, by affixing the highest figures to the most inferior qualities. We make a point, therefore, of always demanding the lowest description : dress has some features here, which modesty enjoins me to request should not be read aloud to a miscellaneous circle. Males not present : you may diffuse, that here the female garb is taken out of the hands of the sex, and *committed to tailors ! !* This was ascertained by Mrs. Pecker, wanting a wrap. Can you wonder that her nocturnal restlessness was exasperated by such discoveries ? She did not sleep a wink, she assures me. As a *pis prendre congé* then, Sophie was set to work : but proved, as might have been anticipated, inadequate, and sullen under correction. Those, my dear, of her unfortunate doctrines * * * * Further collision in fraudulency has unhappily developed itself on her part. Perfectly aware, that the natives purchase everything at half the cost which our countrymen must undergo, we were shocked on ascertaining that a purchase of flowered calico revealed no such established fact ! When charged,—our attendant attempted evasion—by indignancy and tears. How long ? * * * * but till Cologne, when, we are assured, that the steam-boats will render further assistance abortive—we shall continue forbearance.

Adieu : what rich materials for future minglings are we not now reaping !—Mr. Pecker desires me to confide to you for Mr. Rustler's sole use, that the Spanish-match and the Corn-bill go hand in hand : and that he is not hoodwinked by the paraded vanities of the Pope. Jesuitism lurks behind all three. The silence of M. Sue, we have reason to know, will be bought by the proffer of the hand of an Israelitish banker's daughter ; dowered by Russia and Austria for this unworthy purpose. He is to be made a Baron of the Lower Empire.—This for our reading society.—All, however, is not lost.

Your steadfast, though stricken sister in * * * *

DIANA RILL.

THE MERCHANT BRIDEGROOM.

"JOHNSON," said Herman Miller, pausing as he was about to leave his counting-house, "let me have the pleasure of your company to-day at dinner: I have a great deal to say to you."

The quiet grey headed man thus addressed bowed in silent acceptance of the invitation, and his employer passed on. He was a handsome man, about five-and-thirty, with an erect animated carriage, and a bland open expression. More than twenty years before he had arrived in England a mere youth, with no possessions but those high qualities—talent, integrity, and the most persevering industry. Great were the obstacles which had beset his path, but, like a moral Hannibal, he had cut his way through them, and saw the rocks yield to his energies. Urbanity and good feeling marked his rise, as economy and diligence had distinguished his progress: the shrewdest observers allowed that he deserved success, and few without satisfaction saw him attain it; for his conduct had disarmed compeers and competitors of the too prevalent disposition to grudge the fortune, and misjudge the motives, of those who outrun them in the race of life. To great personal advantages, he added a happy address, at once unaffected and prepossessing; if he met his fellow-men with the free bearing of an independent spirit, and the consciousness of his achieved position, it was also with the open-browed good-humour and kindness which won regard, and gave evidence of a disposition to which no appeal of a high and generous character could be made in vain.

With the punctuality of the man of business, Johnson presented himself at the house of Mr. Miller some minutes before the hour of dinner. Pale, thin, and bent, the sixty winters which had passed over his head had evidently done ruthless work; but the last ten had secured him the friendship of Mr. Miller, and these had effected much to repair the previous ravage: on the dark background, created by early adverse circumstances, now lay feelings and expression that had grown out of gratitude, regard, and enjoyment of the comforts of life: respect for the integrity of his

employer, and admiration of his talent, were mingled with attachment to his person, and interest in his concerns which rarely find place in the relations in which they stood to each other. Much of this was to be traced to the genial character of Herman Miller; recognising the essential equality of the nature with which he acted, he treated Johnson with a frank and generous cordiality that called out all that was kindly in his disposition.

Strongly contrasted were the men that met that day, and after dinner sat long in conversation of no ordinary interest and importance. Johnson, sedate and anxious, with more than his usual precision of appearance, was chiefly engaged in listening to details of the extensive and valuable business about to be temporarily committed (by what appeared to him a strange eccentricity of his employer) to his sole management and control; while Miller, confident and energetic, with a certain happy carelessness in his aspect, sat with his hand upon the head of a favourite hound, which had taken its accustomed place by his side.

Perhaps few hearts in the world at that moment sat lighter than Herman Miller's—with high health, with realised and perspective fortune, he was under the influence of hopes and feelings which shed the softest colours upon life. His heart had been for some time surrendered to an attachment of singular intensity. Accident had introduced him to a beautiful girl of humble fortune: left an orphan, her little portion had barely sufficed to educate her for her destination—a private governess, when her meeting with Herman Miller turned the current of her fate. Friends she had few to consult, and those she had were not sorry to be relieved of such responsibility as the degree of protection they afforded her involved; she therefore chiefly consulted her own heart, which immediately acknowledged the merits of Herman and responded to the sentiments he professed for her. Thus in the meeting with Johnson, Miller, in the midst of the review and explanation of his commercial affairs, had floating before him, like a transparent picture, his new prospects of happiness, and her image who was to be their partaker. His comprehensive mind, with rapid and decided action, traversed diverse fields of thought, yielding funds of information, and a flow of instruction, at once clear, concise, and abundant, while simultaneously the under current of high-toned feeling and infelt happiness swept through his heart, and quickened its pulsation.

“Now Johnson,” he exclaimed, as the evening gained

their counsels, "you see the whole of my scheme. All, during my absence, will devolve on you. The trust is entire, as my confidence is perfect. I mean to be like a boat broke from its moorings and gone adrift upon a sunny sea. I deprecate I denounce all annoyance; you will therefore know nothing of my whereabouts till you see me again."

Still Johnson found something more to ask—recollected something which required further explanation—some clearer direction—suggested some probable or improbable contingency which might occur, willing to delay the moment of parting with his director and friend, feeling how much the moral atmosphere of his life would lose in the event. At length the conference was broken up, and a change of character seemed instantaneously effected: for Johnson, under the influence of the excitement, overcame his habitual taciturnity; and Herman lost his usual fluency. "God bless you, Sir!" was reiterated again and again by the grateful clerk, while, touched and silent, the merchant expressively shook the hand of his honest delegate and they parted—the one to pursue the old city process of turning and multiplying pounds, shillings, and pence; the other for a career of pleasure on the Continent, where he proposed to realize a scheme of PERFECT HAPPINESS.

It was a brilliant morning in May when Herman and Bertha, his young wife, arrived in Paris, then some few years open to the efflux of British travellers. Herman was a remarkable man; he had held, with wonderful tenacity, propensities of his nature in abeyance, so long as the warfare of life, and the struggles of fortune, had rendered them unsuitable indulgences; but now, privileged by former prudence and its attendant success, he took the seals from the fountains, and they came leaping forth into the sunshine of the moral and material fortune he had achieved, with irrepressible force. His poetic temperament—his literary tendencies—the snatches of cultivation which had every now and then refreshed his commercial life, rose like tributary streams to swell the current of his happiness. Beyond all these was the choice he had made—Bertha was no less the companion of his mind, than the partner of his heart; day by day his self-gratulation grew as he traced in her transparent nature sympathies so kindred with his own and tastes so accordant. Her grace of person was to her beauty, what the sweetness of her temper was to her moral character, and her winning manners to her intel-

lect—auxiliaries that fairly rivalled the higher attributes they companioned.

So pleasurable is it to dwell on such a rare assemblage of harmonious circumstances, and breathe the air of a felicity so unique, that we would willingly join company with the wedded friends in their subsequent rambles through France and Switzerland. With feelings so affluent of enjoyment that they possess a power to gild, like sunshine, the coarsest materials of which life can be composed, they beheld the marvels of art, and the magnificence of nature, and at length made a pause upon the banks of Lake Lemán.

Hitherto with the exclusiveness of the happy, that highest and rarest aristocracy, they had shunned all association; but at Geneva they formed an acquaintance with a Madame Roden, travelling with two young daughters. In their company our Herman and his wife reached Milan. There Madame Roden met her husband, a German of rank, and when the friends parted, a promise was claimed and given, that ere the Millers returned to England, they would pay a visit to Roden Castle, a romantic place in the neighbourhood of Presburg. The prospect of this visit hung like a star in the onward horizon of Bertha, so much had she been won by these passing friends; they were the theme of frequent comment during the rest of her tour, till a new and engrossing scene opened upon her in Venice.

“Here,” she exclaimed, “let us make a stay—in this scene of enchantment let us review and register all that we have seen and much that we have felt.”

When the moon rose that night it beheld them standing in the balcony of one of those palaces which seem to float upon the waters, gazing entranced upon a scene so suggestive to the imaginative faculty in which they abounded, so much in harmony with their feelings. Lavish luxury, peace, repose, and love were present, and as Herman felt the magic of his position, he heightened the picture by contrasting it with all his early fortune threatened, and the toils and privations which had attended his progress.

The next morning and the next were given to the peculiar pleasures of the place, especially that calm delicious enjoyment which the gondola affords, when the moments seemed to melt away in tranquil beatitude, and our travellers might have said with the poet,

" Here simply to feel that we breathe—
 That we live—
 Is worth the best pleasures life
 Elsewhere can give "

On the third morning Bertha received letters from Madame Roden and her young daughters ; Herman, leaving her to read them, strolled into the city and entered the Gran Bretagna ; here a gratification which he had often sought in vain, and long desired, presented itself—a file of English newspapers. He hastily scanned one and then another, till his eye was caught by his own name—and where ? among the list of bankrupts ! At the moment the pulsation of his heart seemed arrested—the next a dimness obscured his sight. He rose with an effort from his chair and moved up and down a pace or two to recover himself, and then again sat down before the fatal paper and rivetted his eyes upon the hideous announcement. How he regained his home he could have rendered little account ; he had never properly recovered the stunning effect of the first shock. When he entered the apartment where he had left Bertha, he found it vacant ; he staggered to a couch in a recess and threw himself upon it : as he lay, through the long vista of a suite of rooms, he beheld her ; she was arranging flowers and singing over her sweet employ. Presently she returned into the room and carelessly descrying him, she snatched a letter from the table, and seating herself on a low ottoman beside him, began to read it. It was a pressing invitation for them to proceed immediately to Roden Castle, to assist at the celebration of an important anniversary.

" You must go," said Herman, speaking with difficulty and in tones that made Bertha start, and turn to him ; another instant and she snatched aside the curtain that had partially veiled him as he lay, exclaiming,

" Herman, you are ill !"

" No—yes—no matter—you must go to Madame Roden—write directly—you must go—where else—Oh, God ! Oh, God !"

" Herman—my beloved—my life—what is this ?"

She summoned servants ; medical men were soon around them, but to no avail ; sudden fever supervened, and ere nightfall Herman was raving in the wildest delirium.

Now it was that Bertha knew the depth, the strength of the attachment twined with her very heart-strings ; day and night she was beside that bed of fever performing miracles of strength.

What strength is there like the strength of love? Animated by that, how will the fragile woman endure and do a giant's work. During the long hours of the night Bertha listened to Herman's ravings, but could comprehend nothing; she heard him call on names, of which she knew nothing. The sympathizing women round her, after a time, entreated her to seek repose.

"None—none!" she exclaimed, "but death by his side. I can die with him, but not live a moment away from him."

She suffered them to bathe her brow, to bind her hair at the bed side; but there she kept her place; her sleepless eye never left his face, no other hand ministered his medicines. To watch, to pray, when not called upon to tend him, was all the rest she took or seemed to require. At last the crisis came. He slept—slept profoundly. All would depend upon the issue of that sleep. She knelt and watched, fearing the very breath that left her parted lips. An hour stole away—another and another. Still he slept; the conflict he had endured through many days required such repair. The sleep was calm; a moisture came upon the skin; the breathing was free and soft. She felt the angels of mercy were about her, and the untiring creature grew stronger with every protracted hour of increasing hope.

At length the sick man woke—softly as if a light veil had been lifted—and the first object on which his eyes rested was the face of his kneeling wife.

"Bertha! is it you, my love?" There was sanity and affection in the tone. Oh, the gush of holy gratitude that swept her heart; but, restraining every impulse, she crept softly to his pillow, and bending over him, wept unseen the first tears she had shed amid all her anguish.

"Have I slept long?" he asked. "Let me get up. Not get up? To be sure I can—if you will only let me."

Gradually he learned his weakness—gradually recollections gathered, and the cause of his prostration came upon him, but more calmly Bertha urged him to cultivate repose—not to speak.

"Nay, *let* me speak—not speaking did all the mischief—I feared to tell you, Bertha, the utter ruin that has overtaken us."

"Talk not of ruin," she said, "there is *no* ruin while you live and love me. Speak—tell me all. Fear not for me—for you—with you I can bear anything."

Now Bertha first learned the source of his sudden indisposition; she saw that to throw forth the secret was necessary to his peace,

and yet she trembled at the effort he was making. "No more," at length she said, "no more. I see it all. Now, love, let me speak : hear me, dear Herman, hear me."

He needed not the injunction, his eyes were rivetted upon her face, marking every trait and turn of thought with intense emotion. Weak as he was, his intellect was again in full activity ; the observation and study of character had been once his greatest pleasure, it was now his greatest interest. Neither had need to fear the scrutiny ; her devotion was perfect ; her energy equal to the event. With the calmest, gentlest tenderness, she soothed ; she re-assured his spirit ; told him that poverty had no terrors for her ; and urged him to remember the moral wealth with which they were both inherent, and on which happiness was principally dependent. "But one thing I would urge. You say that you must proceed immediately to England, and alone. Why so ? Why may I not go with you ?"

"Your situation," he replied. "The better speed that I shall make alone ; the engrossing nature of the objects which demand me."

"I submit," she said, pressing his hand between both hers. "Bid me stay, and I will stay. Call me, and I will come to you. I have no haven but your arms ; no health of heart, no peace of mind, but in your life—your love. Now rest ; to-morrow we will talk of new plans, and future hopes."

In a few days Herman declared himself equal to travelling, urging the imperative necessity of his presence in England, which Bertha had written to announce.

"All," she said, "is arranged. I have been very busy within these few days in preparing for the change which awaits us both. I wrote to Madame Roden ; reminded her that she had said she would give much for such an instructress for her daughters as I should prove, and I asked for the office for a time. I am accepted. This will secure me provision and protection during our separation." Her voice faltered at the word. "We shall go together as far as Vienna."

Her energy ; the confidence in the future which she inspired ; her indifference to personal inconvenience ; to the appliances that minister to mere appearance and parade ; had a value beyond estimate at such a juncture. She took the initiative, and Herman with a secret solace in every new point of character she developed, yielded to her guidance. At Vienna he saw her enter the diligence to pro-

ceed to Presburg, and then, concentrating all his thoughts upon his commercial difficulties, went forward to expedite his progress to England. Among the conjectures which his mind had received and rejected, again and again, was want of faith on the part of Johnson, in whose hands had been vested the power of drawing on his banker to a large amount ; but as he recalled the experience of the past years, which had teemed with evidence of the old man's rectitude and attachment, he cast from him the suspicion, and felt convinced that if anything had happened to annul his honest purpose, it had been death, disease, anything but delinquency. Thus in a vain, but natural course of tormenting thought, he proceeded, intending to reach England by the way of Ostend, when he verified the old adage, that "the more haste the worse speed." He was stopped for the examination of his passport, and an impediment presented itself in his ignorance of the language in which he was addressed. He saw clearly that he was an object of suspicion. The officials spoke to him in German and French, but he understood neither. During his previous journey, his wife's knowledge of the French language, and the Roden's acquaintance with English, had shut from his view his deficiency and its probable consequences. For the time being the matter ended by his being conducted to prison. Few events of his life had annoyed him more than this. With a frame still suffering under debility and indisposition ; with a mind a prey to anxiety, and panting with the most intense desire for dispatch, the weary hours of that night were the heaviest he ever passed. In the morning he was conducted into the presence of the superior officer. The original difficulty remained. Herman paused in perplexity, and then attempted to make himself understood by speaking Latin. The officer smiled and did likewise ; but though the difficulty was thus diminished, the difference of their respective pronunciation was an insurmountable bar to the perfect communication necessary, till the official thought of pen and ink, and put his interrogatories into writing ; they were immediately answered, and Herman was set at liberty. The cause of his detention had been the circumstance of his wearing a wig, which he did in consequence of having had his head shaved during his recent illness, and in his passport he was described as wearing his own hair.

His future progress was attended by no impediment worthy of note. Arrived in London, he sought out Johnson. It were difficult to have decided on which of the two, since the evening

they had last met, the greatest change had been wrought. Anxiety had done haggard work on both. All was soon explained. The wreck of Mr. Miller's affairs had been contingent on the ruin of Fauntleroy, who had been his banker, and the depository of his whole fortune. Johnson, when the catastrophe occurred, knew not where to find his employer, and powerless to meet the demands upon his house, an act of bankruptcy and subsequent outlawry was the consequence.

Herman now knew the worst ; he looked ruin in the face ; but with less firmness than he would once have done ; he was not now alone, to breast the storms, and bear the buffets of poverty. The arrangement of his commercial affairs, and, though he might never reinstate his fortune, to re-establish his character, was his great, his all-engrossing object. Day and night, aided by the indefatigable Johnson, he pursued his purpose ; his estate paid seventeen shillings in the pound, and, in the secret counsel of his heart, he resolved, that, if life were allowed him, a day should come that should see the rest liquidated. Thus far the principle of integrity was appeased ; but he owed a large debt to prudence, which a long life of future discretion could scarcely retrieve. The folly, the madness of a commercial man going forth, as he did, with

" Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,"

could neither be forgotten nor forgiven by the jurors to whose peculiar scanning his case lay open ; he could not, now that he calmly considered it, forgive it to himself. However, restored to the moral position his integrity commanded, his mind gradually righted, he looked upon the necessity of beginning life anew with increasing firmness, and felt, in the person of his wife, that he had a lien on happiness. Yet at times, with the apprehensive reaction consequent on his late rashness, and recent experiences of the conduct of some former florid friends, he would think of Bertha - would ask himself, if greatly brave and generous as she had been at the bursting of the storm, would she bear equally well the sullen weather into which it had subsided - the drear waste of struggling fortune upon which it had thrown them ? In the midst of these doubts and fears, which resulted from physical even more than moral causes, came her assuring and supporting letters : and Johnson, the honest, high-hearted, grateful old man, he rallied to the rescue valiantly. Resisting every proposal and attempt for placing him in other employment, he exclaimed, -

"No, no, Sir, we sink or swim together! You shall never get out of my reach again, believe me!"

Herman smiled and yielded, and was soon flung in helpless dependence upon his old friend. In the midst of considering a small plan of business, (having with a spirit of independence declined aid which would have launched him somewhat imposingly), he was, as the winter advanced, attacked by fever and ague, and again the once strong and still struggling man was cast down. This new calamity was studiously concealed from Bertha, till the progress of the disorder rendered it impossible for him to write. Johnson was then summoned to act as his amanuensis, and they conferred together over the excuses to be put forth, till Herman exclaimed,—

"The attempt is folly: she would penetrate the reality, or apprehend still worse. Take a fresh sheet and write as I dictate. 'A circumstance not worth relating takes the pen out of my hand, but it is held by a faithful and attentive friend, to whom I owe more than I can express, or shall ever be able to repay. I shall reinstate my affairs, but not for some time—till then—till I can realize a home in some degree suited to your habits, I say nothing of your deserts, consent, I entreat you, to remain where you are—in the shelter of friendship, opulence, and (since in the exercise of your abilities) in independence. No such field is open for you here, and it would sink me yet lower to see you suffer with me. Cling then to such support as you have, since I, a broken reed, have none to offer you. I will again to work to build up a home—then come to me—it will be no home till *you* are in it.' "

This effort had been followed by a fit and its usual subversion of strength; Johnson, during his tendance debated with himself whether he ought to conceal the state of his affairs from the absent wife; but Herman's malady, though distressing, was not dangerous, and he had great constitutional energy. His mind, in its ever restless action, was the great bar to his recovery, and the derangement of his whole nervous system bowed his spirit at moments to the deepest depression.

When the next post brought him no letters, nor another, nor many after that, in spite of every effort, hope and confidence began to give way. He remembered the balance there was in human character: he recollected the adage, as applicable to morals as machinery, that what is gained in velocity is lost in weight—he knew that the tide which will flow very high will also

ebb very low. He examined his own claims to the unlimited devotion of a woman so endowed, and, with the natural severity of self-judgment which high morality ever institutes, he deemed himself an utter bankrupt, with no right to murmur should he find his moral wreck equal to his commercial ruin. An anguish heavier than any that had yet weighed upon his heart oppressed him, and he yearned for release from the burden. He requested Johnson to leave him, and that in so decided a manner, that the poor old man, though unwilling and uneasy, complied. When alone, Herman turned to his solitary fireside: he looked round at the scene of desolation his habitation presented, as if taking a last survey, when he perceived that the door of his apartment was open. The process of discomfiture takes increase from very minor causes; desirous to secure perfect privacy the circumstance annoyed him; perhaps the cold of that November evening was making itself felt, and assisting to stagnate the sinking pulses of his heart. He slowly rose, and was about to close the door, when voices arrested his attention—he paused, there was something in the murmurs that moved even his languid curiosity; at least, it served to call him for a moment from a dangerous self-engrossment. There were steps upon the stairs, and again voices, and one among them of which the words were few, low, and hurried; but it fell upon his heart, not upon his ear. He moved feebly forward, in the dim light he beheld a form—it glided towards him. The next instant arms were about his neck, tears upon his face, and a heart beating warmly—wildly upon his breast.

Prosperity has no gratification that can compete with such a burst of happiness when it breaks upon the darkness of calamity, making even calamity precious as the purchase of a joy so intense. Never did magician scatter gloom and call up light as did Bertha in that moment when she was folded to the bosom of her despairing husband, while to her all she had ever enjoyed was poor in comparison to the joy of bringing him comfort, and regaining her guarantee for hope and happiness.

Little more remains to be said. Her silence had been caused by the chances that deprived her of a mother's hopes; as soon as practicable, converting some jewellery she possessed into money by the aid of the friendly Rodens, who liberally repaid her brief but valuable services, she made her way to England under the pressure of deep anxiety. To this little fortune Johnson insisted on adding the savings of his life, and thus a small capital was submitted

to the application of Herman's talent, Johnson resuming his old post with resolute devotion. In the outset of their new career Mrs. Miller accepted some engagements as a daily governess, which, as her husband's prospects improved, were resigned for the dear exclusive duties of her domestic life. Johnson became the friend of heart and hearth in that home of unique enjoyment. Largely had all parties profited by sorrow: they felt that they owed a debt of gratitude to their calamities, since they had thrown out in such strong relief moral qualities which had never otherwise been so truly known—had tested attachments which would probably have slumbered into satiety in the fair weather of unbroken fortune. Their mental energies new strung—their tried attachment permanently based, they felt that well-directed occupation and moderate relaxation were among the staples of happiness, which may be lost in the pursuit of pleasure, never in that of improvement.

M. L. G.

DODYPOL, THE CLERK.

A TALE OF A LONDON FOG.

It was about one hour after noon, on a day in the foggy month of November, 18—, that the metropolis was visited with one of those extremely dense fogs, which are happily very rare visitors, and which generally occasion much personal detriment and inconvenience to worthy citizens, whenever they occur. The fog we allude to was one of the rarest. As servant-maids in areas declared, you might cut it with a knife. Indeed it was almost possible to do what you pleased with it,—except drive it away. *That* you couldn't do, for it grew denser and denser every instant. It was evidently determined to be as troublesome and alarming as a fog could be. See the houses opposite? You couldn't see your own toes. Judge what jostling there was in the human current in such thoroughfares as the Strand and Cheapside. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

There was no mistake about that fog. London seemed to have grown weary of existence, and to be bent upon stifling itself. Of course there was a cessation to all business. People who were within doors became very pleasant with themselves in congratulations at their good fortune, and people without, rapidly lost their

temper in their ineffectual efforts to find their way home, mistaking the turnings of streets, groping on one of the bridges when they were bound to Somers' Town—walking into strange houses, and getting themselves collared as thieves, or committing some absurd error of a like nature. Very funny to hear afterwards recounted, but by no means agreeable at the time of suffering in the actually concerned individual.

City lanes—courts—alleys—dark recesses, where dingy counting-houses are packed away—how impenetrable were these that afternoon! You might as well have sought to get at the interior of Africa. Messrs. Denham and Clapperton had easy work of it, compared with that of the old clerk who had grown grey-headed on our office stool, and who, having gone forth to get his dinner, at a tavern hard by, spent two whole mortal hours in an ineffectual search after his desk—much to the discomposure of his ordinarily unruffled disposition, for his shins were nearly raw from encounters with scrapers and doorsteps; and an angel with an abraded epidermis would be petulant. But what shall be said of the bully sailor, who, fancying that he was crossing the threshold of the "Jolly Launch" walked into the river off Wapping Stairs, and made the heavily laden air undulate with the concussion of his oaths? What shall be said of vehicle-drivers,—cads and cabbies, who, with smashed panels, were dolorously and splenetically misleading themselves and cattle, in vain and frantic attempts to get to home quarters? Let us rather attend to the old clerk, for we shall see, in the sequel, how he had reason to remember the fog for the remainder of his life.

Not yet. Very like the street, but not the street, though it can't be far off. Not yet again—No, nor nothing like it this time, for, as true as the monument is a monument, he is groping around its iron railings. London Bridge is nigh at hand, and the river,—what if he should go astray in that direction, and get drowned? Such things, it is said, have happened in a fog.

Not yet—and now he thinks he has got it. Yes. A few steps along the passage, and then a staircase to mount. How cheerful the lighted apartment looks, in contrast to the choking murkiness of the street, outside. Yet not quite like itself either. A portion of the fog must have penetrated through crannies, or the clerks, coming in from dinner, must have introduced it with their damp garments. Certainly, there was a prevalent haziness that seemed to metamorphose things a little. There were his desk and stool—

yet the stool had a feeling unlike itself—wasn't worn as his was,—he had sat on his for twenty years, and should know it well, he thought. There was a difference, for which he could not account. The fog must have confused him, or was his dinner ale stronger than usual? The landlord had mentioned something about a new tap.

“Mr. Dodypol,” said a voice, “you have mistaken your desk.”

“Dear me, have I, indeed?” the clerk replied. “It must be the fog that has affected my eyes. There was just such a fog twenty-six years ago—the year of the great comet.”

“Why, Mr. Dodypol,” said another speaker, “how hoarse you are,—your voice is quite altered.”

“Is it, indeed? It *must* be the effects of the fog. Oh, it's a terrible fog. I am afraid that we shall hear of a great many accidents.”

“Yes. I never encountered such a fog, but then I am not so old as Mr. Dodypol,” said a pert young clerk, gesticulating as if he had intended to balance his pen across his nose, but had suddenly changed his mind.

Here arose a new source of confusion. The voices, features, apparel, of the individuals who were at work around him, were not as they should have been, if he was amongst his fellow-clerks.—Yet there could be no mistake, for had they not called him by his name? He stood gazing around him, like one stupified. He heard one junior clerk whisper another, that “Dodypol was drunk!” Could it be true? Oh, that ale, and that treacherous landlord!

“Why, Mr. Dodypol, your face is so changed, that I hardly know you—you have bruised your nose,” said the voice that had first spoken.

“I ran against a lamp-post,” answered our friend. Four o'clock struck, amidst the half-suppressed titter that followed this confession, and at the instant every desk was vacated, and the clerks, seizing their coats and hats, bowed to the firm, in the person of Twiggers, the principal, and to him—to *him*, Dodypol, their fellow-clerk, and withdrew.

“You will be particular about the hour to-morrow, Mr. Dodypol, if you please,” said Mr. Twiggers—who could it be but Twiggers, though it didn't look much like him? but *that*, as Dodypol thought, was the fog. “You will be particular about the hour—not that we shall make much ceremony. You will dine with us,

of course, and we may get a little merry afterwards. Bless your soul," and Twiggers smiled blandly. "I shall be as delighted in seeing your name added to the firm, as you will be in becoming one of us. Good bye, God bless you."

The speaker quitted the office, waving his hand to the clerk, and leaving the intellect of the latter as foggy as the street outside. A little scrubby boy alone remained to sweep the office.

"Please, Mr. Dodypol, I shall make you all over dust," said the lad, respectfully.

"Oh—yes—Ah, dear me," replied Dodypol, thoughtfully, and muttering that it was very strange, and that he couldn't comprehend it, he took his hat and left the boy to his vocation. The fog was as dense as ever, and how he got home, he never rightly knew; but in his greater perplexity about matters at the office, it seemed comparatively easy to him to find his way. Certainly the links that were moving about—like will-o'-the-wisps hurrying to a rendezvous—made the task less difficult than it would have proved an hour earlier, for the streets were partially lighted by the ever-shifting glare of flambeaux. Before five o'clock he was snugly seated in his little Islington parlour, and listening with patience to his landlady's experience of London fogs since the year of grace 1791, being the precise year in which her memory began to chronicle events.

Tea finished, he reached a book from his scantily-furnished shelves, and commenced to read. For the fiftieth time he had become interested in the "Adventures of Tom Jones, a Foundling," when his landlady announced a visitor.

Ben Rawlings, his fellow of the desk, and nearly as old as himself; hair a little grizzled, but not entirely grey, as Ben used to boast.

"Dodypol, I am glad to see you," said Ben, with much warmth of feeling. "We got alarmed about you this afternoon; thought some accident must have happened to you in the fog. What a fog it was! But it's cleared off now."

"Got alarmed about me," said Dodypol.

"Yes, as you didn't return to the office after dinner, and accidents are likely to happen in such a fog," said Rawlings.

"Didn't return to the office!" echoed his friend. "What do you mean? I came back, certainly."

"You came back," Rawlings replied, returning Dodypol's look of astonishment. "I wasn't out of the office once during the

afternoon ; and I am a newly-breeched boy, if you made your appearance amongst us, after you went out to get your dinner."

"As surely as that you are now sitting in that chair," said Dodypol, solemnly, "and I am speaking to you, sitting where I do,—mind, I say, as surely as that we are now seated face to face, and talking in a friendly manner, I was at the office when we broke up. More. I was the last person in the office, except the boy, and he was sweeping it when I left."

"My dear Dodypol, what *can* be the matter with you? The boy hasn't been there at all this afternoon. He had a half-holiday given him, because his mother is ill. I locked the office up myself, and remained half-an-hour after all the rest had gone, to sort some papers before I quitted it."

"The fog has done it all," murmured Dodypol, completely staggered by his friend's positive manner, "or the ale," he added, internally, "or the ale."

"You are certainly not yourself, to-night," observed Rawlings, musing.

"No, I can't be, now I think of it," assented Dodypol, blankly, "for Twiggers said something about adding my name to the firm,—it sounded as if I was to become a partner. I am certainly not myself—you are right, my friend."

"Tell me," said Rawlings, coaxingly.—"You are a sober man, and a very little indulgence might play the devil with you—did you take anything stronger than usual with your dinner to-day?"

"I don't think I did—I had my usual glass of ale—it didn't seem stronger than what I am accustomed to take—it might have been," answered Dodypol.

"That was it—deleterious stuff, tavern ale. That did it, my friend. You hav'n't been to the office—you have been dreaming," said Rawlings.

"It may be as you say," assented Dodypol, regarding his fellow clerk with a rueful countenance.

"It *must* be so—take my word for it," and Rawlings laughed gently, but seemed to sympathise with his friend's perplexity.

Dodypol was not so easily convinced. How long it was before he fell asleep that night! How he lay tossing in his bed, and pondering the events of that afternoon! A dream! What marvellous distinctness of incident for a dream! Was the fog on his way homewards a dream? Were the links, erratic

planets traversing the mist, a dream? Was the office lighted up, at an earlier hour than usual, a dream? Were Twiggers's bland smile, and familiar "God bless you" at leave-taking, a dream? No—no—no—Rawlings was the dream, if he had dreamt at all.

The next morning afforded no elucidation. At the office, every one, Twiggers included, assured him that he was labouring under a delusion, in supposing that he had returned to his desk during the fog. He had, of course, to endure much bantering, which he underwent good-humouredly enough.

"If you didn't fall asleep in the tavern parlour, and dream it all," observed Rawlings, as they walked together along Cheapside on their way homewards, "you must have mistaken some other office for ours—that might happen in a fog."

"But the name," replied Dodypol. "How should they have known my name at another office? Unless, indeed——"

"Unless what?" said Rawlings, noting that his companion had suddenly become sad and thoughtful, "unless what?"

"D'ye think that romance writers invent all their incidents?" inquired Dodypol, waking as from a brief fit of abstraction; "or do they ever borrow from real life? Somebody—Byron, isn't it?—says that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' Now, is *that* true, Rawlings, eh?"

"Come home with me," said the other, abruptly, laying his hand on his friend's arm, "and take a cup of tea in the old elbow-chair you know so well, and I will relate it."

"Relate what?" asked Dodypol, at fault.

"Why a romance of real life that I picked up to-day in the strangest manner," replied Rawlings, with emotion. "A romance which, strange as any fiction, is true as the work-a-day world around us. Come and hear it. I have an interest in getting you home along with me; I have, indeed."

The speaker's voice had grown husky, of a sudden. Complaining that his eyes watered, he said it was the wind,—and that his eyes were weak. Pausing, as though he would admire a magnificent salver in a jeweller's window, he drew forth his handkerchief, to rid them of the unpleasant moisture.

"This romance," said Dodypol, when he had rejoined him, "I am eager to hear it told."

"Not more eager than I am to tell it," replied Rawlings. "It mayn't interest you much. I believe that it will, but it mayn't."

Though if I know my old friend's heart, after an intercourse of thirty years—How much younger we were thirty years ago, eh?—it will draw real tears from your eyes, that are not plagued as mine are, with this troublesome rheum?"

They talked of trivial, common-place subjects over their tea,—not as suggesting the least degree of interest to their minds, but from a design, as it might seem, to cheat themselves of any premature reference to the subject which had brought them together. Perhaps, too, to conceal from each other a sadder mood than was congenial with a host's duties, and the atmosphere of a friend's house. But the meal of sobriety once finished, the room set in order by a tidy waiting-maid, and the fire replenished, Rawlings said to his companion,—

"This romance, that I promised you, may, as I said, fail to interest you, though I think *that* unlikely;—it may fail to move you, I think *that* unlikely also: but one thing I am sure of, it will leave you either a better or a worse man. I have known you for thirty years,—I say better—better decidedly."

"But how, my dear friend, can it influence me in either direction? Why must I necessarily become either worse or better?" inquired Dodypol.

"The story may have a moral," said Rawlings.

"True,—and you mean to test my disposition according to the application I make of it?"

"It may appeal to the sympathies,—to the affections."

"True again,—and you would probe my heart therewith?"

"It may—it is likely to excite either the worst or best passions of our nature."

"Which do you call the worst and best!"

"Forgiveness of deep injuries is certainly among the best—unrelenting estrangement, or animosity, indulged after the repentance of the person who has wronged us, is its opposite."

"True—most true."

"Romances, even if they be entirely fictitious, if they inculcate a sound moral—not expressed at the end, in the formal manner of the old fable books, but left to the good sense of the reader to deduce from the progress of the story,—may afford a test of character. But the narration of a romance of real life, as it is called, when the sympathies that are elicited may be shown in actual operation at the will of the sympathising listener, is far more useful as such a test. Say, that I should tell you a tale of touch-

ing distress,—now being endured by a human being, a man made in your likeness and mine,—not two streets off, and you were to express no sorrow—no sympathy, and it being in your power to afford him relief, you neglected to do so? Say that, for instance—”

“Your story,” replied Dodypol, “would have left me a worse man than I was before I heard it.”

“Exactly so; and the tale I am about to relate,—no fiction, mark,—but real as an ill spent life, and real also, I thank God, as subsequent remorse, this tale will leave you either better or worse, as you receive it. Shall I go on?”

“By all means: I will abide the test.”

“There were two brothers—twins,” commenced the narrator.

“*Were* or *are*?” asked Dodypol, interrupting him.

“I said *were*,—I must tell the story my own way,—brothers, who having reached to years of adolescence, had been models of fraternal love,—had never—it is much to say—given each other one harsh word; and, inasmuch as the joys and cares, hopes and sorrows of one were fully shared by the other, there seemed to exist but one common being,—one heart, one centre of affection for these two individuals, whom, for the sake of distinction, we will name, in homely fashion, Luke and Paul.

“A brief story need not be long in the telling. It was on the day following their two and-twentieth birth-day——”

“You have said nothing of the parents of these twin brothers,” interrupted Dodypol. “Tell me something of them.”

“I know nothing of them, and the interest of the story is not marred by my ignorance. It was on the day succeeding their twenty-second birth-day that Paul entrusted his brother with a secret, telling him that it gave him great pain to have seemed to slight his confidence by withholding anything from his knowledge, and that he could not bear to do so any longer. The secret that he revealed was his approaching marriage. Far from being annoyed at the unusual reserve, Luke congratulated him on his prospects of happiness, and desired to be introduced to the bride expectant, a request the other proudly complied with. Fatal introduction! The wanton woman recalled her plighted troth from Paul, and, three weeks afterwards, eloped with Luke——”

“No, by Heaven,” exclaimed Dodypol, in great agitation, “she was not wanton. A better creature never broke the world’s bread.”

"Then, my dear companion and thirty years' friend, you have forgiven *her*, but your brother?"

"I have forgotten him," answered Dodypol.

"Forgiven him?" suggested his friend.

"Forgotten him!" persisted the other, warmly.

"You remember what I said," observed Rawlings, sighing; "my romance was to leave you a better or a worse man."

"Tell me how you got at this history," said Dodypol, evading the other's inference; "only two parties—those of whom you spoke—were fully in possession, besides myself, of that sad secret. I, by suffering, was too well acquainted with it—they, at least one of them, by guilt,—the other I believe to be innocent in the main, as I hope to be a saved man. Forty-six years ago, and no one has unsealed the record, till your lips did the office."

"You must not blame me," said Rawlings; "though in getting possession of a secret, which in our thirty years of friendly intercourse you did not think fit to entrust me with, I seem to have done you a wrong."

"No more on that head, my friend," said Dodypol; "but about my brother—you must have seen him. Is he alive—in England?"

"He is. In the fog yesterday—here is the romance of my narrative, you took possession of his desk."

"I am incredulous," exclaimed Dodypol, in blank amazement.

"What I tell you," averred his companion, "is sacred fact. You walked into the office of Barker's firm—Barker of Ironmonger-lane, you know—and were mistaken by the clerk for your brother, who has had a stool there for ten years past, and has dwelt in London the whole of that time."

"And we have never, by accident, stumbled on each other's path!"

"Your brother was, this day, to have joined Barker's firm."

"Ah," cried Dodypol, "I remember something that puzzled me. He is then taken into partnership?"

"He was to have been—but is not. So suddenly come reverses about—that, with the brightest hopes yesterday, he is to-day a ruined man. He went, as you know, after the wrong he did you, to America, where he remained for years, and amassed much money. With this money, on his return to this country, he purchased landed property, which appears to have been fraudulently sold him. He had not been long in possession, before another

claimed it, whose right was also disputed by a third. In the course of litigation, it was made a Chancery affair. Your brother deriving no present benefit from his purchase, and having but a dismal prospect for the future, in the law's vexatious delay, sought employment, and became a clerk at Barker's. Only very recently has the long procrastinated suit been brought to an issue—when it terminated, to all seeming, in his favour, and he received an invitation from Barker's firm, to become a partner of the house, on being prepared with the necessary funds. The ceremony—such as it is—was to have taken place to-day. Yesterday afternoon he received intelligence of a reversal of judgment. That is not all; his share of the costs are sufficiently heavy to ensure his ending his days in a prison.

Dodypol moved uneasily in his chair, and groaned.

"After giving up all he is worth, including his ten years' savings at Barker's," proceeded Rawlings, "there will remain just five hundred pounds for him to pay, and he will not possess five hundred pence."

"He will. I have more than that sum, accumulated in my savings of thirty years. For God's sake, go and tell him so, if you know where to find him, and set his mind at ease," cried Dodypol, speaking very loud and with great volubility.

"What—tell him that you will pay the five hundred pounds?" Rawlings almost screamed, rising from his chair.

"To be sure I will. My own twin brother, grievous as was the wrong he did me—sha'n't go to gaol for debt, while I have a penny that will be of use to him," replied Dodypol, beginning to weep—grey-headed as he was—like a very young child.

"Better—better—better—I said better" cried his fellow clerk, flinging his arm around him.

"I forgive him if he is in trouble," sobbed Dodypol.

"As we forgive those that trespass against us," said Rawlings, sinking back into his seat, and musing on the Christian's model prayer.

* * * * *

"But tell me—for I am yet all at sea on one point—how you found him out?—or how he found you out?" inquired Dodypol, ten minutes afterwards.

"Why, it occurred in this manner," replied Rawlings. "On going to the office this morning, to tell Barker of the altered aspect of his affairs, he was thrown into a state of mystification as com-

plete as your own. Reference was made to a bruised nose which he exhibited on the previous afternoon, the result of a personal contact with a lamp-post during the fray, and which had so marvellously recovered in the past night, as to present no symptom of contusion. His wit was quicker than yours. When he had gained all the intelligence to be arrived at respecting the individual who, suddenly appearing in his shoes, as it were, had been mistaken for himself, owing to a particular resemblance, and from his answering to the same name, he asked himself if it could be his twin brother, whom he had so cruelly wronged in early life—whom he had not seen for forty-six years,—of whom he had ever since lost all traces? Could it be? Had possibility no limit? He entered immediately upon the work of inquiry. Proceeding from one office to another, without question as to the nature of the business transacted there, he at length, just as I was going to my dinner, encountered me at the threshold of *our* office, and made the demand of me—Was I acquainted with a party—elderly—just his own age, he said,—very like him—bearing the name of Dodypol. I replied that I was. Had I known him long? For thirty years. Good luck be my blessing. Would I accompany him? would I listen to him? would I be his intercessor with you? would I prepare you for a meeting? There, you can imagine all the rest, as well as I can tell you.”

“The more I reflect upon this strange adventure,” said Dodypol, “the more I wonder—what can be at the bottom of it?”

“PROVIDENCE is at the head of it,” answered Rawlings. “I believe in Providence. I don’t spout about it, like those fellows who make a trade of religion, but I can see clearly that Heaven had one end of a chain yesterday, of which the fog and other casualties supplied the links, and that you, by wise ordination, laid hold of the other end. And now let us lose no time, but set out for your brother’s house.”

“With all my heart. Forty-six years ago. Give me your hand, old friend; I thank you.”

Dodypol had not, up to that moment, wiped an old man’s tears from his eyes.

THOMAS CAMPION.

SOCIAL BARBARISMS.

HIRING A SERVANT.

THE world is very wicked, and has been so this long while; indeed nobody can recollect the time when it was good; but the wickedness does not seem equally divided, for, by all that is said, it would seem as if servants had monopolised more than their share of original sin and acquired wickedness. To hear the talk that goes on about them amongst respectable masters and mistresses, they seem to be a race of wicked *Brownies*, endowed with a special malignity against those whose household work they perform. Everybody who keeps a servant complains of their intense badness, with an emphasis proportioned to the number their ill-fortune obliges them to employ. It is a topic that "comes home to every one's business and bosom." If two men meet together, the chances are they will mention the weather; but if two women begin to talk, "*servants*" are the topic on which all their sympathies are warmed. To hear their comparisons of plagues, and their catalogues of evil deeds, is like looking through some great social oxyhydrogen microscope, and seeing the monsters which, unknown to us, have been besetting our parlour, kitchen, and hall, with the additional comfort of knowing that they are *not* safely imprisoned in a drop of water which we can swallow, and so make an end of, but are actually rampant and at liberty, most of us having one or more going tame about our house, and no visible mode of delivering ourselves! It is really an awful look-out, if only half that is said of them be true, and there is our own private experience to corroborate it in the sufferings we ourselves have endured at their hands, and it becomes directly a most indisputable fact, that servants are a very bad set indeed; could not, as a body, be much worse, on this side of the gallows. But then, as nothing is self-created, nor can continue in the world self-existent, there must be some cause whereby they come to this pass, and some tap root whence they are nourished, which keeps them going on at such a bad rate. Dean Swift warned his friend not to expect *all* the virtues under the sun for twenty pounds a year; but since his time it would seem as if the virtues had altogether declined "going

out to service." It sounds very grand in a sermon to hold vice in subjection ; yet when it takes the shape of a domestic servant, it is a very bad handful indeed. When a man is very ill, he feels as if no human speech could give utterance to his portentous sufferings ; but when the doctor comes and puts all the complaint in a few technical phrases, the dignity of the disease is departed ; the patient, who fancied his sufferings a special infliction of Providence, finds them written in the "Chronicles of the Wise Men of Gotham," and the remedy, flourishing in the prosaic pages of the "Pharmacopœia !" When an evil can be reduced to words, it is wonderful how manageable it looks. We do not profess to be *very* wise, but nevertheless that does not prevent our feeling tempted to say a few words on the present condition-of-servants-question.

It *does* seem a solecism in the working of our Christianity, a barbarism in the heart of our civilisation, that two classes of human beings, masters and servants, subsisting in such intimate relation, so mutually dependent on each other, having such daily and hourly intercourse, should be entirely destitute of mutual regard ; should be, in fact, in a state of mutual enmity. The masters putting no trust in the servants, and the servants looking on the master or mistress as their natural enemies, ready to take every advantage of them. All this apparent incorporation into one family is a mere matter of temporary convenience, and symbolical of no sort of friendly union. It is altogether a monstrous and unnatural state of things ; no wonder it works so ill and produces such bitter complainings on *both* sides ; for, to use a servant's own phrase, "there is no love lost between them !" It is the total absence of everything like the love that ought to bind one human being to another, which lies at the root of the evil ;—no amount of wages or of mutual-convenience principle will supply the place of that fellow-feeling which alone can make any sort of social contract or relationship between two parties work well. Certain virtues may be found very convenient in persons who have mutual dealings with each other ; but the instant they are considered as *nothing more* than convenient qualities, and made marketable, they lose their worth, and become mere mechanical facilities for transacting business ; they lose their vitality, and become mere petrifications of what was once heavenly in its growth—a desecration of the most precious things, which works its own avenging.

In the present relation between masters and servants, the master has this great advantage, that his staff of virtues are

entertained entirely for his personal good, the saving of his own soul, and the beautifying of his own reputation. With servants it is not so ; their virtues and good qualities are regarded only as so many conveniences and advantages to the party who engages them ; they are examined, inquired into, and tested, as if they were so many "points," on which human cattle must be warranted "*sound*," to be fit for domestic service. A servant is hired in exactly the same spirit as a horse or a dog is bought ; no sort of responsibility is felt at receiving a fellow-creature under our charge ; no sort of accountability is recognised for the way in which servants are to be directed and governed whilst under our control. We do not go to a bazaar and buy slaves, as they do in the East, but we trade in all the higher moral and spiritual qualities, hiring them for ten or twenty pounds a year, and considering them *merely* as so many convenient qualifications in a set of beings into whose power we and our possessions are in some degree placed. We require a servant to be *honest*, because without that our most earnest watchfulness cannot defend ourselves and our tea-caddies from depredations ; they must be *sober*, because otherwise our wine cellars will not be sacred, and a drunken servant, besides other practical disabilities, may chance to set the house on fire ; and so on through the whole catalogue, we look at all their qualities as they affect *us*, and our own interests in their practical working ; but as far as concerns the servants themselves, the human beings from whose soul these qualities are emanating, we take as little account of *them*, and feel as little interest about their individual history, their hopes, schemes, and prospects in life, and know as little of them as we do about the dogs and cats which walk in and out of our rooms, or the poultry in the court-yard. When we discharge a servant we ask no more questions of what becomes of him, than when we sell a horse to some one who can pay for it.

Servants live in closer intimacy with those with whom they dwell than the nearest relations,—they dwell under the same roof for months and years—they see closely, and know the character of each individual, as neither lover nor friend can pretend to do ; yet, with all this, there is no fellowship, no identification of interests,—the connection is liable to be dissolved any instant ; they receive their wages, and go forth, none knows whither, and, most likely, servants and masters never behold each other's face again ; for it is held a principle of good housekeeping "not to allow old servants

to come about the place." What can be more frightful than this state of things, when we think of it?

Everybody would lay claim to "common humanity," as it is called; and yet domestic servants have, we fear, a terribly short allowance meted to them. We are not speaking of any individual acts of cruelty tangible enough for the law to provide for in a way more or less clumsy, but of the intense want of fellow feeling exhibited with regard to servants. Ladies who would be indignant at any imputation on their humanity, make no scruple of declaring that "so long as a servant does her work, they never interfere with her; and that, for their part, they seldom speak to a servant." Others declare "they never allow laughing or loud talking in the kitchen." The dress of servants is under strict surveillance. A lady of our acquaintance once parted with an excellent servant because she refused to part with a band of black velvet, which she had a fancy for wearing round her neck. Few mistresses allow "followers" to their servants, although flirtation and lovers may be their own staple amusement. When spoken hardly to, with or without reason, servants are apt to be dismissed at a moment's warning, if their frail nature takes fire, and prompts them to answer again,—for the most angelic mistress will declare, "she can stand anything but insolence in a servant." They are taken into a family to do their work, like so many animated dusters and brooms, or kitchen ranges; no kindness or interest is expected from them; and, indeed, any manifestation of feeling on their part is regarded with suspicion; they are not treated with as possessing any human feelings; and the indignant remonstrance of servants, in seasons of great provocation, "that they have feelings like others," is not uncalled for. Some mistresses dislike good-looking servants—others think it sets off their house to have handsome ones; but it is quite a quality to be liked or disliked, never considered a human personality. The horror servants have "of falling ill" is painful to see; for if the disorder be fever, or anything contagious, they are sent to the hospital or fever ward; if they have an accident that incapacitates them from work, they are discharged, if possible, before actually laid up, to keep clear of the charge of positive inhumanity. *And what becomes of sick servants?* Nothing can be conceived more homeless, helpless, and forlorn, than their condition; far worse than that of ordinary poor people, for they have, generally speaking, been well fed, and kept in a state of bodily comfort and accommodation, till they are, like

canary birds, unable to help themselves, and feeling doubly the hardships to which they are exposed when turned adrift. Servants have seldom any home to go to when out of places, and what bond of relationship they may have, are generally of the slightest kind; their lodging houses are, generally speaking, nothing better than houses of ill fame. No class of persons hang so loosely on society as domestic servants. They have no one to care for them--they are become strangers to the houses where they once dwelt for months, or, it may be, years--they belong to nothing and nobody; therefore, is it any wonder they should become hardened, neutralized, and thoroughly demoralized, by the habit of changing from place to place, till all idea of a permanent home is lost, come to seem an impossibility? Consider, moreover, the frightful hardships to which they are exposed, if, on leaving one place, they are not provided with another; for, as we have said, they have no homes, and their lodgings are not better than brothels. If we think of the close contact in which this class of people come with ourselves, with our children, (for, try as we may, it is impossible to prevent all communication) we may well shudder at the frightful evil lying within our very doors, and to which the supine indifference and selfish indolence of those who stand towards them in the responsible position of masters and mistresses has conduced; and not any remarkable depravity in the unhappy beings themselves. The present generation of servants is thoroughly demoralized, and the evil will go on increasing, unless some change in the relation between master and servant takes place. The improvement must begin from above. It is the masters and mistresses who must reform their whole system of treating their domestics, before any improvement can be looked for in the servants themselves; they are the victims to a vicious and selfish system. The present mode of treating them is unchristian in the highest degree. The relation between master and servant is not a bond of mutual convenience, but a sacred responsibility; and no man or woman has a right to take human beings into their service, and throw them off, without taking some sort of care what becomes of them--without seeing them safe in some sort of haven. We have confined our remarks principally to the case of female servants, and have said nothing of the thousands of footmen thrown out of place at the end of every London season, permanently influenced in the health from late hours, and exposure to all kinds of weather. The intense bodily exhaustion caused by standing so many hours every

day—the combination of extreme fatigue, and moral indolence ; depraved alike in body and mind, they are draughted off to the hospitals, to live or die—no one caring for them. A man can always make his way somehow or another, they are in all cases better off than women. Female servants are dreadfully to be pitied—their fate is fearful. As a body they are as bad as they can be—hard, foolish, and demoralised ; but they have become so in consequence of the cold-blooded, false, even *cruel* kind of relationship that has arisen between them and their masters—it is their greatest misery that they *are* bad. There are certain points in the actual working of our present social system, which are far worse than any which exist under any systems we stigmatize as barbarous and unchristian. We have no *slaves*,—our servants are free ; but the actual freedom consists in having nobody bound to care for them,—no one moved to do so by *interest*, and no humanity to supply the place of it. In the East, a female slave who bears a child to her master, becomes at once a free woman, and he is bound to provide for her. Amongst us there is a feeling of reprobation against a man who should abuse his position to seduce his servant, but there is no help for it if he does ; he is bound to no reparation, the woman must endure the consequences, and get along as well as she can.

In point of fact, whatever may be the value of female chastity, it is a virtue nobody thinks of insisting upon in a servant : it is well known that it rarely, almost never, exists :—therefore no questions are ever asked about it. If a woman be discovered in a lapse, whilst in a service, she is, as a matter of course, discharged at once, with much virtuous indignation ;—but if she be a good servant in other respects, it is no practical disability to her, as it entails *no inconvenience* on her next mistress, who would have to wait a long time if she were rigidly to inquire into such matters.

This is a frightful state of things to contemplate existing in the bosom of a Christian country, in the home of almost every individual of the educated and higher classes ;—it is an evil that comes close home to us all,—and goes on generating and increasing day after day. The generality of servants as they now exist are not fit inmates for a decent family, and “ Chubb locks ” and “ patent detectors,” placed on our sideboards and cupboards, speak very distinctly to that point. “ *Common* locks and keys ”—as a lady said to us the other day—“ are no longer any safeguard.” Masters and mistresses have themselves to thank ;—they have

behaved as though they were little gods, and the distance between themselves and their domestics infinite ; as if there were no sort of relation between them but the work they wanted done.

Human beings *cannot* live together on such terms—the consequence is, servants league together and make common cause against their masters to defraud them in every way—and do nothing they are not obliged to do ; evils generate evil. There is no *specific* for remedying the mischief, no definite line of conduct can be laid down—the change required must begin in the SPIRIT in which domestics are hired and treated.

Those who *begin* the form will, we are aware, have much to endure ; “ a forlorn hope ” must always be served either by heroes or martyrs, and they who attempt, in their own example, to reform the present system of treating servants must expect to be disappointed and imposed upon, and very possibly see very little fruit of their labours. The evil has been too long growing to yield to the first efforts. Servants, as they now stand, are, as a body, enough to disgust the most philanthropic ; they are so ignorant and prejudiced that they seem hardly to have any human feelings to work upon, and it will require a long course of good treatment before they will be able to understand it, or to believe that it does not conceal some snare. They possess, in general, no one quality that can be *depended upon*, hence the complaint of their ingratitude, and the bitter disappointments in those that have for a while seemed exceptions to the ordinary run of servants ; their moral sense is very torpid at the best, and the common inconsistencies and short-comings of human nature seem exaggerated in them. Much patience and forbearance, and charitable construction of words and deeds, is needed with the best of them, and it must be recollected that servants have no laws of “ good breeding ”—no education to restrain the expression of what they feel tempted to do : great allowance needs to be made on this score. If a feeling of *conscientiousness* can be developed, all practical workings of good qualities will follow—for what seem to be good qualities in them now, are too often mere appearances induced by the restraint and necessity of their position. A Quaker lady—a most estimable woman—who was matron of a Servants’ Home, on a limited scale, instituted by a few friends to afford an asylum to respectable female servants out of place, told us she was obliged to give it up, on account of the conduct of those who became inmates. They were all servants coming out of decent places, who could

have good characters, and who hoped to get into good families again. Their licentious and disgusting conversation, the brutal and stupid pleasure they seemed to take in the destruction of furniture, linen, and so forth, for which they were *not responsible*; their impudent and disoblging manner, and above all the awful (*lies, we would hope,*) in which they indulged concerning the families they had left, made her tremble at the idea of their being received amongst decent people; and yet on application their "characters" would be found satisfactory; because the restraint of their position, and the distance at which their mistresses had held themselves, had prevented any insight into their true nature.

All this frightful evil *must* be grappled with. We must not expect to get hold of the *best* in our attempts at reform—nor must we be discouraged if some turn out devils incarnate on our hands. We must examine into them more closely, and of course naturally will not be surprised to find latent evil which might escape detection in the superficial bond which commonly exists between mistress and servant.

Any one received into our family in the capacity of a household servant ought to be treated as a *fellow being*, not as an *inferior*; the discipline may be as strict as it will, the work may be as severe as it will, it is not on *such* points we would interfere; but the party hired to fill that position ought to be received as a *member of the family*, as having for the time a *unity of interest* with it, as an object of care and regard to the head of the family who has hired her, bound by a tie of fellowship, not of mere work and wages. This may sound Utopian, but there is no other secret whereby good and faithful servants are to be made. They are placed in a subordinate situation, and have a *right* to a paternal interest and governance at the hands of those they serve. They cannot be kept subordinate, and left to shift for themselves at the same time. If the masters and mistresses, from a cold-blooded indolence, a disgust to the manner and language of servants as they now exist, shrink from all communication with their domestics, wrap themselves up in indifference to all that concerns them, keeping aloof at an impassable distance, looking only to the regularity with which their household work is performed, they can expect *nothing better than what they now meet with*. Servants are *not* so trained that they may with safety be thrown on their own self-governance. It is *not* mere bodily consideration that they require. The kindness of a superior to an inferior, of a ber

factor to a beggar,—*that* is not the sort of thing that is required at all ; it is horribly *grating*, and will not produce the desired result of an attached and faithful servant. The grand thing required in our social relation with our servants is, that they shall *not* feel themselves *isolated*—with no interest in the family, and no affection or human feeling expected from them, and none felt towards them ; nothing required from them, except their work. Nobody can conceive the desolate effect of such a position unless they have tried it : the better part of human nature cannot flourish under such circumstances, and *does not* !

This state of things works its own avenging, as all evil does. Masters are the victims to the vices of their servants when they chance to be bad, and the slaves to them when they possess a modicum of good qualities. When they do nothing outrageously bad, they are humoured and their caprices studied, to keep up a mercenary sort of good humour ; lest, knowing their own value, they should take pet, and leave their offending masters to the mercy of the fraternity. Servants know quite well that there is no *heart-kindness* in all this, and value the indulgence at its true worth. One half the trouble expended in scheming and humiliating expedients for keeping a useful servant in good humour, would, if done with a *different spirit*, suffice to attach them for life and death. If we were to treat with servants, not as beings far down at a telescopic distance in the social scale, but as *fellow beings* associated with us by the accidents of life, with their interests combined with ours, " Chubb locks and patent detectors " would become superfluities. The servants in England are, as a body, the very *worst* in the whole world ; and *why* ? Because they are treated as inferior, until they are *made inferior*. The servants on the Continent look at their master's family with a very different feeling to what they do in England : they feel bound up and identified with them ; they feel *members* of the family : their manners are more pleasing, and their tone is altogether superior. They are *naturally* no better, but they are considered and spoken to as *fellow creatures*—not as " menials " and " inferiors." No substitute can be found for *fellow feeling*, no patent German silver *benevolence* can supply the place of the genuine human heart. It behoves each and all of us to put our hand to this needful work. We may meet with stupidity and ingratitude, and seem to labour in vain ; but *patience* will work wonders, and, if we persevere, we shall have less complaint of the

depravity and worthlessness of servants. We must be tolerant of short-comings—very like our own ; and whether we see fruits of our labour or not, we must recollect that it is not an *optional* duty, which we may take up and lay down as we will, but one wide and deep as Humanity itself, and entailed on all who are in a position to keep domestics, from the one maid-of-all-work up to a ducal establishment. “ Mais c’est qu’on veut que le pauvre soit sans défaut ;” and it is not in nature that masters are to be allowed to monopolise “ les défauts ” with impunity.

G. E. J.

New Books.

WIT AND HUMOUR, selected from the English Poets, with an Illustrative Essay and Critical Comments. By LEIGH HUNT. Post 8vo. London : SMITH, ELDER & Co.

THE title of this book is exceedingly carefully drawn out, and requires an accurate appreciation in the reader. “ Wit and Humour, selected from the English *Poets*, with an Illustrative Essay.” We think some injustice has been done to the author by not properly considering what he has promised in his title-page, and what were his intentions. To comprise within three hundred and fifty, by no means very closely printed, pages, anything like a full specimen of English wits and humourists, together with a commentary on the infinite variety of modes in which they have manifested their genius, was beyond even the condensing powers of this accomplished and practised critic. After a life devoted to the elegant literature of all ages and countries, and with remarkable powers of appreciation and talent, Mr. Hunt, very fortunately for the rising generation, determined to give the fruits of his contemplations and experience in a series of illustrated essays on the chief modes in which the literary genius manifests itself.

It is part of the destiny of mankind that they shall be wrought upon by action and reaction. By the action of facts and sensations, and by the reaction of the effects of these potentialities as reverberated (if we may use the expression) in the brains and bosoms of their more perfectly formed fellow-creatures. From the idiot to Newton, from Bernardine to Shakespeare, range an infinite gradation of capacities to understand and to feel. Yet we know not how much of the powerful ratiocination of the one, and the infinitesimal delicacy of apprehension of the other, was owing to original formation, and how much to some happy circumstance, which woke their faculties and their sympathetic powers. The progress of civilisation shows us how much is done by the contact of sharp intellects, and every man knows that his appre-

hension is capable of improvement, and that he perceives the relations of things much more clearly as his observation is sharpened by experience, or stimulated by his interests. Criticism, or rather commentary, therefore, such as penetrating and powerful minds like the present author and his class give us, is an artificial experience, and their lively illustration and agreeable treatment supply a stimulant that arouses and awakes the reader's faculties. A guide to a joke may seem to be an absurdity; but it is, nevertheless, sometimes needful, and though dull men are generally left by the quick-witted to slumber in their ignorance, yet it has been said that there is no difference but that of time between the wittiest and the dullest; and so far as mere apprehension of purely intellectual or reasoning forms are concerned it is probably true. Mathematics are but slow wit, and the satisfaction that the calculator enjoys at finding his result is akin to the pleasure experienced in finding the fitness of two apparently antagonistic ideas brought into junction by the wit. To trace, therefore, the relations of the ideas which have been uttered by poets, philosophers, and wits, is to open schools for adult children, and to put spectacles and microscopes within the reach of those whose mental vision is weak, or who know not how to set about the examination.

Mr. Hunt has the loftiest views of the duties and office of such a critic; and he has shewn it in the mode in which he treats the subject, which he has divided into three portions; Imagination and Fancy forming the first, Wit and Humour the second, and Action and Passion the third. The first and second we have, the third is yet to come. These certainly comprise all the *matériel* with which genius operates to the enlightenment and elevation of mankind. It is by the exercise of these portions of humanity that the poet "wakes the soul by tender strokes of art;" and without which the ratiocination of philosophy, and even the revealments of religion, would be inoperative. Man is more than a reasoning being: certainly "noble in reason," but "infinite in faculties;" "in apprehension like a God;" and has more in him than this muddy vesture of clay will permit fully to be developed. It would be a great service to those seeking intellectual culture, if some one would give us another volume or two, to match the present, on the reasoning and religious nature of the human being. We should then be near to a system of metaphysics, given in the most satisfactory forms and with the most understandable of illustrations. Treatises, like the present, styled Philosophy and Fact—Religion and Faith—Sympathy and Affections—would open to us a knowledge of ourselves, that could not but be beneficial. There are living authors who would satisfactorily finish the series thus, and almost with an equal charm of style and fullness of knowledge as the present. Mr. Hunt has never yet touched on these subjects elaborately, though he must have reflected on them. They should be equal to the present volumes, for if they "came tardily off," they would be worse than useless: as preventing any further attempts of the kind.

Thus much we have thought it absolutely necessary to say, that the true end and purport of Mr. Hunt's labours may be understood and appreciated. We shall now proceed to a more particular notice of this volume.

In the preface we find regrets that the nature of the work prevents selection from the prose writers, (except in the preliminary dissertation) and also complaints of the perplexities that beset the Editor in his task, from the superabundance of materials; we also find an announcement that will be cordially greeted, namely, that he is "preparing for publication a volume apart from the series, and on quite another plan: its object being to produce such a selection from favourite authors, both in prose and verse, as a lover of books, young or old, might like to find lying in the parlour of some old country house." After the "Essay on Wit and Humour" of some seventy pages, we have separate brief dissertations, with illustrative extracts from Chaucer—Shakespeare—Ben Jonson—Beaumont and Fletcher—The Author of "the admirable old song; full of the gusto of iteration, and exquisite in variety as well as sameness," and which Mr. Hunt thinks must be the product of Dekker—Randolph—Suckling—Brome—Marvel—Butler—Dryden—Philips—Pope—Swift—Green—Goldsmith—Wolcot. Certainly, this is but a small portion of our Wits and Humourists—both Gower and Heywood, and numerous smaller writers previous to Elizabeth's reign, might have found admittance, and from that period to the Restoration, many poets, including all the writers of the Cavalier songs, have a claim to notice. From the Restoration to the sentimental times of Anne, a long rout of bacchanalian gentlemen, headed by Tom Durfey, clammer for a place, and a front one too. Then come the greatest of all our humourists, Fielding, followed by Shebeare, perhaps equal in degree though not in amount; and Smollett, whose *Humphrey Clinker* can never go out of print. But these were prose writers: but not so men of more recent date. The Smiths—and greater than all, Hood—yet to be fully appreciated—and now living, some two or three whose style is perfectly their own, and whose power and abundance fully equal to their great predecessors.

But no blame to Mr. Hunt. He has been cruelly circumscribed in space. But he has so whetted our appetites for the glorious and abundant banquet that awaits us, that we trust some merciful bookseller will immediately commence, in conformity with the taste of the age, a full and ample selection from these stores, in a shilling monthly issue, under his superintendence. In all cases the works (for instance, Fielding's and Smollett's) could not be given; but still a pregnant, brief and stirring commentary on each might be substituted. We long for magnums—these demi-semi-quavers of extracts are but a drop to our thirsty souls. We want not to lunch, but to dine and carouse. Would it could be; we promise not merely to notice, but far more, to purchase a copy ourselves.

The Illustrative Essay almost commences with a splendid quotation

from Barrow of wit, which, though a little dimmed by an obsolescence of expression, is a wonderful proof of the fecundity of thought in many of our early divines: men who studied human nature as well as creeds, in order the better to operate upon it. We shall, however, give Mr. Hunt's definitions of wit and humour as more just to him so to do. He introduces them by saying—

"It does not follow that everything witty or humorous excites laughter. It may be accompanied with a sense of too many other things to do so; with too much thought, with too great a perfection even, or with pathos or sorrow. All extremes meet; excess of laughter itself runs into tears, and mirth becomes heaviness. Mirth (*Q.V. LAUGHTER*) itself is too often but melancholy in disguise. The jests of the fool in Lear are the signs of knowledge. But as far as wit and humour affect us on our own accounts, or unmodified by graver considerations, laughter is their usual result, and happy ratification."

The following is Mr. Hunt's definition of wit:—

"The nature of wit, therefore, has been well ascertained. It takes many forms; and the word indeed means many things, some of them very grave and important; but in the popular and prevailing sense of the term (an ascendancy which it has usurped, by the help of fashion, over that of the intellectual faculty, or perception itself), wit may be defined to be the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas, for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast, generally of both. It is fancy in its most wilful, and strictly speaking, its least poetical state; that is to say, wit does not contemplate its ideas for their own sakes in any light apart from their ordinary prosaic one, but solely for the purpose of producing an effect by their combination. Poetry may take up the combination and improve it, but it then divests it of its arbitrary character, and converts it into something better. Wit is the clash and reconciliation of incongruities; the meeting of extremes round a corner; the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resemblance or connection. It is the detection of likeness in unlikeness, of sympathy in antipathy, or of the extreme points of antipathies themselves, made friends by the very merriment of their introduction. The mode, or form, is comparatively of no consequence, provided it give no trouble to the apprehension; and you may bring as many ideas together as can pleasantly assemble. But a single one is nothing. Two ideas are as necessary to wit, as couples are to marriages; and the union is happy in proportion to the agreeableness of the offspring."

The following of humour:—

"The case, I think, is the same with humour. Humour, considered as the object treated of by the humorous writer, and not as the power of treating it, derives its name from the prevailing quality of moisture in the bilious temperament; and is a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable, at least in the opinion of society. It is therefore, either in reality or appearance, a thing inconsistent. It deals in incongruities of character and circumstance, as wit does in those of arbitrary ideas. The more the incongruities the better, provided they are all in nature; but two, at any rate, are as necessary to humour, as

the two ideas are to wit ; and the more strikingly they differ, yet harmonise, the more amusing the result. Such is the melting together of the propensities to love and war in the person of exquisite Uncle Toby ; of the gullible and the manly in Parson Adams ; of the professional and the individual, or the accidental and the permanent, in the Canterbury Pilgrims ; of the objectionable and the agreeable, the fat and the sharpwitted, in Falstaff ; of honesty and knavery in Gil Blas ; of pretension and non-performance in the Bullies of the dramatic poets ; of folly and wisdom in Don Quixote ; of shrewdness and doltishness in Sancho Panza ; and it may be added, in the discordant yet harmonious co-operation of Don Quixote and his attendant, considered as a pair ; for those two characters, by presenting themselves to the mind in combination, insensibly conspire to give us one compound idea of the whole abstract human being ; divided indeed by its extreme contradictions of body and soul, but at the same time made one and indivisible by community of error and the necessities of companionship. Sancho is the flesh, looking after its homely needs ; his master, who is also his dupe, is the spirit, starving on sentiment. Sancho himself, being a compound of sense and absurdity, thus heaps duality on duality, contradiction on contradiction ; and the inimitable associates contrast and reflect one another."

Every man almost will have something to add or abstract from a definition, and we are no exception to this rule—but let us pass on. Mr. Hunt next, and somewhat formally for him, treats of the chief peculiarities of Wit and Humour, under the heads of Simile—Metaphor—the Poetical Process—Irony—Burlesque—Parody—Exaggeration—Ultra Continuity, and Extravagance in general—Puns—Macaronic Poetry—Half Jargon and Nonsense Verses—Conscious Humours indulged—Humours of Nations and Classes—Humours of mere temperament—Moral or Intellectual Incongruities—"and last and above all," Genial Contradictions of the Conventional. This division and subdivision may seem dull and formal in our bald narration, but, embalmed in the delicious and mellifluous style of the essayist, and strewn with extracts of great power and pungency, it is very pleasant and highly instructive reading. It need scarcely be said that it shows discursive, yet discriminating, reading so various, that it alone is sufficient to prove the catholicity of Mr. Hunt's sympathies ; and the great merit of the whole is, that it is a grand defence of mirth and wholesome pure cheerfulness. The utmost delicacy of feeling is allied to the most joyous animal spirits. The reader will here find some modes of fun and wit made apparent and justified to him ; and quips, and cranks, and sallies, that seemed utter folly and nonsense, are awarded a becoming position in this receptacle for the gaieties of the soul. The stern, and perhaps stolid, reasoner will grimly smile at the biting irony and acute wit of Swift and Butler ; but he is here shown how he may enjoy the macaronic nonsense of Drummond, or the fooleries of O'Keefe. We shall give a quotation of this portion, because it is this capacity to extract "*mirth* out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs," that is so highly and admirably characteristic of Mr. Hunt's genius. We are quite certain that the author of any original absurdity

himself sees some fun, or wit, or humour in what he does, and has correlative minds, however few, who can appreciate; and if he had possessed a better mode of exposition, would have gained a larger popularity. This power of giving *the* exposition makes Mr. Hant so admirable a critic.

"Burdens of songs have been rendered jovial and amusing not only by mere analogies of sound, like those of Darwin, such as the *glou glou* of the French bacchanalian poets (imitating the decanter of wine), and Chauheu's parrots in a masquerade calling to the waters,

(Tôt, tôt,—tôt, tôt,—tôt, tôt,—
Du rot, du rô, du rô,
Hola, hola, laquais,
Du vin aux perroquets)

but a man of genius, the best farcical writer in our language, O'Keefe, has made them epitomes of character and circumstance, and filled them with a gaiety and a music the most fantastical and pleasant. It is hardly fair to quote them apart from the whole context of the scene; and readers are warned off, if their own animal spirits cannot enter heartily into an extravagance. But such as are not afraid to be amused, will be.

"I shall give, however, but one taste of such excessive pickle. The following is part of a song sung by a schoolmaster, whose animal spirits triumph over his wig and habiliments:—

*Amo, amas,
I love a lass
As cedar tall and slender;
Sweet Cowslip's grace
Is her nom native case,
And she's of the feminine gender.*

(Pleasant bit of superfluous information ')

*Rorum, eorum,
Sunt Divorum,
Haram scarum Divo;
Tag-rag, merry-derry, periwig, and hat-band,
Hic hoc horum, genitive*

"A collection of songs, particularly street songs, good and bad (that is to say, very bad, or unintentionally absurd), remains to be made by some 'competent hand,' and would be a rich exhalation of popular feeling. A distinguished living writer and statesman, who is great enough to be a thorough humanist, and to think nothing beneath him which interests his fellow-creatures, is in possession of some such collection, and might perhaps allow it to be used. Materials for such things have influenced the fate of kingdoms, and what is more, or at least no anti-climax, Uncle Toby patronized them. Everybody knows how fond he was of the tune of *Lilli-bulero*; his comfort under all afflictions,—controversy, surgery, and Dr. Slop.

The late Mr. Mathews, a man of genius in his way, an imitator of mind

as well as manner, and a worthy contributor to the wit which he collected from friends and kindred, was a disburser of much admirable 'acute nonsense,' which it is a pity not to preserve. What could be better than his Scotchwoman? or his foreigners? or the gentleman who 'with infinite promptitude of mind, cut off the lion's head?' or the Englishman, who after contemplating Mount Vesuvius, and comparing it with its fame (and himself), exclaimed, snapping his fingers at it, 'You're a humbug!'

"Endless are the 'quips and cranks' of Wit and Humour. PUNS (Pointes?) are banished from good company at present, though kings once encouraged and Cæsar and Bacon recorded them, and Cicero and Shakespeare seem to have thought them part of the common property of good spirits. They are tiresome when engrossing, and execrable, if bad; at least, if not very and elaborately bad, and of malice prepense. But a pun may contain wit of the first water. Those of Hood are astonishing for their cleverness, abundance, and extravagance."

Of pure nonsense in parody we do not find an example, though Pope's "Ode, by a Man of Quality," and the "Rejected Addresses'" imitation of Laura Matilda—

"Where is Cupid's crimson motion
Billowy ecstasy of woe!"

must have been familiar to Mr. Hunt. The following also is so capital a sample of the kind, from a publication in which so many good things are gorgeously entombed, (for the current readers will not read continuously the back numbers even of "Punch,") that several of our readers may not know it.

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM.

"Oh! Lady, wake!—the azure morn
Is rippling on the verdant skies.
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday.

"The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebon morn afar,
Whilst, through the murmur of the light,
The Huntsman winds his mad guitar.
Then, Lady, wake! my brigantine
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;
Until creation I am thine,
To some rich desert fly with me."

Nor is there any allusion to mere absurdity, nor any definition or analysis of the purport of satire: a point necessary to be determined, as many have thought it consisted in mere vehement denunciation.

But we are forgetting our own admonition, and from the fact of Mr. Hunt's having done so much, are desirous for more. We must remember that it is but "Wit and Humour selected from the English Poets, with an illustrative Essay," whereas we are eager to have from him a full and complete Dissertation on Wit and Humour—and a Collection of all the Poems, or Portions of Poems, containing anything worth preserving in the language.

The notices of the various poets are brief, but abounding in the genius of the author, pungently portraying the characteristics of each. We are not, and perhaps no one is, prepared to agree with all the opinions, but still no one can rise from their perusal without having acquired fresh glimpses of the excellence of the authors. Animal spirits go for a great deal with Mr. Hunt, and doubtless they are delightful things, both to possess and to witness, but there may be a great deal of them, which, at the best, only create rollicking and fun, that have nothing to do with Wit and Humour.

We may conclude our somewhat lengthened notice, with a hearty recommendation to the reader to obtain and study for himself this delightful work, which seems intended, by the elegance of its printing and binding, for a present book, and one more suited to either sex we cannot imagine. To present it would be a compliment to the receiver, as well as a sign of good taste in the donor.

FIRESIDE LIBRARY. 21 Volumes. 12mo. Gilt cloth. London :
JAMES BURNS.

THIS series of very cheap publications, elevating the standard of literature for young persons, while adapted to the entertainment of all, has reached its twenty first volume. Whether we regard the neatness of the typography, the classical character of the embellishments, or the richness of the binding, we are equally struck with the spirit which has undertaken so beautiful, and extensive a publication. The contents of the series generally are selected with judgment; many of them are translated from the choicest morsels of distinguished foreign writers. To begin with the German series, we have the "Undine" of La Motte Fouque, a favourite in this country, and the "Shadowless man," better known as "Peter Schlemihl," by Chamisso, "Liesli," and "Heinrich and Blanca," all for the sum of three shillings. Of course the printing is close, but of singular elegance. This work is another remarkable feature of the present time in that we get not only the cheapest, but the best of its kind, at so low a rate, that they may be in every one's hand. We find in this series the "Magic Ring" of Fouque, in one volume. Here is Schiller in the "Maid of Orleans," and "William Tell." The favourite tale of "Muscous," Woltmann's romance of the "White Lady," Quentyn Matsys, and other tales of Pichler; "Fables and Parables" from Lessing, Herder, Gellert, Meissner, and others; the

"Popular Tales of Hareff," little known in England, and in poetry translations of Ballads and Songs from Schiller, Uhland, Bürger, Goethe, Körner, Becker, Fouqué, Chamisso, &c. All these in nine small volumes, abounding in interest, comprising that portion of the German series which has gone to press up to the present time.

Of English origin there are here the "Twelve Nights' Entertainments," "Household Tales and Traditions," "Ancient Moral Tales," in the series of fiction, together with "Marco Visconti," from the Italian of Manzoni, and "Prasca Loupouloff" from the Russian. In the British poetical series we have "Ballads and Metrical Tales" from Percy, Ritson, Evans, and others; "Ballads from English History," and "Select Specimens of Scottish Songs;" in biography, "The Lives of Alfred the Great, Sir Thomas Moore, John Evelyn, and several bishops," in one volume, with those of Walton, Wotton, Fanshawe, Earl of Derby, Lord Collingwood, Sir T. Raffles, Lord Exmouth, George Herbert, Dr. Donne, and Bishops Ken and Sanderson, in a second; and in a third volume Selections from the Lives of celebrated Greeks. There is also one volume devoted to a new edition of Poole's treatise on "Churches, their structure, arrangement, and decoration."

We thus particularise, because the present series of works issues from a quarter which we suspect is influenced by certain theological tendencies. A peculiar party is up and stirring in this matter, active, anxious to be foremost in the field, and leaning upon a creed of tradition, mouldering amid moss-clad ruins of gothic barbarism. We infer this from the tendency displayed in this work, in a solitary volume or two it is true, for the majority are of a character which will not admit of the introduction of those flashes from the guiding spirit which are seen here and there when opportunity proffers. It will be right to particularise. To the German series, every way excellent, we do not make reference, nor, in fact, to either of these works, except the biography. Here we see the leaning to which we allude. In the life of the Rev. John Evelyn are recorded, among other things, his idea of a species of monastic brotherhood. This is given with the preface—"Now that the thoughts of English churchmen are turned towards the revival of the monastic system, purged of its corruptions, &c." What English churchmen are thinking of re-establishing monasteries! None, we boldly assert, except the small party that, addicted to the more objectionable tenets of Romanism, has not the honesty to declare itself Roman, while from the English church it stands wide apart. In the same life we have found carefully recorded the cure of a decrepit and sick child by the rite of baptism, and the cure of the blind by the blood of the holy martyr, Charles I.! The king, who rode through Leicester streets, commanding his soldiers to cut down the people; the paternal monarch, who raised a bloody war to enforce his privilege of taxing the people without a parliament; the monarch, whose word could not be trusted; the haughtiest prince as a man, and the greatest double-dealer of his time. In these days it were better, in making selections, to omit such passages,

when writing works to the young, as can now only provoke a laugh of contempt from sane persons, unless the object be to enforce the principles of superstition and tyranny, which the new sect so strongly favours, with whom Charles is both a hero and a martyr. The political measures, of late years all that has a tendency to produce the abandonment of the bad and untenable things of the past, and to enlarge the mental vision, and elevate the mind—all that is favourable to the cause of the people is evidently viewed in these biographies with intolerance. The "Life of Lord Exmouth" furnishes a text book for the compiler in this regard, as if that gallant officer were any authority upon civil or religious questions. Lord Exmouth was a true seaman; of a narrow capacity, ever meaning well; of whom it was observed by a naval officer, that he would have fought the battle of Trafalgar as well as Nelson, as far as the fighting part was concerned, but he would never have shown Nelson's previous strategy. Both Pellews were truly brave and kind men, but not of the wise out of their profession, as is well known. The biographical part of the present series is tinged with a spirit we cannot commend, and we observe somewhat of the same in "Poole's volume on church decorations." Bad enough, we agree, are most of the new churches that have been recently constructed; but we can see no reason for reviving Gothic ornaments and imagery, with their carved inelegancies, not to say gross indecencies in some cases, merely because they are old. Some of the noblest churches in the world are Greek and Roman in architecture. Our old edifices derive half their charm from the associations of age, which cannot accompany new buildings in the same style. The adoption of the Gothic in all cases, in preference, only shows a craving after what is part and portion of the days of spiritual despotism, political tyranny, and deplorable popular ignorance. Hence the least elevated minds now among the higher classes go back to dark ages in all their imaginings; feudality is their idol, and the glorious advancement in science and popular power—our might as a nation, our arm of rule, that some portion of every region and climate of the earth confesses—our advanced progress and tremendous energies, are all innovations upon the era when, at intervals, breaking each other's witless heads in the tilt, or seeking Quixotic glories in Palestine, in border feuds, and boar hunting, lay the glories of the aristocracy. At that time they could scarcely scrawl their names on paper, but abandoned the unenvied empire of mind to bishops and clerks, who knew pretty well how to turn it to their own profit. Hence the ecclesiastics of the new class extol the Becketts and Lauds of departed years. We state these things more in sorrow than in anger, on viewing the tendencies of several recent works, though in the present series they are manifested but in a solitary instance or two.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AND now is Snipeton widowed. Yes: with a living wife, damned to worst widowhood. It would have worn and tortured the spirit within him sometimes to wander from the desk to the churchyard, and there look down upon Clarissa's grave. To have read, and read with dreamy, vacant eyes, the few tombstone syllables that sum up—solemnly brief—the hopes, and fears, and wrongs, and wretchedness; the pleasant thoughts and aching weariness that breath begins and ends. “Clarissa, wife of Ebenezer Snipeton, died —.” Words to dim a husband's eyes; to carry heaviness to the heart; to numb the soul; and for a time to make the lone man, with his foot at the treasure-holding grave, feel the whole world drifted from him, and he left landed on the little spot he looks on. And then breaks small, mournful music from those words: pleasant, hopeful sounds, that will mingle her name with his; that will make him own the dear, the still incorporate dead. The flesh of his flesh, the bone of his bone, is lapsed into the disgrace of death: it is becoming the nourishment of grass; and still his heart yearns to the changing form: still it is a part of him; and his tender thoughts may, with the coffined dead, love to renew the bridal vow the dead absolves him of. And Snipeton, his wife in her winding-sheet, might so have solemnised a second wedlock. For surely there are such nuptials. Yes;

* Continued from page 395, Vol. IV.

second marriages of the grave between the quick and the dead, with God and his angels the sole witnesses.

And Snipeton was denied such consolation. His widowhood permitted no such second troth. Living to the world, his wife was dead to him; yet though dead, not severed. There was the horror: there, the foul condition of disgraced wedlock: the flesh was still of his flesh, cancerous, ulcerous; with a life in it to torture him. By day, that flesh of his flesh would wear him; by night, with time and darkness lying like a weight upon him, would be to him as a fiend that would cling to him; that would touch his lips; that would murmur in his ear. And let him writhe, and struggle, and with a strong man's strong will determine to put away that close tormentor, it would not be. The flesh was still of his flesh, alike incorporate in guilt and truth.

But Snipeton is still a happy man. As yet he knows not of his misery; dreams not of the desolation that, in an hour or so, shall blast him at his threshold. He is still at his desk; happy in his day-dream; his imagination running over, as in wayward moments of half-thrift, half-idleness, it was wont to do, upon the paper on his desk before him.—Imagination, complete and circling; and making that dim sanctuary of dirty Plutus a glistening palace! The pen—the ragged stump, that in his hand had worked as surely as Italian steel, striking through a heart or so, but drawing no blood—the pen, as it had been plucked from the winged heel of the thief's god, Mercury, worked strange sorcery; crept and scratched about the paper, conjuring glories there, that made the old man sternly smile; even as an enchanter smiles at the instant handiwork of all-obedient fiends. Reader, look upon the magic that, cunningly exercised by the Snipetons of the world, fills it with beauty; behold the jottings of the black art that, simple as they look, hold, like the knotted ropes of Lapland witches, a power invincible. Here they are; faithfully copied from that piece of paper: the tablet of old Snipeton's dearest thoughts, divinest aspirations:—

“£70,000 ”—“£85,700 ”—“£90,000 ”—“£100,000 ”—
“£150,000 ”—“£1,000,000 ! ”

In this way did Snipeton—in pleasant, thrifty idleness—pour out his heart; dallying with hope, and giving to the unuttered wish a certain sum in black and white; running up the figures as a rapturous singer climbs the gamut, touching the highest heaven

of music to his own delight, and the wonder of the applauding world.

In this manner would Snipeton take pastime with his spirit. In this manner was the paper on his desk writ and over-writ with promised sums that, it was his hope, his day-dream, would surely some day bless him. And the numerals ever rose with his spirits. When very dumpish—with the world going all wrong with him—he would write himself down a pauper; in bitterness of heart loving to enlarge upon his beggary, as thus: 000,000,000,000. But to-day, he had ridden with Clarissa; she had looked so lovely and so loving; he was so re-assured of her affection; could promise to himself such honied days and nights that, dreaming over this; smiling at her flushed face; and with half-closed eyes, and curving mouth, gazing in fancy at her dancing plume,—he somehow took the pen between his fingers, and made himself a paradise out of arithmetic.—Thus he laid out his garden of Eden, circling it with rivers of running gold! How the paradise smiled upon paper! How the trees, clustered with ruddy bearing, rose up; how odorous the flowers—and what a breath of immortality came fluttering to his cheek! Snipeton had written—

“ £1,000,000 ;”

and then he sank gently back in his chair, and softly drew his breath as he looked upon what should be his, foreshadowed by his hopes.

Now, at the very moment—yes, by Satan’s best chronometer—at the very moment, Clarissa was lifted from her horse, placed in a carriage, and whirled away from home and husband. And he saw not her face of terror—heard not her shriek for help. How could he? Good man! was he not in Paradise? Let us not break in upon him. No; for a while, blind and innocent, we will leave him there.

The reader may remember that Mr. Capstick was threatened with an ignominious dismissal from the British senate, as having, it was alleged, bought an honour that, like chastity, is too precious to be sold. The misanthropic member for Liquorish, in his deep contempt of all human dealings, took little heed of the petition against him; whilst Tangle called it an ugly business, as though in truth he secretly rejoiced in such uncomeliness. Snipeton, too, looked grave; and then, as taking heart from the depth of his pocket, said he would “fight the young profligate to his last guinea;” (and when the weapons are gold, how bloody oft the

battle!) Whereupon Capstick relented a little in his savage thoughts; believing that pure patriotism did exist in human nature, and had one dwelling place at least in the heart of Mr. Snipeton.

"Turn you out of Parliament, sir; they might chuck you out o' the window, sir, for what he'd care, if it warn't for his spite. I've told you that all along, and you won't see it," said Bright Jem.

"I am sorry, Jem, that in your declining years—for there's no disguising it, James—your're getting old and earthy—cracking like dry clay, Jem"—said Capstick.

"I don't want to hide the cracks," answered Jem: "why should I? No: I'm not afraid to look Time in the face, and tell him to do his worst. He never could spile much, that's one comfort."

"I am sorry, nevertheless, that you have not a little charity. If I don't think well of anybody myself, that's no reason you shouldn't; on the contrary, it is slightly an impertinence in you to interfere with what I've been used to consider my own privilege." Thus, with dignity, spoke Capstick.

"All I know is this—and I'm sure of it—if Mrs. Snipeton had as big a wart upon her nose as her husband, you'd never have been member for Liquorish," said Jem, with new emphasis.

"Really, Mr. Anisced"—for Capstick became very lofty indeed—"I cannot perceive how Mrs. Snipeton's wart—that is, if she'd had one—could in any way interfere with my seat in Parliament."

"In this manner," said Jem; laying one hand flat upon the other. "In this manner. If she'd had a wart upon her nose, young St. James, when he went to borrow money of her husband, would have behaved himself like a honest young gentleman; wouldn't have written letters, and tried to send presents, and so forth, till old Snipeton—poor old fellow! for though he was a fool to marry such a young beauty, there's no knowing how any on us may be tempted"—

"You and I are safe, I think, James?" said Capstick, with a smile.

"I think so; but don't let's be presumptuous. However, that's no reason we shouldn't pity the unfortunate," said Jem.

"Well, old Snipeton wouldn't have been forced to send his young wife into the country, where his young lordship went after

her—I've heard all about it. And then Snipeton wouldn't ha' been jealous of the young gentleman, and then you'd have been at the Tub, happy with the pigs and the geese, as if they was your own flesh and blood ; and you'd still ha' been an independent country gentleman, walking about in your own garden, and talking, as you used to do, to your own trees and flowers, that minded you—I'm bound for it—more than any body in the house o' Parliament will do."

"Don't you be too sure of that, Mr. Aniseed. When the Minister hears my speech"—

"Well, I only hope my dream of last night won't come true. I dreamt you'd made your speech, and as soon as you'd made it, I thought you was changed into a garden roller, and the Minister, as you call him, did nothing but turn you round and round. Howsomever, that's nothing to do with what I was saying,—saving your presence, I don't like you to be made a tool on."

"A tool, Mr. Aniseed ! A tool—define, if you please, for this is serious. What tool ?" and Capstick frowned.

"Well, I don't know what sort of tool they send to Parliament ; but, if you'll be so good, just feel here." Saying this, Jem took off his hat, and turning himself, presented the back part of his head to the touch of Capstick.

"Bless my heart ! Dear me—a very dreadful wound ! My poor fellow—good Jem"—and Capstick put his arm upon Jem's neck, and with a troubled look, cried—"Who was the atrocious miscreant ?—eh !—the scoundrel !"

"Oh no : he didn't mean nothing. You see, it was last night, while I was waiting for you till the House was up. Taking a quiet pint and a pipe among the other servants, some on 'em begun to talk about bribery and corruption : and didn't they sit there and pull their masters to pieces ; I should think a little more than they pulled one another to bits inside. Well, your name come up, and all about the petition ; and somebody said you'd be turned out ; condemned like a stale salmon at Billingsgate. I didn't say nothing to this : till Ralph Gum—the saucy varmint, though he's my own flesh and blood ; that is, as far as marriage can make it"—

"Marriage can do a good deal that way," said Capstick, smiling pensively.

"Till Ralph Gum—he was waiting for the Marquis—cried out, 'What ! Capstick, the muffin-maker ?'"

"I do not forget the muffins," said Capstick, meekly. "On the contrary; in Parliament I shall be proud to stand upon them."

"But he said more than that: 'Why, he's a thing we'll turn out neck and heels; he's only a tool!'"

"Oh, a tool!" cried Capstick, "I am a tool, am I? Very well: a tool! What said you to this?"

"Nothing—only this. He was sitting next to me, and I said, —'You saucy monkey, hold your tongue, or learn better manners,'—and with this, in the softest way in the world, I broke my pipe over his head: whereupon, the Marquis's coachman and footmen all swore you was a tool, and nothing but a tool—and they wouldn't see their livery insulted, and—I forget how it ended, but there was a changing of pewter-pots, and somehow or other this"—and Jem passed his hand over his bruised head "this is one on 'em."

For a few minutes Capstick remained silent. At length he said, determinedly—"Jem, I feel that it would be some satisfaction to me to see this Mrs. Snipeton."

"What for?" asked Jem, in his simplicity.

"Why—well—I don't know; but if she is really what people say, there can be no harm in looking on a beautiful woman."

"Well, I don't know—but for certain, they'd never do no harm, if they never was looked upon," said Jem.

"Jem, you ought to know me by this time; ought to know that since Mrs. Capstick died I look upon beauty as no more than a painted picture."

"Well, that's all right enough, so long as we don't ask the pictures to walk out o' their frames," answered Jem. "But, sir, in this Parliament matter—and I'd sooner die than tell a lie to you, in the same way as I think it my bound duty to tell you all the truth, though you do sometimes call me James and Mr. Aniseed, instead of Jem for doing it—in this Parliament matter, master,"—and Jem paused, and looked mournfully at Capstick.

"Out with it," said the Member for Liquorish. "After the hustings, surely I can bear anything. Speak."

"Well, then, and you'll not be offended? But if ever there was a tool in Parliament, master—now, don't be hurt—you are a tool, and nothing better than a tool. There! When they were flinging pewter pots about last night, I didn't choose to own as much; now, when we're together, I must say it. Member for

Liquorish ! La, bless you ! as I said afore, you're Member for Spite and Revenge, and all sorts of wickedness."

" I certainly will see Mrs. Snipeton," said Capstick, " and to-morrow, Jem ; yes, to-morrow."

In pursuit of this determination, Mr. Capstick—with no fore-warning of his intended visit to the master of the house—opened the garden gate, and proceeded up the path to the cottage, followed by Bright Jem ; who in his heart was hugely pleased at the uncereemonious manner in which his master stalked, like a sheriff's officer, into the sanctuary of wedded love, or what is more, of wedded jealousy : calm, authoritative, self-contained, as though he came to take possession of the dove-cote. Even Dorothy Vale was startled by the abrupt intrusion ; and looking from the door, and rubbing her arms with quickened energy, begged to know " what they wanted there ?" Ere, however, Capstick could descend to make due answer, Becky ran from the door, with many a voluble " dear heart !" and " who'd ha' thought it !" and " is your honor well ?"

" Very well, my maid ; very well," said Capstick. " I should like to see Mrs. Snipeton."

" La ! now, what ill luck," cried Becky, " she's gone out a horseback with master ; but she won't be long, if you'll only be so good as to walk in, and wait a little while ; she's such a sweet lady, she'll be glad to see you."

Dorothy said nothing ; but hugging and rubbing her arms, looked sidelong at the new maid ; looked at her, as one, whose glib tongue had in one minute talked away her place ; for assuredly did Dorothy, even in her dim vision, see Becky with her bundle trundled from the house, as soon as Mr. Snipeton should learn the treason of his handmaid.

" I'll walk about the garden till they come back," said Capstick ; " I'm fond of flowers ; very fond."

" They won't come back together ; for Master's gone to Lunnun ; but the young man, the new servant "——

" Ha ! the young man that took you from St. Mary-Axe," said Jem ; and Becky nodded and coloured.

" Both of you new together, it seems," observed Capstick, meaning nothing ; though Becky, colouring still deeper, thought she saw a world of significance in the careless words of the Member of Parliament. But then it was a Member of Parliament who spoke ; and there must be something in every syllable he uttered. That

he should couple herself and St. Giles was very odd : quite a proof that he knew more than most people.

Capstick had lounged up the garden, Dorothy marvelling at his ease ; whilst Jem held short discourse with Becky. " And he 's a good honest young man, eh ? Well, he looks like it," said Jem.

" I never goes by looks, I don't," said Becky. " Talking about looks, how is that dark young man you knocked in the gutter ? Your nevey, sir, isn't he ? How is he ?"

" Why, I may say, my dear, he 's in the gutter still, and there let him be. But as for your fellow servant, I think"—said Jem—" I think he 's an honest young fellow."

" I should break my heart do you know—I mean—I should be so sorry—in course I should—if he wasn't. He 's so good tempered ; so quiet-spoken ; so willing to give a helping-hand to anybody. And yet for all this ; somehow or t'other, he doesn't seem himself. One minute he 'll be merry as a Sultan ; and afore you can speak, his face will go all into a shadow. Can't be happy, I think."

" Perhaps, not," said Jem ; " I wasn't myself when I was about his time of life. Perhaps, Becky, perhaps he 's in love."

" Don't know, I'm sure ; how should I," said Becky, turning short upon her heel ; whilst Jem followed his master, at length resolved to narrate to him the history of St. Giles. Again and again Jem had attempted it ; and then stopt, huddling up the story as best he could. For the new dignity of Capstick had made him—as Jem sometimes thought—cold and cautious : and after all, it might not be proper to bring together a returned transport and a member of parliament. The garden was winding and large ; but Jem could not well miss his master, inasmuch as the orator was heard very loudly declaiming ; and Jem, following the sound, speedily came up with Capstick, who, with his hat upon the ground, his right arm outstretched, and his left tucked under his left coat-tail, was vehemently calling upon " the attention and the common sense, if he was not too bold in asking such a favour," of a triple row of tall hollyhocks, representing for the time the Members of the House of Commons, and unconsciously playing their parts with great fidelity, by nodding—nodding at every sentence that fell from the honourable orator. " There is nothing like exercising the lungs in the pure air," said Capstick, slightly confused ; and picking up his hat, and falling into his usual manner.

" I think I should know what it was," said Jem, " calling

coaches in a November fog ; jest like hallooing through wet blankets."

"Demosthenes—you never heard of him—but that's no matter : Demosthenes," said Capstick, "used to speak to the sea."

"Well ; he'd the best on it in one way," said Jem ; "the fishes couldn't contradict him. But surely, now—upon your word, sir—you don't really mean to make a speech in Parliament !" Capstick's eye glistened.—"You *do* ? Lord help you ! when, sir—when ?"

"Why, Jem, I can't answer for myself. Perhaps, to-night—perhaps, to-morrow. If I'm provoked, Jem."

"Provoked, sir ! Who's to provoke you, if you're determined to sit with your mouth shut ?" said Jem.

"The truth is, Jem, I had resolved to sit a whole session, and not say a syllable. But I shall be aggravated to speak, I know I shall. The fact is, I did think I should be abashed—knocked clean down—by the tremendous wisdom before, behind me, on all sides of me. Now—it isn't so, Jem," and Capstick looked big. "I did think my great difficulty would be to speak ; whereas, hearing what I do hear, the difficulty for me is to hold my tongue. In this way—I feel it—I shall be made an orator of against my will. By the way, Jem, talking of oratory, just sit down in that arbour, and fancy yourself the House of Commons."

"Couldn't do it, sir." Capstick imperatively waved his arm. "Well, then,—there, sir," said Jem ; and he seated himself bolt upright in a honeysuckle bower, and took off his hat, and smoothed down his few speckled hairs ; and put on a face of gravity.

"That won't do at all," cried Capstick. "I just want to try a little speech, and that's not a bit like the House of Commons. No ; roll yourself about ; and now whistle a little bit ; and now put on your hat ; and now throw your legs upon the seat ; and, above all, seem to be doing anything but listening to me. If you seem to attend to what I say, you'll put me out at once. Not at all parliamentary, Jem."

"Shall I shuffle my legs, and drum my fingers upon the table ? Will that do ?" cried Jem.

"Pretty well : that will be something," answered Capstick.

"Or I tell you what, sir,—if, while you was making your oration, I was to play upon this Jew's-harp"—and Jem produced that harmonious iron from his waistcoat pocket—"would that be Parliamentary and noisy enough ?"

"We'll try the Jew's-harp," replied Capstick, "for I have heard much worse noises since I sat for Liquorish. Wait a minute"—for Jem began to preludise—"and let me explain. The motion I am going to make, Jem, is to shorten the time in the pillory. Jem shook his head hopelessly. "According to the law, as at present operating, the time of the pillory is one hour. Now, I don't want to be called a revolutionist, Jem; I don't want to array all the respectability and all the property of the land against me—"

"Don't, sir, don't; if you love your precious peace of mind, don't think of it," cried Jem.

"Therefore, I do not at present intend to move the total abolition of the pillory," said Capstick.

"You'd be stoned in the streets, if you did. People will bear a good deal, sir; but they won't have their rights interfered with in that manner. Do take care of yourself, pray do. I shouldn't like to see you in the Tower," said Jem, with genuine tenderness. "Let the pillory alone, sir; touch that, and folks will swear you're going to lay your hands upon the golden crown next; for it's wonderful what they do mix up with the crown sometimes, to be sure."

"Fear not, Jem. I shall respect the wholesome prejudices of my countrymen; and therefore shall only move that the time in the pillory shall henceforth be reduced from one hour to half. That's gentle, I think?"

Jem stroked his chin—shook his head. "I know what they'll call it, sir: interfering with the liberty of the subject. No, they'll say,—our forefathers, and their fathers afore 'em, all stood an hour, and why shouldn't we?"

"I'm prepared for a little opposition, Jem; but, just fancy yourself the House, while I speak my speech. Make as much noise, and be as inattentive as possible, and then I shall get on," Jem obediently buzzed—buzzed with the Jew's harp, shambled with his feet, rocked himself backwards and forwards; and, to the extent of his genius, endeavoured to multiply himself into a very full House.

Capstick took off his hat—held forth his right arm as before, with the supplementary addition of a piece of paper in his hand, and again with his other arm supported his left coat-tail. "Sir"—said Capstick, looking as full as he could at Jem, who rocked and shifted every minute—"Sir, it was an observation of a Roman emperor—"

“Which one?” asked Jem.

“That’s immaterial,” answered Capstick. “A question that will certainly not be asked in debate. I take a Roman emperor as something strong to begin with—‘of a Roman emperor that *Qui facit per alium*’”—

“Hallo!” cried Jem, holding the Jew’s-harp wide away from his mouth; “what’s that—Latin?”

“Latin,” answered Capstick.

“Well—my stars!”—said Jem—“I never knowed that you knowed Latin.”

“Nor did I, Jem,” replied Capstick smilingly. “But I don’t know how it is: when a man once gets into Parliament, Latin seems to come upon him as a matter of course. Now go on with your Jew’s-harp, and make as much noise as you like, but don’t speak to me. ’Tisn’t parliamentary. Now then,” and Capstick resumed the senator—“‘it was an observation of a Roman emperor’”—

“If you please, sir, I’ve laid some bread and cheese and ale in the parlour,” said Becky, breaking in upon the debate. “It’s a hot day, sir, and I thought you might be tired.”

“Humph! Well,—I don’t know. What, Jem,”—asked Capstick, smacking his lips—“what do you propose?”

“Why,” answered Jem, rising, “I propose that the House do now adjourn.”

Capstick returned the paper to his pocket, and taking up his hat, said—“I second the motion.” After a very short pause, he added—“And it is adjourned accordingly.” Whereupon, he and Jem turned to follow Becky, who had run on before them, down another path. In less than a minute, however, a shriek rang through the garden.

“Why, that’s the gal! she’s hurt, surely,” cried Jem.

“Pooh, nonsense,” said Capstick, quickening his pace, “it’s nothing; taken a frog for a crocodile—or something of the sort. Women love to squall; it shows their weakness. It can’t be anything—”

“Oh, sir—sir—sir—” cried Becky, flying up the garden, and rushing to Capstick,—“they’ve stole her—carried her off—my dear, dear missus!”

“Carried off! Mrs. Snipeton—the lady”—exclaimed Capstick.

“Stole her away by force—oh, my poor master—oh, my dear missus—the young man will tell you all—master’s heart will

break -my sweet lady!" And Becky with flowing tears, wrung her hands, and was as one possessed.

"Why? Eh—what is all this?" said Capstick to St. Giles, who looked pale and stupified. "Fellow, what's this?"

"I'll tell you all about it, sir,"—said St. Giles, hastily. "The lady's horse was swifter than mine—I could no how keep up with her. And when we turned out of Highgate we"—here St. Giles turned deathly pale, and his feet sliding from under him, he fell to the earth.

"Ho's dead—ho's dead," cried Becky, falling upon her knees at his side, and lifting up his head, when her hands were instantly covered with blood, drawn by the cudgel of Blast. On this she renewed her screams; renewed her exclamations of despair. "He was dead—murdered."

At this minute Old Snipeton ran, reeling up the path. Dorothy Vale, more by her chalk-like face, than with her tongue, had revealed the mischief to her master. "Missus was gone—carried off—the man was up the garden." His life—nothing but his life—should satisfy the cheated husband. Snipeton rushed to the group; and when he saw St. Giles prostrate, insensible; the old man, grinding his teeth, howled his curses, and, in very impotence, worked his hands like a demon balked of his revenge.

NIGHT FAIR IN ALEXANDRIA.

BY A RESIDENT.

VERY few persons mix with the inhabitants of Egypt sufficiently to obtain a true insight into their character and condition. Travellers never allow themselves time. They do not remain more than a few days in one place, are content to pick up a scattered observation or two, and, for the most part, carry away the prejudices of those among their own countrymen with whom they come in contact. Residents seldom have time. Their affairs occupy them almost incessantly; and such is the enervating effect of the climate that when a moment of leisure does occur they are neither in a state of body or mind to acquire information. The emigrants of each European nation are content to remain within a little circle

which they create in imitation of that which they have abandoned ; the same amusements on a small scale attract them ; the French lounge about, dance, &c. ; the Italians go to the theatre ; the English play cards, and get up races.

As I am neither a dancing, a theatre-going, a card-playing, nor a sporting character, I am drawn by necessity to amuse myself by observing the manners of those around me ; and I find ample occupation in so doing. Setting aside, for the present, the Levantines and the European colony, the Arab population of the country may be seen even at Alexandria, from points of view seldom taken up. Not long ago I went to the night fair of Abon-el-Abbas, which I do not think has been described by any European writer. There was, perhaps, nothing extremely remarkable in the physiognomy of the scene ; but as an illustration of Eastern manners, a brief account of what I saw may not be uninteresting.

Without entering into any investigation of the life and character of the Father of Abbas, in whose honour the fair is held, I shall simply say, that in the month of September, 1846, I sallied forth about nine o'clock at night, in company with a young Levantine, named Iskender. It had been agreed that we should call for a friend or two to accompany us ; but as the appointed time had passed we proceeded alone towards the place of our destination. I soon found that my companion did not at all like the idea of trusting himself at night amongst a crowd of fanatical Arabs, who in spite of our semi-Stambouli costume, would easily recognise us to be Franks. His confidence in the strength of the Pacha's government was not so great as mine ; and when we had advanced half-way he employed a great deal of eloquence in endeavouring to persuade me to return for a reinforcement. He argued with some show of reason, that it was not from the people in general that we had anything to fear, but, that if some bigoted descendant of the prophet, or some half-wild hajji, were inclined to make a disturbance, it was certain that he would be joined by others, and that we should have no protection from the crowd. However, as we had proceeded so far I would not retreat ; but soon found that my friend was pursuing a circuitous course, and rather avoiding than seeking the road leading to the fair. I remonstrated, but he professed his ignorance of the way : and, as I was not better instructed, I had to ask a soldier to put us right. This he did very civilly ; and presently the noise of cymbals, and a confused murmur, and then a blaze of light, announced the proximity of the

fair. Several houses at the entrance of the great open space in front of the mosque were illuminated, and at the doors of some of them was collected a circle of old bearded Turks, some with the never-failing pipe

The principal feature in the scene we now witnessed, (for my friend, though reluctant, had kept by my side,) was an irregular lane of booths and stables, running along the side of a slope, covered with gravestones, to one of the entrances of the mosque. A great number of oil lights, swinging from cross sticks, or supported by rude wooden candelabra, with long painted lanterns, and tapers protected by paper, in the style patronised by the market-women of Tottenham Court Road, gave a light which, however, might almost have been dispensed with, so brilliant were the rays of the moon. All the space on either side of the lane or pathway I have mentioned, which swarmed with people, was covered with tombs, and a great number of women and children were sitting among them, some taking this opportunity to visit the last resting-place of their departed friends, some merely resting, some laughing and talking, some, evidently from what we saw and heard, in the fulfilment of appointments. When we arrived, a great space beyond the tombs was almost unoccupied with people, though one or two groups were scattered here and there; and now and then a figure might be seen moving across and gliding through a half-open doorway in a long wall that stretched from the mosque to the extremity of the square. Another mosque, and several houses with gardens, from which rose a few tall and gracefully bending poplar trees, occupied the remaining three sides. As I have said, the moonlight was very brilliant, and seemed to steep in silver the white walls of the houses that reared their irregular forms in every direction, some with lofty tower-like summits, some with a succession of terraces, some low and humble, but all of true Eastern architecture, with small jealously closed windows, some flat and of minutely carved wood-work, others projecting like cages, which they were, though for human prisoners. Here and there, near at hand or in the distance, a minaret of exquisite form, as they all are in Egypt, rose against the heavens, that beamed with the united lustre of moon and stars. The few trees that, as I have said, diversified the scene, drooped over terraces, on which might be indistinctly perceived the forms of veiled women, leaning over to enjoy the animated sight below.

The crowd that was collected generally circulated in a direction

to and from the door of the mosque, so that the pathway was extremely crowded. However, in spite of the remonstrance of my prudent friend, I managed to squeeze between turbans and tarbooshes, and reached the door of the mosque, beyond which it is not permitted for infidels to go. The stalls and sheds on either hand were chiefly occupied by vendors of eatables and drinkables—of boiled lupins and beans, toasted melon-pips, a kind of ground nut, unripe dates, cakes of various forms, with numerous kinds of sherbet, among which, liquorice water was most common. Here and there, too, were coffee-stalls, round each of which a circle of moustachios was collected. It must be remembered that we were in Ramazan time, so that it was according to custom to spend the greater part of the night in eating and drinking, to repair the exhaustion of the day, and prepare for the privations of the morrow. Most of the lower orders keep the fast pretty strictly, and the evil consequences are apparent in the regularly increasing mortality from the beginning to the end of the month. A few stalls were filled with toys, among which whistles, as presents for children, held a conspicuous place.

The bustle and noise that prevailed was very great; a constant murmur of friendly salutations is kept up, every Muslim on such occasions deeming it his duty to ask his friend how his health goes each time he passes him, even if it be every five minutes. Sometimes they stop and seize first hold of their victim's thumb, inquiring how he does, then hold of his forefingers, with another question, then again hold of his thumb, and once more hold of his hand, often for a dozen times in succession. Occasionally they are seized with extraordinary accession of friendship, and embrace and hug a person, whom they may have saluted with formal indifference an instant before, as if about to part with him for ever. "Are you well?" "Well; praise be to God!" This interrogatory, with the answer, is frequently repeated at least fifty times in the course of an hour's conversation, seeming to fill up every pause, and sometimes being introduced in the midst of an animated dialogue. Suppose the conversation to turn on the rent of a house: it would run nearly thus. Laying his hand gracefully on his breast, the first speaker says:—"Taïbeen? Are you well?" "Hamd-il-ullah! Ala satami. Praise be to God: on you be peace! What is the rent of this house?" "Taïbeen?" "Hamd-il-ullah!" "A hundred talaris a year." "Mashallah! that is much. Taïbeen?" "Hamd-il-ullah! Do you think I

would cheat you?" "Are you well?" "Praise be to God! On you be peace! I am afraid you are trying to impose on me."
"Taibeen?" &c.

To return to the fair. Having hustled and been hustled, to my heart's content, by Arabs and Turks, dirty and clean, the former in great majority, I left the neighbourhood of the booths and proceeded to wander up and down the great open space I have mentioned, and watch from a distance the movements of the increasing crowd, and the effect of the long line of glancing lights upon their various costumes. Beyond them, on a slight rise, among a number of tombs, beneath the shadow of a large mansion, a great many little groups could be dimly perceived; and on every side numerous small conclaves or tête-a-têtes were going on. I noticed that every now and then a man or woman would proceed towards the half-open door I have mentioned, and I became rather curious to see what was inside, but was informed that the entrance was forbidden to all but Muslims, as it was an old cemetery, containing the tombs of several saints, among others, of him in whose honour the fair was held. This spot was marked out by a large black flag on a lofty pole. I obtained just a glimpse of the interior of the enclosure. It seemed full of tombs; and a number of women wrapped in black or white cloaks, like shrouds, were gliding to and fro among them.

We were now joined by several Levantines of our acquaintance, who took us round to the principal entrance of the mosque, where another collection of booths and stalls offered every possible temptation to Arab eyes and stomachs. Among other things I noticed huge flat pieces of cake something like brown oil cloth speckled with white, but more pliable. They were brought from Damascus, and were made of pounded *mishmish*, or apricots, stuck over with almonds.

The interior of the mosque was brilliantly lighted up with candles, brought as offerings by the Faithful. I met in the crowd my one-eyed servant, Ali, with a taper in his hand, edging his way through, to go and present his gift in person. It is curious that the practice of burning candles in honour of the saints should be common to both the Mahomedans and Roman Catholics.

After having seen all that could be seen in the neighbourhood of the Mosque, we made a tour through the adjoining coffee-house, listening to the singing, or beholding the performance

of Karakoz, the Eastern Punch. The latter consists in a kind of phantasmagorical representation, in which the shadows of two or three grotesque figures are thrown on a piece of cloth, behind which are a light and the man who directs the whole and holds the conversation. The characters are Turks and Persians. Karakoz is generally a Turk, and performs actions something similar to those of the long-nosed hero of London streets, but far inferior in wit and variety. Sometimes the whole affair is nothing but a series of tedious conversations, (in a language understood by no one of the spectators, except when a phrase of Arabic is now and then introduced), ending in the expulsion of one of the interlocutors, whom Karakoz generally kicks out. Formerly, it was the custom to introduce an European consul, in all kinds of undignified positions ; but this has been forbidden by the government.

At many coffee-houses singing alone forms the attraction. The songs, as might be expected, are, for the most part, about black eyes and tresses ; and are chaunted by young men or boys, generally handsome and well dressed. Their profession is by no means a sinecure ; and they are often driven, in order to acquire the necessary degree of excitement, to resort to the use of the intoxicating *hasheesh*, either by smoking it, chewing it, or taking it in those carefully compounded bonbons for which Cairo is celebrated. The use of this drug soon spoils their voices, and gives them a dissipated and vacant expression of countenance. In some of the coffee-houses two or three hundred people collect to listen to these performances ; and it is the custom, at the end of nearly every verse, for the spectators to cry out in chorus “ Ullah ! ” prolonging the exclamation to its utmost possible length. A man, with a tray or tambourine, goes round occasionally to collect the five-fuddah pieces which the generosity of the spectators induces them to bestow. Meanwhile a great consumption of shishehs and chibooks goes on, as well as of coffee and of water, the latter being generally supplied gratis. Some coffee-house keepers put an aromatic herb into the water-jar, and passers by often go in, take out a pitcher full, drink, and depart, without being expected to pay, or even to say “ thank you.” They are, however, deemed bound, if possible, not to touch the brim of the pitcher with their lips ; but to turn back their heads and pour the water literally down their throats.

Many coffee-houses are too small to hold the crowd which collects on these occasions. The lovers of harmony, accordingly,

sit in front of the door, on benches or small crates or cages, made of the branches of the palm tree. The singer occupies, with the music, a conspicuous position, which arrangement, to my taste, might be dispensed with, as most of them, however handsome they may be, contort their faces in a most hideous manner. The Arabs enjoy these performances exceedingly; and with them, when the accompaniment of life and coffee is not forgotten, there is no surer way of producing the much-longed-for oblivion of all the cares of life, as well as a soothing consciousness of present enjoyment, without any violent excitement, which they call by the short and expressive name of "Keyf."

The quarter of Abon-el-Abbas is situated at the commencement of that long tongue of land which terminates in the site of the ancient Pharos. It therefore touches on both sides on the sea. During our stroll we came to a coffee-house situated on the shore, near an old fort; and entering, called for shishehs, or water-pipes, and coffee. In order to enjoy the beauty of the night scene, we took our station on a little terrace overhanging the water, which, as usual, was restless, and rolled in with an incessant murmur, and splashing against the feet of the houses that line the shore. The moon was just at that time hanging over the hill of Kom-el-Dyk, on the opposite side of the bay or harbour, so that it silvered the tops of the rushing waters, and allowed us to extend our gaze far out across the dim sea, on the one hand, and to trace the bleak outline of the houses, and forts, and batteries, that swept round the other, from the Pharillon and Pharos to our feet. Unfortunately there were no rising grounds worthy of the name to diversify the scene; so that with the exception of the jagged profile of the half-finished fort on the hill I have already mentioned, all was flat and low. At such a time, however, the irregular outline of the city, with its slender mosques, its turreted houses, its palm trees rising here and there, with their drooping clusters of leaves at the top like so many hoarse-plumes, its twinkling light reflected in the tremulous wave; and the long-sweeping line of the sea-horizon, with difficulty distinguished above the white breakers that guard the entrance of the port, beheld between a huge old deserted fortress on the one hand, and a vast pile of buildings, celebrated as the scene of a horrid murder, on the other: all these things, I say, seen through the graceful arches of wood-work of the terrace of an eastern coffee-house, and combined with a clear blue sky, clustering with stars that vied in

brilliancy with the silver moon herself, formed a landscape which even Claude would not have disdained to paint.

We spent nearly an hour in this quiet place, inhaling the fragrant *tumbuk*, and sipping the thick black coffee. Our conversation turned principally on England, and I was expected to enumerate all the wonders to be witnessed in that land of wonders, and to give my opinion as to the length of time a British fleet would take in blowing the forts we then saw out of the water. It is the general impression in Egypt that sooner or later this consummation must come to pass; but by the Levantines the idea is not considered at all pleasant, whilst the Arabs look forward to the event, if not with hope, at least with indifference. The Levantine population being principally Catholics, would prefer the domination of the French.

Having paid a few piastres to the master of the coffee-house, we returned to the precincts of the fair. By this time a vast crowd had collected from all parts of the city, of which, I think, the majority were women. I may take this opportunity of remarking, that if any person is fond of handsome eyes, he has only to come to this country to be satisfied. A great many of the women are in every respect exceedingly beautiful; so that it does not require the force of imagination that Shakspeare supposed to

“ See Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt.”

On the present occasion, without desiring to be at all satirical on the fair Alexandrians, it was pretty evident that, in spite of their veils, their principal object in coming forth was to be admired. They took every possible means to attract attention, and in many cases their veils were so carelessly put on that a great part of their face could be discovered.

After rambling about a good deal, both in the square and in the narrow moon-lit streets and dark passages in its precincts, we returned, considerably fatigued, to our homes.

THE DUKE AND THE "CROSSING SWEEPER."

I TOOK a walk to see the statue of the Duke of Wellington at Hyde Park. There he sits, overlooking the multitude, wielding his truncheon—a great General. He has won battles, he has stormed cities, he has caused the slaying of thousands, and—he has gained a name!

I turned to go home again, and passed along Oxford Street. There I saw a poor boy sweeping a crossing; but not such as is generally seen. He had formed a straight clean path across the road, edged with a narrow border of "street dirt." He then (with the same material) made, as decorations along the outside of the crossing—a series of hearts, circles within circles, ovals, &c. : and that with a regularity that was perfectly astounding in a ragged beggar boy. It was done with almost artistic skill, and I felt that he had a mind above his station.

The philosophic, the scientific, the artistic, and the skilful in general, may jeer at my bringing such a paltry circumstance into notice; but of them I ask, Can they fathom the mind of man? If they can, let them read that poor boy's, and tell the world what it contains, that it may not for ever be steeped in the darkness of ignorance?

I still continued my way homewards, and these thoughts revolved in my mind. I thought, though the statue of the General may rear its head high up above men, and may, perchance, occupy that station for ages yet to come—still, the obscure beggar, who may be doomed all his life to grovel in the dirt of streets to obtain a pittance, proved to me that *there exists a germ of beauty in every human mind*, and only proper and sufficient cultivation is required to expand and fructify it.

S. W.

THE POET'S VISION.

“ They have no vision of a better world
To whom this present world seems not a dream.”

“ HE who strives to unite the REAL and the IDEAL must endure toil and sorrow. In either of these regions he might find peace ; but let him endeavour to unite them and he will need the spirit of prophecy, telling of bright things to come, to sustain his courage. Yet the only true life is in this labour. He who is solely devoted to the ideal is a dreamer ; while he who is satisfied with the real is equally ignorant of the true life and the true work of man.”

Such was the meditation of a young poet, who sat looking from his study-window in the evening. “ No ! ” he continued, as he saw the sons of toil pass by with joyless faces,—“ this is not the time nor the place for poetry. I can write visions of paradise upon this paper ; but what can I do to write anything like true poetry upon the face of this real world ? ” Thus he meditated until his thoughts had wandered so far that he knew not where he was. The twilight gathered ; and the full, red harvest-moon was just rising over the hill, when a strange visitor entered the poet's study. He was an old man with a mild, benevolent and shining countenance. Without any introduction, he advanced towards the young student, looked upon him with a smile, and said :—“ Will you go with me to that land of which you have been dreaming—the land where life is poetry, and men are happy ? ”

“ I will go ! ” said the young poet, “ gladly ! ”

“ But,” said the visitor, with a serious countenance, “ are you prepared to *do your work* when you return ? If I give you a glimpse of the New World, will you endeavour to copy some of its features in this Old World, of which you complain ?—for observe, to none is that brighter world displayed as a mere spectacle, but as a model, to be imitated *here*. In all ages visions of that world, (called ‘ heaven,’ or ‘ paradise,’ or the ‘ millennial state,’) have been granted to poets, prophets, and philanthropists, that they might return to this world inspired with zeal to improve its fallen condition. If you would be one of this band of men, come with me ! ”

" Gladly ! " said the poet, following his guide.

They passed through villages and hamlets where the poor were going to rest under their roofs of straw ; then by noble mansions and through spacious parks and avenues of stately trees, until they approached the suburbs of a great city glittering with a thousand lamps. On the main road a lord's carriage was almost driven over a poor infirm man.

" A type of this Old World ! " said the poet.

" We take better care of each other in our New World," said the guide. As they passed over a bridge, on its battlements stood a woman about to throw herself into the water ; but the guide seized her gently and whispered some words into her ear which seemed to act as a charm.

" See," said the poet, " in one of these chambers, perhaps, sits some poor author distressed because his genius must not unfold for want of a little money ; while in yon mansion, a merchant is studying the investment of an enormous capital. Men are so unlike each other here, that they cannot believe themselves to be brothers."

They passed by lanes crowded with children growing up in ignorance ; and they met the carriage of a bishop returning from the House of Peers, where he had just delivered a speech against every mode of teaching the poor, excepting one which was quite impracticable.

" Down that lane," said the poet, " live poor women who ply the needle fourteen hours a-day for twopence ; and here comes the carriage of Madame Piccolo, who has earned five hundred pounds by singing in an opera to-night."

" This is such a strange, fantastic world, that it seems like a dream to me when I visit it sometimes," said the guide ; " but we will leave it now."

Then the scene suddenly changed ; and nothing lay before the travellers but a wide expanse of country covered with moonlight. They passed along until they came to the sea-shore. " This is the sea," said the guide, " which flows between the Old World and the New ; it is the flood of Time, in which a great part of the Old World will be swallowed."

They embarked in a vessel, on the deep, clear, blue water. Below the waves they saw ruins which the waters had already covered. There were prison-walls, and chains, and scourges, all overgrown with sea-weeds, and bright-coloured fish were swim-

ming in and out of the windows of old dungeons. "Thus," said the guide, "all the grim monuments which distinguish the Old from the New World will be buried in these waters: then the two worlds will be alike, and a constant communication will be maintained between them over this sea."

As the voyagers proceeded on their way, the sky became clearer, and the face of the water assumed more beautiful colours. As morning dawned, a strain of sweet music was heard swelling over the water. The poet gazed in the direction from which the wind was blowing, and saw a green and gently-rising land. Snowy-white halcyons hovered over the blue sea, that laved the blooming coast. Along the slope there were lines of houses, each having a garden in the front. Streams and fountains played among the flowers, and gave life and freshness to the scene. On the summit of the hill rose a temple of white marble, from which the strain of music issued. "This is the Land of Rest," said the guide, as the vessel touched the shore. "Let us go up to the temple, and join in the services." So they walked through gardens, up the easy slope, until they came to the entrance of the temple. "It is the festival of Autumn," said the guide, as they entered. Before them was a marble altar, covered with garlands of golden grain, fruits and flowers, and the teacher, clothed in a robe of white, with a scarf of emerald green, stood by the altar. "Religion with us," said the guide, "maintains a communion with all the beautiful changes of nature, and with the progress of human life. It has the same basis as the religion professed in the Old World; but we develop it in a very different way. As God reveals his glory in various forms, we worship him in various modes." The most beautiful sight in the temple was the company of children, who sang with the men and women a hymn, in many parts, of gratitude to God for the harvest, and in praise of human industry. "The men who are singing," said the guide, "are labourers in the fields, and these are their wives and children." The hymn was beautifully sung. Sometimes one treble voice of a child gave out the subject, and then one voice after another stole into the strain, until it rose into a sweet and solemn fulness of sound.

When the hymn was ended, the teacher gave an address, chiefly directed towards the children.

"See, children," said he, "all things live and work for each other. The sun, the rain, the dews, the earth, the moon, the

stars—all have shed their influences to ripen this ear of corn. When you behold this you must see the sun shining, the rain falling, the earth cherishing the seed, and man labouring for its growth, while God pours his blessing through all these means. Here, then, is a symbol of life. And as this corn is thus given for your life, so you must devote your lives for the support and happiness of the whole family to which you belong. All things are holy which live in the bond of union. Not alone in this temple is divine service performed. Here we have the expressions in words, music and other symbols, of that worship which is otherwise expressed in deeds. Every stroke of the miner's axe; every movement of the gardener's spade and the reaper's sickle, animated by a good and benevolent motive, is an act of worship. All branches of art and industry are parts of one continual service in one temple." Such was the strain of the teacher's discourse.

The poet was delighted with the arrangement of industry in this New World. He remained for some days in one of the agricultural villages, making himself acquainted with the lives and circumstances of the labourers. Their condition even realised the dreams of his poetry. Labour and happiness were married. The toiling hand was directed by the well-developed mind. The labourers and their families rose soon after dawn, and before going forth to the fields many of them united with their children in singing cheerful songs, praising the Creator, and encouraging man's industry. At an early hour in the evening, except during harvest, they returned to their homes, washed themselves, and changed their dress, then amused themselves in their gardens, or read, or sung, or talked, or played on musical instruments until the hour of rest. In every village was a library, and also a spacious building as a Bath-and-Wash-House for the whole of the inhabitants.

"Here the Old World is imitating you," said the poet. "We have now public baths for the poor in our metropolis."

"A very good beginning," said the guide—"one of the best signs of your times!"

There was a school in every village. The country was divided into districts, each containing a number of villages; and certain literary and well-qualified men were appointed over these districts. One gave lectures on music, another on painting, another on the natural sciences, and so on, according to their respective attain-

ments ; so that the minds of the people were kept in union with the best intellects of the country.

After inspecting and admiring the works of industry and the educational system of the country, the poet visited some of the places of public amusement. He was delighted in the Gallery of Painting to find that artists did not restrict themselves to a few old subjects ; but devoted their powers to illustrate and beautify the life of the people around them. Here art and industry were companions. Peasants stood gazing on beautiful pictures, and were glad to find that the artist did not consider their labours unworthy of his pencil. One artist exhibited a series of pictures illustrating peasant-life. In one painting the peasant was seen going forth into the fields in the freshness of a spring morning. In other parts of the series, the various employments of ploughing, sowing, reaping, and harvest-home were illustrated ; and in the last number, the aged labourer, surrounded with his family, sat under a tree before his cottage, in the evening light, enjoying anticipation of the rest beyond the grave.

Equally was our poet charmed in the Hall of Music ; for here the musicians of the country did not come to exhibit strange tricks upon instruments, nor merely to show their ability, but to employ the powers of harmonious sounds, reverently and reasonably, for the delight and edification of the people. Accordingly, the pieces sung and performed were not on stale theatrical subjects, but such as hymns, anthems, and cantatas on various themes of real human life. One of these pieces, which pleased our poet well, was a cantata on the " Praises of Labour," consisting of various songs, celebrating various parts of industry, giving

" Honour to the sailor brave,
Who steers his vessel o'er the wave,
And to the miner, who from night
Brings up earth's riches to the light ;"

and ending with a full chorus, in which miners, peasants, and other workers all sang heartily,

" The friendly heart and the working hand
Shall spread contentment through the land."

Among the places of recreation, there was one where the poet found especial amusement. It was an observatory upon a high hill, commanding a view of some parts of the Old World. Here was a large telescope placed under the care of a speculative man,

who was glad to obtain some information from the poet respecting the scenes in the Old World, which the telescope revealed.

"I see," said the man of the telescope, "in a park near your metropolis, splendid equipages, conveying persons of great importance, as I suppose; but, though I have seen these persons assembling on grounds where horses gallop, or where those troops of men in red clothes march about, I can never see them amid an assembly of labourers, or taking any part in the recreations of the poor people. How is this?"

"Those men with gay equipages," said the poet, "are our 'lords,' our 'aristocracy,' and, of course, they cannot associate with poor people."

"What! do they not recognise the importance and dignity of labour? Then there must be a lamentable want of education among your gay people," said the observer; "but what do these troops of *red men* mean? They have implements; but I cannot see that they use them in any useful work, and yet they do not seem to be at play."

"We call them our soldiers," said the poet, "and they are employed to kill people in other nations, or to keep our own people in control."

"What! do you require such a sort of government? Have you no temples?" said the observer. "I see large buildings, here and there, with towers and spires, and I should take these to be your temples; but I cannot see any schools attached to them, and few people go to them except once in seven days."

"These are our churches," said the poet: "but they have not schools attached to them."

"Oh, then, your schools are perhaps these large gloomy buildings which we see," said the observer; "but they are built in a very bad style for schools."

"They are *prisons instead of schools*," said the poet; "prisons where we chain up unhappy men, who often become criminals for want of good education."

"You give me gloomy views of the Old World," said the observer; "I shall no longer be able to look upon it with pleasure."

"But in you Old World," said the poet, "there are some minds who have visions of a New World, and who are determined to strive patiently for the fulfilment of what good prophets have said."

"Then there is a hope for you," said the observer; "and I

will continue my observations on yon strange part of the universe. And as the minds of whom you speak act upon society in your world, I shall expect to see you gloomy prisons disappear, and schools rising in all your villages, and your rich and gay people intermingling with the poor and the laborious."

After he had witnessed, with delight, many of the beautiful scenes of unity and happiness in this New World, the poet returned to the teacher, and asked for instruction as to the best means of improving the condition of the Old World. "Here I could willingly stay for ever," said he; "but duty calls me to return."

"Tell the men of the Old World," said the teacher, "what you have seen here, and let them know how human nature may be trained, if never to reach that consummation of which seers have spoken, yet to present to the eye of Heaven something more like a happy and harmonious system than it does now. Many glorious things are possibilities. Necessary knowledge may be imparted to all; moral and preventive measures may take the place of a great part of your punitive system; the rich and the poor need not dwell apart in extreme disunion; millions of lives and of wealth may be saved by the cessation of war; the arts and sciences may be devoted to their proper end, to refine society; the physical circumstances of your people may be brought into harmony with the laws of healthful nature. If you would find a centre and a source for all these improvements, let me exhort you to return to the original *spirit* and *purpose* of that religion which you still profess. No longer worship the letter; but unfold and apply to life the benevolent spirit of your creed. Poet! do thy duty. Utter the truth that is in thee. Be faithful to the ideal, even when not a ray of it seems to shine through the real. Strive on and——be patient! Return to that Old World which is to be renovated, where the evil is even now passing away, though it boasts that it will endure for ever. Go, and be a man of the New World in the midst of the Old. When you have done your work, then come and dwell with us for ever!"

Then the poet awoke; for the light of morning was now shining in his chamber, and, inspired by the vision, he said, "As the shades of night are passing from yon mountain, so shall the shades of evil pass away from this world!"

JOSEPH GOSTICK.

FABLES FOR FOOLISH FELLOWS.

No. III.

THE SPARROW WHO WISHED HE HAD BEEN BORN A DUCK.

AMONG the noblest passions of the soul of Man there is one, the noblest and holiest of all, which, while it moves him to wonder and adore, leads him also to aspire—lifts him from the ground, where inferior creatures grovel, to soar in his soul with angels, and stand only a little lower in the sight of their Master and his Heavenly Father. This is Admiration. Admiration came here with the first angelical natures that visited earth as missionaries from heaven to Man, who, as they themselves admire and tremble, instructed the innocent Adam how, and when, and to whom to bend the knee, lift the eyes in adoration, and reverently worship. His own existence, and the sense of how sweet it was to live—the new-created world, and its wondrous works around him, whether animate or inanimate, won, it may be, his earliest looks and thoughts of admiration; these messengers from their Heavenly Master awakened it next; and, lastly, his lovely and love-worshipped helpmate, Eve, as she stood before him in her first innocence, ere sin and shame were known, and turned not her eyes and perfect beauties from his admiring and adoring gaze, and felt that it was love.

Man still admires, not always wisely—not always well—admires things not worthy of admiration. Do animals admire? Do the inferior in power and beauty admire the superior in beauty and power? The slow admire the swift—the small wonder at the gigantic—the gigantic curiously consider and marvel at the small? Does the Field-mouse admire the most magnanimous Lion, and wish he had his mane, and tail, and mouth—a cavern—and claws, and his roar like thunder—a sound more terrible to hear than all the mice in the world could make? Does he reckon how he would frighten wild Cats out of eight of their nine lives apiece, and teach them to live inoffensively to mice with the ninth, if he had his talons and his roar? Does he speculate how he would give mousing Owls a lesson for life not even to look at, much more to make a mouthful—not a meal—of a poor mouse: if he was a Lion, how

he would teach these mousers better manners, when he happened to be in the humour for giving these small tyrants a great moral lesson? Does the Mole, as he sits in safety at sunrise—mole-catchers and their dogs being still abed—outside the little mound he has turned up in the night in his pursuit of worms, wiping his whiskers from the mould he has worked through—does he ever look upwards at the Lark he has knocked up an hour too soon by undermining his bed, and wish he could mount through the air like him—he can just see him; and sing at heaven's gate like him—he can just hear him? And does he, with his purblind eyes—good enough for underground work—wish that he could bear the light of day, and bask and glory in the sunshine early and late, like him? Does the Crow—doomed like a curate to an eternal decent suit of black—as he struts in a gutter stop to admire the pomp, and precise steps, and pride, and parade, and fine feathers (which make fine birds) of the Peacock on a wall, thinking of singing, and certainly of showing himself,

“To witch the world with noble *peacockship* ;”

and wish that he had such a tail? Wouldn't he cut a figure then, when returned to the Jackdaws' parliament? Does the grey Goose admire the white Swan, and think the movements of his neck, in elegance, excelling all that is thought graceful in the goose world? Does the Wolf admire the Lamb, his inoffensiveness, his innocent looks, and playful leaps and antic springs, and wish he had his gentleness of heart? Do silly Sheep admire Dick the shepherd's dog Worry, wonder at his sagacity, think him well-meaning though severe, believe in his general accuracy and Mogg like knowledge of roads and right turnings; pardon him all his stretches of authority, and the contempt he shows for the whole flock by making a road over their backs to pull the bell-wether by the ear, and put it all down to the score of faithfulness; and do they think him a desirable dog, on the whole? Does the Dog admire his master?—but we know he does. “Man is his god,” says Burns; and what lessons in fidelity does he teach his trainer! Does the noble Steed admire his master or masterer, and look on him as “the paragon of animals?” Man—betting man—adores him too well we know, to very weariness of the odds and evens offered on the Derby Day. But Man—especially barber's man—is a great judge of horse-flesh, or affects to be. Again we ask—are animals touched with admiration of each other's gifts and graces,

or beauty? Our Fable, if true, avouches that they *are* capable of admiration and envy; that their admiration is not always well-placed, and their envy not wise—but envy never is; and that, if they would weigh their own advantages, and consider their exemptions, and the conditions of their existence, they would be content with the station in which Providence has placed them.

Of all the birds of the air, surely there is not one so knowing, and, if we may say so, so *natty* on his knowledge—so wise in his own conceit, and so simple withal—as a town-born and town-bred Sparrow. From his nest-days in a birdbottle by the side of a second-floor window, or a hole in the wall, or under the eaves, or between the chimneys, or in the chinks of high garden-walls, to his dying day and sepulchre in some out-of-the-way corner of a housetop, (and these street-sparrows live to a grey, good old age), a Sparrow on town risks his charmed life a thousand times a day by dropping he cares not where, and hopping he minds not where, in the most thronged thoroughfares—at the feet of horses in rapid motion—within an inch of wheels whirling along—under the very noses of cats looking out for him, they for their prey, and he for his: but no harm happens to him, he is so alive and alert, and no sooner in danger than out of it! A Sparrow, country bred, and brought to town, would be killed in a week, where he lives safely many years. Even rustic Robin, come to winter in the suburbs of London, where he is always welcome, and lives well, though as wary as bold, the town-born Sparrow would laugh at, in his fashion, as a bumpkin in a red waistcoat and imminent danger of being run over. To say nothing of the traps set for him in backyards and on dwarf-walls, in gutters and on coping-stones, by boys in their first corduroys, (when they get into the Rule of Three and the Latin Accidence they know better,) possessed by no means honestly of four bricks and a tile;—and not to count the cats always on the sneak after him; and the dogs that dash at him out of fun; and the stones and bird bolts aimed at him, which don't hurt him, because they never hit him; and the dexterous thongs of country coachmen come down to a town-cab, who have picked up many a partridge with their whips—his life in London would seem a precarious one: but a well-educated Sparrow—up and down to everything—manages to make a pleasant, profitable, and lasting life of it; and, on the whole, picks up a decent hand-to-mouth living from day to day, thinking nothing of to-morrow.

“Let to-morrow provide for himself,”

is his maxim ; and there are many maws, and craws, and “crops” much worse provided for in London than a London sparrow—the more is the pity !

It is of a feathered denizen of this sort, whom, for our story’s sake, we will call Chummy by name, that we have to relate a remarkable freak of infatuation in a bird so nutty and so knowing ; but as it was begotten in his brain by too lively an admiration to imitation of his betters, he rather deserves our pity than our laughter. Born in St. Giles’s (in an eyelet-hole in the steeple of the church honouring that holy man, which may account a little for his lofty notions, and his desire to mix in high life), some time in the spring of 1837, he maintained himself there or thereabouts very well till lately, when, falling in with a scamping set of aristocratic sparrows, out on a spree to see low life in London, when they had had their frolic out, he was led by them to pay St. James’s park and palace a visit for the first time ; and having seen and admired all the court lions, and hopped in the path of the Prince of Wales, and been called a pretty bird by that gracious young gentleman, and a bold bird and an impudent bird by his gracious parents, he took it into his ambitious head that the air of St. James’s was more salubrious than the odours of the Rookery ; and made up his mind to live in and about Birdcage Walk for the rest of his days, as he found the sparrow world of those parts polite, and ready to pay him every attention as a stranger. Having taken airy lodgings with a good look-out, in an elm which afforded a noble bird’s-eye view of the two parks, the two palaces, and the ornamental waters, he could do nothing for a day or two but admire the Ducks which adorn them, dabbling and diving in the most daring manner ; and as he watched some didappers in particular going down here and coming up there many yards away, he feared that they would overdo their daring, and never come up no more alive. Ducks and their aquatic habits being entirely new to him, he had no notion of such fearless feats as he saw them perform, and think nothing of them. He admired, too, almost to envy, the gloss and beauty of their feathering. Wonderful creatures, ducks ! What were sparrows beside them ? Mere fleas—flies—nobodies ! He was humbled for a time, but got over it, as humility will, when it is of the right sort ; and lost nothing of his first, fresh, unaffected admiration of the exceeding beauty of the new objects of his wonder.

One fine fellow, in particular, a native of Muscovy, won Lis admiration—he could not take his eyes off him. Wherever he went, except when he went under water, and came up gobbling a fish, as he took it to be, till it almost choked him, he followed him—hovered over him—alighted by him—hopped before him and after him—and looked him so hard in the face, but not impertinently, he trusted, that the Muscovian, taking English admiration of foreigners for English want of good manners, resented his attention as a rudeness, and drove him away at last, with an explosion of sounds which scared poor Chummy out of his five senses. Again he felt his inferiority as a Sparrow—a poor, mean, dingy, dirty, cockney Sparrow; and, for the first time, wished he had been born a Duck! What was his weak, wailing “Chip! chip!” in that open country, in comparison with that grand burst of exclamation? The bursting of a bubble in water, which alarms nothing—not even in the next bubble for its own safety! But as his admiration of the gallant admiral was of the purest, humblest kind, and such a compliment as greatness is, in fact, entitled to receive from the vulgar small, he came at last to endure his presence patiently, and let him pick up his morning meal at the waters’ edge by distinguished permission of his right honourable spoonbill; and, ere a month had passed away, they became so attached, that they were inseparable companions from daydawn till daydown, as long as the admiral remained on shore. When he took the command of the channel or canal fleet, and dropped down to St. Helen’s, Chummy saw him off, of course, and wished he could sail with him; but his naval friend could take no landlubbers and loblolly boys with him, to be in everybody’s mess and nobody’s watch. Oh how often did Chummy wish to heaven he had been born a Duck, and wish in vain, for he was still a Sparrow, and knew nothing of navigation! How often did he hop along the shore, and envy the entire Duckocracy this great amphibious privilege—when there was nothing to be done on land, to push off, and see what business was to be done in the great waters—in fact, go a fishing! Ah happy, highly-favoured aquarians! Oh that he had been born and bred to the service! Would that he was a Duck! But he was a sparrow—a despised, town-born Sparrow—dingy, dirty, and indecent from roosting so long among chimneypots: for in vain he washed himself and preened his feathers in the orna-

mental waters where they were shallowest, the educational dirt he had contracted was not half out of him now :

“ The scent of the roses would hang round him still ! ”

Oh that he dared dive where his friend performed his ablutions, and feared nothing ! But a saucerful of water was deep enough to drown him ! He was miserable ; but he persevered in making himself as tidy as he could, till he looked, in two months' time, a smart fellow—for a sparrow, and his naval friend was not ashamed of him—introduced him to his brother aquatics as a friend—and wherever you saw the one you saw the other in all parts of the park, in the palace-garden, and its ponds, and in all other fashionable places. Damon and Pythias were not more inseparable.

And so for some months this strangely-assorted pair of friends went waddling and hopping all over the green parts of the Park together, and grubbed together, and wormed together, dividing one worm between the two, and sometimes took short aerial excursions together, till their friendship was the talk of the natural historians of the town, who, as these lovers of the marvellous will do, told many tales which were not very true of them : showing how little Chummy perched sometimes on his Ducal friend's back, between his wings, when he took to the water, and sometimes on his head : how the Duke forbore from diving, on these occasions, out of deference to the fears of his friend : how the minor left his lodgings in the lofty elm, and roosted at night under the wing of the major, in one of the islands : how the other islanders opposed this as an innovation on their privacy, but gave way at last to the humble fellow, as very harmless, and a doating admirer of their tender ducklings, amusing them with his terrors when they first took to the water : with many other traits of Chummy and the Duke, as his friend was commonly called, which were not half so true as they were ingenious.

It was a long time before poor Chummy could bear to look at the frightful plunges down below which the Duke would sometimes in a moment make, as if mad and determined on self-destruction ; and every time he went down in this way without warning, without saying “ Farewell, Chummy ! ” the timid cockney would draw up one leg, (*we should throw up both arms in our agony.*) and give a cry of horror ! But when he saw him—after he had seen no more of him for a minute—come up again afar off, not a whit

the worse for his daring, and shake his head as if he enjoyed it, and give an exulting "Quaak!" and spring on his wings in the water, how every feather of his faithful friend quivered and shivered with satisfaction that no harm had come to him! When he saw what it was to be a Duck, and how incapable Ducks were of drowning, he was more than ever discontented with his poor state of sparrowhood, but rebelled against his nature in vain. In vain, too, did he try to do things not natural to him. Ambitious of swimming like a duck, he took a lesson or two in the art of "keeping your head above water." To show his bravery, he began with diving. "Observe how our little friend, the didapper, dives," said the Duke; "follow him." With his heart in his mouth, as the phrase is, which insured his sinking, down went Chummy in about a foot deep of water, and would never have come up again, if his friend had not picked him up as he lay kicking at the bottom, and brought him half drowned to the shore. Never was such an illustration of bathos, or the art of sinking, seen! After this miserable failure he was too wise to go out of his depth, from that poor vanity which leads a foolish fellow among us to be profound in a company of deeply-learned men, who know what a shallow dog he is, and laugh at his presumption.

So pleasantly passed away a long English summer, by some seasonable accident, such a summer as had not been seen before by the oldest inhabitant—a Mr. Widdicomb—of these ill-used isles in fine-weather affairs. And now the winter had set in so severely that the (town) face of Nature was, when it was not swept, a foot deep in snow, not of the whitest sort, but of a whity-brown; the trees in the parks looked like the ghosts of trees; the shrubs like heaps of snow, or Laplanders' huts; and the ornamental waters as thick and hard as ice of Wenham Lake, if not so pure. Covered, from morning till night, with those sportive animals called men, and those small beginnings of men called boys, there was nothing going on there but skating, sliding, and selling hot-spiced gingerbread and brandyballs, from the rising of the sun in a fog a hundred blankets thick, to the going down of the same in the same, more or less. Snow, kneaded and trodden hard, caked the greensward; and there was no more worming and living on salads on shore for the ducks, who were in great distress, fared wretchedly, grew thin, quacked feebly, and were put on short allowance of water and biscuit. There were no pretty

children, now throwing half a biscuit, and now half-throwing themselves into the waters, to make a scramble among the pretty ducks who should get it, and gobble it up, and gobble it down grossly. A small hole beaten in the ice at one end of the lake was all that they could call their own to practise their old naval tactics in; and even this was not always all their own: for every now and then some snow-blinded, blundering booby of a biped, not seeing it, would go skating into it, with a souse, and a cry for assistance from the Humane Society, who humanely ran up, and rendered it to the cooled enthusiast in sport, hooked him on shore more dead than alive, and wrung him out. The Duck-world, which our foolish friend had so long envied, he saw now were in anything but a safe, happy, and enviable condition. He, in fact, fared better than his friends in this hard season; for what could they do with their webbed feet and soft spoonbills in the frozen state of the ground? Nothing. You might as well try to turn up a turtle with a toothpick, swab a gun with a wet straw, or split adamant with a thumbnail: while he with his sharp bill and nailed claws could scratch a hole in the snow, and pick up a few insects,—where piemen's baskets had been, gather a few crumbs; and when these failed, go begging at kitchen-windows all about the park.

In the evening of one of these stern winter days he was to be cured of his idle wish that he had been born a Duck, and taught that all is not duck that glitters. It was getting fog dark; the park was gradually throwing off its human swarms; the hum of men was still; and only a few straggling boys, not tired out with fun, were keeping the pot boiling, when a low, slow, St. Giles's-looking, but really Tothil-fields-bred fellow, in a long coat reaching to his heels, all over inside pockets, stepped sily from the ice on to the island, and seizing the first duck within reach, which was the Duke, he gave his beautiful neck one twist, and he was dead, and out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. Poor Chummy screamed with horror, and flew at the villain's face, but he soon bent him off. The ducks saw what was done, and instinctively knew that a great wrong had been committed, and gave the alarm, answered from isle to isle, as if a tocsin had sounded. The park-keepers rushed in at one side of the island as the rogue stole out at the other, and looked so cool—but it was cold—and looked about so innocently for a lost dog—but he was of no value, only a mongrel—the keepers could not suspect

him, and let him go. The *fidus Achates* followed his lost *Æneas*, and what more could he do? He followed him, making piteous cries, till he saw his destroyer give a stealthy look round to see if he was watched, and dive into one of the half-underground huts in one of the low, reeking lanes which make Westminster so wholesome in warm weather. Perching on the window-sill, he peeped into the hut, hoping once more to see his friend, alive or dead. There was a good fire glowing within, and an old woman sat smoking by its side—a pot was boiling—and there was no other sign of comfort—all besides was squalid misery in that wretched hole for human habitation. The man muttered something—the old hag rose like a heap of rags from her low stool, and laughed—he drew out the Duke dead, and began tearing off the feathers by handful which had made him so beautiful to behold, till he was as bare as a duckling just hatched—the old woman had the proper stuffing ready chopped—so that the villain had gone out determined to have duck for supper! “Get your stuffing ready, keep the potatoes b’iling, and I’ll be back in half an hour!” The Duke was drawn, washed, floured, stuffed, and trussed, and, in a minute more, was dangling from a string before the fire, to roast. He had seen a great deal of the depravity of St. Giles’s, but could not have believed there was so much of it within sight of the windows of palaces. He could bear no more to look upon the

“Friend he had copied through life,”

at least, his fashionable life—he gave a mournful twitter at the window by way of farewell, at which the wretches started like guilty creatures; and taking the Abbey as his guide back to the Park, he winged his way heavily to his old lodging, alone, in the elm. There he sat awhile, and thought of his departed friend, by this time on the table, and began to look with pity upon Ducks, as liable to these sudden deprivations of life; and saw at last how much more privileged by nature, and protected by their insignificance, were Sparrows: for who ever, whether hungry man or epicure, ever thought of stealing a Sparrow from a Park?

He was cured. He no longer wished to heaven that he had been born a Duck; and though he admired all the wading family as fine birds, he forsook their company as too fashionable, and made himself happy with his meaner brother Sparrows, as good enough for him.

THE NET-BRAIDERS.

WITHIN a low-thatch'd hut, built in a lane,
 Whose narrow pathway tendeth toward the ocean—
 A solitude which, save of some rude swain,
 Or fisherman, doth scarce know human motion ;
 Or of some silent poet, to the main
 Straying, to offer infinite devotion
 To God, in the free universe—there dwelt
 Two women old, to whom small store was dealt

Of the world's misnamed good ; mother and child,
 Both aged and mateless— These two life sustain'd
 By braiding fishing-nets ; and so beguiled
 Time and their cares, and little e'er complain'd
 Of Fate or Providence : resign'd and mild,
 Whilst day by day, for years, their hour-glass rain'd
 Its trickling sand, to track the wing of Time,
 They toil'd in peace : and much there was sublime

In their obscure contentment. Of mankind
 They little knew or reck'd ; but for their being
 They blest their Maker, with a simple mind ;
 And in the constant gaze of His all-seeing
 Eye, to his poorest creatures never blind,
 Deeming they dwelt, they bore their sorrows fleeing ;
 Glad still to live, but not afraid to die—
 In calm expectance of Eternity.

And since I first did greet those braiders poor,
 If ever I behold fair women's cheeks
 Sin-pale in stately mansions, where the door
 Is shut to all but pride, my cleft heart seeks
 For refuge in my thoughts, which then explore
 That pathway lone near which the wild sea breaks,
 And to Imagination's humble eyes
 That hut, with all its want, is Paradise !

Long years, beset with days of toil and care,
 But with sweet hours of pleasure intergrain'd,
 Had swollen the Past, since my verse-mosings were
 Of those " two women old," who " life sustain'd
 By braiding fishing-nets ;" when sad repair
 I to their dwelling made once more ; and, gain'd

Its lonely threshold, I beheld within
A present to the past in every touch akin.

There the Old Braiders sat, their old task plying,
At the same table, on the selfsame chairs,
On the same spot, the same things round them lying,
As when I last took leave of their grey hairs -
Through the same sand glass was the brief hour dying ;
The same expression, wrought of pains and cares,
Relieved by faith and hope, their features bore ;
And the same ever-mended garbs they wore

Then, towards the billows did I wander on,
And on the rocks where I had dream'd of yore
Again sat musing ; and, lo ! thereupon
Seem'd it the selfsame creatures which before
I had made thought sport of, glued to the stone,
Still cleaved, unstirr'd by the waves' beat and roar ;
Fix'd to one spot, as were those toilers old
I had just left within their cottage hold.

Those wrinkled women, and these limpets crown'd
With their fix'd shells, Imagination smile
Made, in brief mockery - but anon, with bound
Fleet as god Mercury's, in a breathing while
She sped the immeasured Universe around,
And of base limit did there unbeguile
Her mood contemplative ; till Earth seem'd not,
To her vast vision, more than rock or cot ;

Or man the most erratic, more excursive
Than is the limpet or gray cottager :
And then she ask'd, of human pride subversive,
What news of Space can farthest traveller
Report, of the Great Whole more clear rehearsive,
And what of Truth most loved philosopher,
And all that in the name of " God " is shut,
Than the abiders in the shell and hut !

And what of Life's unclouded Ecstasy
The loveliest woman, heart-o'erbrimm'd with love,
That ever did on youth and love rely,
And wander fondly as the Deluge dove ?—
From the still firm closed Heaven one sole reply
Obtain'd the Winged Questioner, who strove
For loftier response to her argument ;
And that meek Answering whisper'd—" Be content !"

THOMAS WADE.

PEARLS FROM POPISH PLACES.

BY A SERIOUS PARTY.

LETTER V.—TO MRS. RUSTLER.

Cologne, — th, 1846.

For the pause which has elapsed since last this throbbing heart claimed the sympathy of friendship, I could offer countless elucidations, were it needful. Perpetually has Mr. Pecker been extending his urgency that your Diana should devote herself, while on this interesting ramble, exclusively to the arena of the public. Tinglebury, he asserted, waited to pronounce its judgment on *The Rhine*, until we had taken an ample survey. Then, there was "*The Fiery Furnace*" on tiptoe for the real truth as regarded that sink of superstitious splendours, the Cathedral at Cologne: the collection of appalling facts to be brought forward on the Fifth of November having been committed—like the bowstring and the scimitar of the Secret Tribunals of Bessarabia (*vide* "*Cross on the Crescent*")—to my feeble hands; which, believe me, shrunk before its weightiness! For, my love, it is but the Sluggard who declines to discover duties in the running brooks and the stones of the tourist's field of research. Nor has private incident been wanting to support Public Duty in the destruction of that leisure which Tenderness loves to consecrate to distant Amity! If many, by the grace of * * * *, be led to remember the Autumn, when the Peckers and my humble self assumed the staff: ourselves are not the individuals who are likely to forget the epoch. Again and again have I said, while Vicissitude has been ramifying its approaches, and Trial poising above us, "*This 'tis to live!*" This,

"Those emanations to know,
Which link us to Th' Immortal!"

But cease, fond prelude! Let me record events in their due procession!

Hardly had we arrived at Cologne, when the nervous attack, on the verge of which Mrs. Pecker had been vibrating ever since we quitted Albion's snowy cliffs, burst forth with preternatural vehemence: the occasion, this. Our Brother's scientific eagerness

is no secret ; nor the original grasp with which he manages to lay hold on every subject—throwing light into obscure chasms and corners undreamed of by pristine inventors. Occupied, as he has been, throughout the whole of his honourable career, in thwarting the materialists, you are aware—are you not, beloved Mrs. Rustler ?—of his idea with regard to the Prophetic Writings. Successively has he deduced from * * * *, the use of Tobacco and the Silkworm—the discovery of the Potato—clear visions of gas, balloons, the latter-day encroachments of Steam, *et ceteris*. I, who have been allowed to bear humble and suggestive company with him through these mysteries, can assert, that when his work is done, the theme will be closed :—scoffers silenced, and * * * *. It is no idea of yesterday, with him, that the universal acceptance of Cotton has a deep pregnancy ; being especially referred to * * * *. “ Who can doubt, indeed,” he has often said, “ that Manchester is a Bottomless Pit ; the existence of which is permitted as a hissing and a humiliation ? ” * * * *. “ Is it for nothing,” he will ask another day, “ that the strong frame of our Constitution has been broken in pieces by the rotatory Jenny ?—that it is among Calicos, that the conspiracy was hatched, which has deprived Britain’s isle of her bulwarks in the Corn Laws—and delivering her bound into the hands of Cobden, made the way easy for Latitudinarian Triumph or Roman insidiousness—since, the balance taken away, what stable hope is left us ? ” Call this not visionary : join not the Podds in accusing us of irreverence ! We are not alone in our defence of The Ark. Remarkable is the time * * * *. You will judge, then, of the thrilling solemnity with which, thus far advanced, Mr. Pecker learned the new discovery by which the plant he deems destined to play such a wondrous part, is converted from a vehicle of clothing, into an engine of War’s Artillery. “ This Cotton-powder,” said he, “ Sister Rill, is a precious link in the chain of interpretation.* The Destroying Angel ” * * * *. But the

* Here, more largely than elsewhere, has the Editor thought it fit to suppress certain passages. There is no topic on which Miss Rill and her friends are more ingenious and triumphant than the interpretation of the Prophecies ; but the subject is too serious, and their speculations too sublime for these pages. The zeal and familiarity with which every modern incident and circumstance is “ improved,” however welcome to those of “ The Fiery Furnace,” will strike others “ further from the oven,” as more startling than reverent. Nay, *they* (and not Miss Rill’s playmates) may this time accuse the Editor of interpolating exaggerations not her own ; so flagrant must such presumption seem to all save those who have “ graduated.” Yet,

burst of these new and awful views, proved too much for his less elevated partner. Once convinced of the capacity of the vegetable for explosion, there was, for her, little more security! In vain I endeavoured to administer the strengthenings of Reason; to explain to her, that until the production had undergone the pyroligneous process, its integrity was unchanged—and even, after, required a percussion, it is not in the nature of common chances to administer, ere peril was to be apprehended. In vain did Mr. Pecker propose a system of experiments to afford her visual proof of the unsubstantiality of her imaginary terrors. To divest herself and party, of every filament of the obnoxious material, became her ruling and instantaneous desire. Our interior wardrobes (Delicacy precluding greater explicitude) must needs be ransacked then and there. Imbued with a conviction of the malice of the Nibletts, “how did we know,” she said, “to what extent they might not have tampered with any Calico article passing through the wash: enough to annoy, if not to extinguish life? No, she could never endure the thought of Cotton coming near her, in any shape, again!”

There was no smiling at this morbidity of fancy. “A spider,” as Dr. Johnson has observed, “may become a camel, apprehensiveness permitting;” and a thread—simple utensil of a sempstress—the train by which a Faux prosecutes his daring inquiries. “The Electrical Telegraph,” she continued, “was bad enough: though she hoped the earthquakes it must ultimately diffuse would not happen in *her* time!” * * * * But this new appliance of the Destroying Angel came yet nearer to all of us * * * and how to cope with it, baffled precaution. Thus precipitously her fears did hurry her on—suggesting moreen sheets—the perpetual use of bandanna next the skin—napkins of flannel (since three parts of the linen made, she is sure, ever since O’Connell got the upper hand in Ireland, is Cotton)—and a thousand other expedients. Never have I known her nocturnal vigilancy so active, conjointly with discomfiture originating from Teutonic cookery—where the sour and the sweet and the savoury are alternated with an insensate disregard for all legitimate sequence. Her excited imagination,

Mr. Pecker’s “pleasant freedoms” with Holy Writ are, surely, slight, compared with others recently put forth:—to go no further, than the sermon delivered at Liverpool by the Rev. H. McNeile, on the occasion of the visit of H. R. H. The Prince Albert; and since published, “by desire.”

in short, only needed "the last feather" to take the form of active malady; and this was supplied by the arrival, at our Hotel, of the German Professor, who has converted the contents of the Transatlantic pod from innocent clothing into a weapon of Death. Unluckily our sister was acquainted with this when we were abroad, taking notes on the Cathedral, with a view to the formation of a Suspension Society, which shall put a stop to the unhallowed work going on. An officious waiter, under pretext of the beguilement of solitary leisure, informed Mrs. Pecker that the Great Philosopher was in the next room, with his pockets full of the substance—nay, proudly produced a piece, solicited for her peculiar entertainment. The nail was struck: the chord rent. Terror asserted its sway—hysterics supervened—wailings of a most distressing order; and several days of fever—not the last, Mr. Pecker says, which will follow the outpourings of the Viol. Unlike your Diana, to whom the Martyr's crown were welcome as a garniture, too gentle is she to partake of the unfolding of momentous mysteries. Openly does she confess her repinings for Tinglebury, and her aversion of a land, which, under Science's severe mask, has produced a scourge so condign—turning the bulrush of the plain into the destroyer of myriads. The task of pacification was long and weary: perplexed by the efforts of our attendant Sophie, whose appealings to reason, maliciously reiterated, had all the distastefulness certain to be communicated by her peculiar opinions, * * * * * and served merely to exasperate. Even Mr. Pecker's experiments into the real nature and properties of *Eau de Cologne* (which in happier days had so rivetted her) failed to divert the apprehensive current. The bare mention of an experiment was sure to originate the anxious question: "Will it blow up?" followed by tears, the rejection of food, and a sleepless night.

You will hardly believe, however penetrated by the ingratitude of those holding her fatal opinions, that *this* was the moment selected by the attendant of our bounty to heap on us the insult of departure from our service! So it was, however. In spite of Sophie's manifest inutility, and the retrograde progress in French made by Mr. Pecker and myself, it was our intention to admit her attentions so far as Frankfort. Our sister's refusal to comfort herself, without the presence of an attendant of resolute wakefulness, was not to be met by any steps on my part. After the fatiguing services of the day, enjoined upon me by the important responsibilities with

which Mr. Pecker had solemnly charged me, the downy pillow became essential. For Cologne, you know, is the head-quarters of * * * * * “clearly pointed out,” says Mr. Pecker, in * * * * * Nor was the visit of Britannia’s Sovereign an apple fortuitously falling to the ground. Connect H.M.’s call (on the arm of H.R.H. the Prince) to the Bishop of Bonn with the irruptions of the Papistical Spirit which have decimated our own Universities; nor forget, in addition to these portents, the new engine of death elicited by German Science; and you will judge of the complexity of our field, and the accuracy of observation required by those determined on unmasking the Jesuit, and dispersing his machinery to the winds. With that intention, we are drawing up a cheap resumption of the History of this devoted place; to appear contemporaneously with Mrs. Jameson’s *Memoirs of St. Ursula and the Wise Virgins*. Not a fact will be left unnoticed—the crane hoisted on the building by the Magi; the eleven thousand massacred by the Roman Prætor, whose ashes strewed the Rhine, during which time a perpetual cloud (as of blood) obscured the face of Nature. * * * * * Long ago, in one of his sportive moments, did Mr. Henry Blackadder foretel that your poor friend would take the initiative among the authoresses of the gentler sex. Had they not left Wailford (you said, lured by our example to a Continental Excursion) I would have begged you to remind him of his prophecy and its impending fulfilment. Who knows but we may meet by the banks of the Rhenish river? My thoughts, believe me, cling to old friends.

Apart from divarication, however, * * * the ill-concealed complaints of Sophie had for some days given us serious uneasiness. Dissimulating, too, she assumed a debility, which she warned us must put an end to nocturnal attendances. Mr. Pecker proposed snuff as an incentive to vigilance; but even the consequences of that, however slightly explosive, were more than the timorous nerves of his partner could bear. The knot was cut otherwise. Returning home the day before yesterday, after a visit to the Museum, where Bendemann’s magic pencil exalts the soul, and the Antique Medusa’s head thrills the gaze with perspiring horror, we were aware of an unusual bustle in the hall of the Hotel Royal. Arrivals being always interesting to the Exile, Mr. Pecker and myself loitered on the skirts of this, as usual! Imagine, dearest Mrs. Rustler, my sentiments on perceiving our attendant—in the midst of a miscellaneous company of porters, packages, waiters

(whom the absence of coat-tails here render easily distinctive), and *laquais de ville* (individuals who exhibit the curiosities of foreign cities, and prey on the unwitting foreigner)—with her arms round a male neck: sobbing in the extremest hysterical commotion! The other party seemed little less overcome—both unintelligible, from their intense excitement, and Mr. Pecker's and my unacquaintance with German. In vain did I attempt to arrest the scene by summoning Sophie to quit the individual's embrace for less obtrusive duties: in vain did Mr. Pecker's stern voice recall her with a grave reproof for the unseemliness of such transports. "*Let him alone this one time,*" said a reprobate German who stood by, pretending tears (which, no less than the employment of tobacco, is a constant German habit), "*he has found his bridegroom!*"

Too little skill has your friend, dearest Mrs. Rustler, in weaving the romantic thread, and too little interest in the reserves of hard-hearted Socinianism, to expatiate on the story at length:—Nor is she without suspicions that our usual transparency has invited the trickery of imposture. "Too smooth-sounding tales," as the Irish melodist sings,

"Like delicate bubbles arise and betray
The canker that crumbles on darkly below."

And while we feel that there is no stab which the foes of * * * would not triumphantly aim at us; we are aware that the days of sentiment are no more, and that Brave Couriers *do not* remain faithful to nursery governesses, (when in the East especially,) for six years: the objects of their affection the while, owing to the miscarriage of correspondence believing their decease. We are told that in his attendance on Lord and Lady ———, the person around whose neck Sophie was so frantically clinging, has amassed enough, by the aid of a further loan, immediately to commence settled life. But we know that, if money was wanted, the Nibletts would not be backward in coming forward to our discomfiture. Doubtless, too, they suggested the strange insolence which made this hero dropped from the clouds assail Mr. Pecker with injurious epithetical ejaculations, on hearing of our delicacy with regard to Sophie's gratuitous attendance. Sweetly did that excellent man retort by a meek silence. Not one is he to justify himself in the sight of casual persons; * * * * but "*The Fiery Furnace,*" he has assured me, shall hear of the venture. Fatigued as our attendant professed herself, she was

able this morning to don the hymeneal chains! Lady —— having absolutely degraded herself by sanctioning such indelicate precipitancy with her presence. Mrs. Pecker, mostly so gentle! declares “that indignation has deprived her of words on the juncture.” Her heart’s desire is to return to Tinglebury, which remaining unlet, (for in Britain’s present ruined condition, can any one expect tenants will spring out of the ashes?) the plan rises on the horizon. Her true English simplicity untempted by the Rhine, undazzled by the gewgaw splendours of Frankfort’s Fair, ought to be more than doubly ever precious to the home circle. “It is not merely,” she says, “the people not understanding her English—but since she has been in Prussia, she has not set foot in a bed so large as her own salting-tub.” Vainly has Mr. Pecker tried to pacify her by recalling Captain S. C. Hall’s plan, of diffusing instruction to hotel-keepers, and insuring comforts to travellers, by sewing two beds together! “Stitch her fingers and Diana’s to the bone they might, now Sophie was gone,” was her remark this morning; “two could never be joined together without puckering, and that would be as uneasy to lie on as what we had already.” So that wonder not if you hear of the Podds’ little day of absolute power being over, in the Peckers’ return. If they return alone, will your Diana be missed? To her foreign parts are still a mine unsprung—and other companions already rise in Possibility’s horizon! Unequal is she—her shaken heart requiring rest—to cope with sweet Mrs. Pecker’s phantom terrors unaided. Her sphere, too, must henceforth be a wider one. And though incapable of a birch canoe among Canadian navigators, like Mrs. Jameson, authoress of “Conversations with Shakespeare”—or of the Amazonian equestrianisms of the Lady who rode from Paris to kiss the Papal foot—she feels that procedure is become a duty with her: nor will the blandishments of fraternity avert her gaze from ulterior roamings in Germany—and Alpine prospects conducting southwards. A day or two, however, will extricate from all doubt,—till when I am always your faithful, however mysterious,

DIANA RILL.

LETTER VI.—MRS. NIBLETT TO MRS. DRANGTON.

Frankfort, —— th, 1846.

I HOPE, dear Mrs. Drangton, you received my last, with the specifications of my possessions left at Tinglebury—for Mr. Screw-

ley's guidance. Loth as Mr. Niblett and myself are to take extreme measures, Mr. Pecker's obstinate silence, and resolution to evade every just claim, leave us no alternative. Used as they have been for so many years to consider myself and my fortune a possession for life—and disordered as are his circumstances by speculations of which a child would be ashamed—we do not wonder at his tenacity; however we may regret the course of conduct to which it drives us. Mr. Niblett says he has never seen so persevering a case of absorption. You and I know a stronger one. To such a height, it seems, has Mrs. Pecker's *nervousness* risen under the stimulus of cheap Rhine wines—that some unfortunate creature they brought abroad with them, was compelled to sit up all night with her: and their last creditable adventure, I hear, was their utterly denying, at Cologne, to pay any wages to the poor girl, when she was rescued from them by her relations. They have gone back to England,—as I presume Mr. Screwley is aware,—to contest our claims to the last farthing.

You will wonder how we continue so minutely informed of the movements of such worthless persons; and will be surprised (*we* were only diverted) at the source whence we derive our particulars. Their friend and partner—Diana—has, as every one might have foreseen, forsaken them: set up on her own account, and followed us hither, with apologies and explanations there was no refusing to receive. It appears, that just at the moment when her difference with the Peckers became desperate, a foolish elderly person from her old neighbourhood turned up: our sister having ingeniously tempted him abroad by a list of cures of inveterate gout, rheumatism, and dim-sightedness, wrought by the Homburg waters. No sharpener of the wits, as you know, like a resolute determination to settle! and it had long been one of my few amusements, during my imprisonment at Tinglebury, to watch the stratagems by which the artless Diana was anxious to impress Mr. Blackadder that he was still marriageable, and also always ready! But that any flattery could drag him from his own fireside, still more, beguile him into quitting a single blessedness so long and honourably maintained, gives me a new idea, I must say, of the vanity of an old beau: and I pity rather than wonder at the disdain and distress of his sisters, who returned with the Peckers. Where the deed was done and the knot tied, neither bridegroom nor bride will explain. But we have no doubt the speculation will answer. Mrs. Blackadder has already persuaded her husband that she is

the only woman who ever understood him ; and bewildered him by her grand words into a prodigious opinion of her capacity. You would laugh, too, to see how Puritanism and prudery have "waned on the horizon," as she would say herself, in the preparations she is making for dashing to the utmost extent of their seven hundred a year. After all, she is a good-natured creature, and diverts Mr. Niblett and myself exceedingly. Her tales of the Peckers' meanness, and her triumph in the manner in which she mystified her so-called serious friends, are as good as a comedy. We think that she bridles and rolls her eyes more than ever. They join us at Rome for the winter. With my husband's regards, faithfully yours,

PENNELOPE NIBLETT.

AWAY WITH THE SWORD!

Away with the sword ! it is red to the hilt

With the blood of the free, which its bright steel hath dyed ;
And the warm stream of life, it hath caused to be spilt,

Unto earth and to heaven for pity hath cried !

And whenever the tyrant hath felt its keen blow,

The hand that had raised it was stain'd with his gore ;

And too often the sword, that laid tyranny low,

Hath become the worst sceptre a tyrant e'er bore ;

Then away with the sword ! it is red to the hilt

With the warm stream of life it hath caused to be spilt.

Away with the sword ! it is clotted with gore :

And although we may blame not the swords of the free,
Who battled for right in the fierce way of yore,

Yet battles more glorious the future shall see.

We weep for thy widows and orphans, O sword !

For the rape of the maid, and the hamlet burnt o'er,

We join in mind's war, in the strength of the Lord,

And tyrants shall fall though the sword is no more !

Then away with the sword ! it is clotted with gore,

And tyrants shall fall though the sword is no more !

GEORGE BARMBY.

COLUMBINE AT COURT.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

BY PAUL BELL.

TIME was, sir,—and that not so many years ago,—when, comfortably hating the French, (which was every free-born Briton's duty) we got on very well in Halcyon Row, without any very choice or correct knowledge of foreign affairs. There was little intercourse: there was less sympathy. Some idea that “Werter” was a vicious book, excused worthy Heads of Families from considering the state and prospects of Germany. We knew that there was an individual called The Pope in Italy, and Signor and Signora *Squallinis* (so ran the liberal nickname of the time) by the dozen:—and that was enough, and too much for some of us. The Peninsula had not been brought home to our wives and families by fighting Parsons' journals, or novels made up of a sabre-tash, a lance, a droll Irishman for camp-follower, and an explosion at the end of each volume. It was merely (so far as our precise notion of its works and wants was concerned) a sort of huge Astley's, where the “Combat of Two,” betwixt Wellington (not then “The Duke”) and “Boney,” was being perpetually played out. In short, when my Mrs. Bell and I came together, “least said and soonest mended” was the motto with regard to the Continent, in many a respectable provincial English house;—which would have “lifted its eyebrows” till the roof came off, had it been told that this silence and aversion—not to say *aversion*—only meant so much ignorance and ill-feeling which we were better rid of as citizens and Christians.

Gone and over are those days! “Darkness,” as it has been pleasantly said by one of the sanguine men of science who hang iron tunnels over seas, and thunder and lighten messages from Pole to Pole, in the twinkling of an eye,—“will soon be as great a curiosity as high-heeled shoes, or sedan chairs.” Ignorance of the Stranger will no longer be patted on the back, nor Misapprehension fed with the tit-bits of self-love. Your celebrated London Wit, Sir, of whom I was hearing the other day, at our *Athenæum* party, who, for some fifty years entirely managed to conceal his want of

knowledge of French, will prove the last clever man of his race ! Even the Le Grands sit, as it were, in a sort of twilight of curiosity and desire to learn what is going on abroad ; not content, like the old women before them, to profit by foreign fashions, without a single kind word or friendly nod to their inventors. Ever since our young ladies of quality have taken to marrying Austrian and Roman princes, my neighbours have laid proud and pleased stress upon “ the foreign relations of our nobility.” They know better, I doubt not, than H.M. the Queen herself, what she and Louis Philippe settled about the Spanish match (pray Heaven it set fire to no train !) in the bathing-machine. They think the present Pope “ low : ”—a sort of Cobden in a tiara :—like his Lancashire prototype, too fond of bringing out “ new patterns ; ” and betwixt their terror of Father Darcys, and their dislike of innovations, are sadly disturbed : having too little objection to communicate their disturbances at No. 1. I would rather hear these troubles, however, than the old stories of washing-days, flaunting housemaids and their “ followers,” which used to make the staple of tea-table talk. And sometimes the manner in which the Ladies get into what my Mrs. Bell calls “ a state,” about mere trifles, is truly diverting to one who has not to live in the house with them.

The other evening, for instance, as I was sitting in my own corner, planning a Christmas whim or two for the amusement of my children, I was called down from decorating my Tree (another foreign fancy, Sir ! with its toys and curiosities, and candles, and what my smallest Bell calls “ *Dickens*’ books”) by Miss Martha’s sharp voice.

“ Well, Sir, what have you to say for your Friend, The Pope, now ? ”

“ Why, Ma’am, I hope he has not been drinking chocolate ; but even if the Jesuits *do* get rid of him, I think we must have another of the same kind ! ” * * * *

“ Another of the same kind ; the Libertine ! ” screamed she. “ No : there are no people so bad as those Bachelors when once they take to badness ! He must not be married, forsooth ; but he can sit up on his throne there—a shameless old thing !—and receive actresses. And, as if that was not enough, who must come first to kiss his toe but *that* Fanny Elssler ? ”—and out came a bead-roll of authentic information touching that dancer and her lovers, of a quality and quantity such as, I will make bold to assert, you receive from no one, save elderly gentlewomen of unim-

peachable character. 'Tis mysterious, indeed, how much they contrive to know about "*creatures*" they are perpetually insisting should never be spoken of in decent company.

"Well," returned I, meaning to appease Miss Martha's wrath, "would you have had The Pope kiss Mademoiselle Fanny's toe?"

"I never heard anything like you, Mr. Bell! Reason is reason; and that's what you are not! Or you do it merely to provoke me. I am for having every body kept in his proper place; and not for seeing Columbine at Court,—what ever you liberal gentlemen may think of me, Mr. Bell!"

"Columbine at Court!" Whether it was that the half-sipped glass of punch beside me had disposed me to a benevolent and dreamy serenity; or whether it was merely my own thoughts, previous to Miss Martha Le Grand's outbreak, which now beckoned me up my Christmas Tree again,—certain it is, that I lost the rest of our neighbour's sharp and convincing harangue; and said "yes" and "no." I have been since told, at most uncivil places, whereby she was exasperated into a speedy departure—being presently (and pleasantly) in the clouds, among shapes and figures which her contemptuous expression had evoked. The spell uttered by Disdain has sometimes no worse effect than that of calling up Good Spirits in those who were meant to be provoked or crushed flat by it.

"Columbine at Court!" Why, since the world began, Harlequin has been there: in Cabinets—out of war offices: breaking seals, mystifying papers, turning the merchant's bags of money into chaff, and tricking out the Beggar in a laced coat so gay, that neither Beadle nor Bumble dare walk on the same sunny side of the street with him. And Pantaloon, too—when, since the days of Polonius babbling his wisdom to the youth of Denmark, has a Court lacked his "lean and slippered" figure? Very meagre hath he become of late, let us confess; and his slippers once tagged with spangles, grown too old for Monsieur Soyer himself to *ragout*, were the siege of Reform Club ever so cruel. He rises, too, betwixt thump and thump, "confrontment and confrontment" more lamely than formerly—and the time cannot be very far distant, when the *practicable* wheelbarrow which carts the old man off, "to Arthur's bosom" (as Mrs. *Quickly* hath it) will not return—neither its shabby ancient burden! The Clown has probably a longer lease of Court favour, since sometimes he is still to be found, in its most august places, with the crown on his

head, taking out his privileges of rude wit and stupid inanity and insatiable greediness, to the full. But, even when the clown-hood is unmistakeable, our striated friend, with his huge and hungry pockets, is somehow or other more rueful and better educated than he used to be. The Schoolmaster has knocked into his dull and frivolous brain, that impudence, blundering, and venality are no longer the laughing matters they were when Pantomime was young.

Now as to Columbine—is this *her* first appearance at Court? Bless you—Mr. Historiographer, over your mouldy parchments! Mr. Herald, knowing by heart every blot and bend sinister on every one's escutcheon! Bless you, grave Ladies, who write about female Sovereigns; and gay ones, who philosophise touching “Man and his Mistress?” What need of wry faces,—what profit in your winkings and blinkings, as you look round to see that no tattler or tender child is listening at the door? Of how many a demure and solemn Sovereign may not be said, what —— gravely said of ——, when recounting the provisions of the latter's will, “*He was fond of young housekeepers : principally Columbines.*” Think of the Pompadours and the Paraberes, the Clevelands and the Castlemaines—think of the letters in Thomas Brown the Younger's “Twopenny Post-bag”—think what romances could be told by the old Palace at Avignon, and whispered by the reeds of Elbe, Rhine, and Danube! Even if we abstain from the naughty Rabbinical scandals about King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba (who is said to have “tumbled” for the edification of the wisest of monarchs), even if we leave the thousand-and-one Tales of the East—think of * * * * but what has an elderly bagman, even after his third glass of punch, to do with thinking of such toys? The wonder is not Columbine at Court—but Columbine there, in her own place!

And what is that place? As Sultana? No. As suppliant? Surely not. The Actress “kissing away kingdoms,” and the Actress cringing for patronage on occasion of her benefit, seem to me alike figures out of place. Not so the actress recognised as a woman of genius; and as such eligible to honourable notice by Pope or Pagan! I am not meaning to decide whether his Holiness has chosen well or ill, in the subject of his first reception; but the spirit of his innovation is good—for Italy, *very* good—and as it is sure to be handsomely abused by all *caste* (and cast-iron) people—I will say a few words explanatory and defensive.

Let us leave *badinage*, lest I be mistaken, while stating my argument. No one—save such a weak woman as Miss Martha Le Grand, who can never let “those Liberals” alone—will pretend or imagine that the reception of “The Gipsy” by The Pope involved the most homœopathic amount of gallantry. There are two hundred small to the eight principal staircases of the Vatican; and, since, the world has somewhat too loosely agreed to smile on the private pleasures of liberal leaders, the rumour of any figure, howsoever historical, tripping up the former, might have caused a few days’ gossip among the Signora Grundinis of the Jesuit faction; but there it would have ended. Not so; methinks, the removal of the *Anathema* from the Actor! How heavily oppressive, how mockingly unjust, this has been in Catholic countries,—we, with our Garricks, Kembles, Youngs, Macreadys—our Anastasia Robinsons and our Miss Farrens—do not entirely “realise,” as the Americans say. The Church set Opera and Pantomime a-going among the Middle-Age people—was only too glad, at a later epoch, to call in the Farinelli, or Conti, or Millico, or Velluti of the hour to sing Anthems for her, on her high days and holidays: and yet “the poor player” was denied Christian burial—placed in the same category with the wizard or the self-destroyer. The Songstress, whose coming set all Italian towns (very full of stubble, Sir, they must be) in a flame—on whose gains Young Noblemen hoped to thrive (such speculations having been seen even in England)—on whose name Ladies drew out cabalistic figures, and bought or sold their Lottery Tickets, was, in virtue of her class, rated infamous: a being not to be admitted, on any pretext whatever, into the chaste circles made up of husbands, wives, and house-friends. And the World has wiped its mouth; wondered “that Artists were rapacious, capricious, impudent, and vulgar;” and encouraged them (the Women especially) to scheme for an under-hand social ascendancy, which, admitting the existence of all these charming attributes, was fatal to the human being, and degrading to his profession! When Columbine has been up the front staircase a few times oftener, it will be her fancy to un-Columbine herself as much as possible; that she may pass muster among the Roses, the Lilies, and the Golden Rods—if she may not hope to slip in unnoticed among the Daisies or the modest Violets!

But says some Count Etiquette, or Lady of the Starched Wardrobe—“Do we Lear aright? Would you have the tone of Society, whether Courtly or Common, spoilt by the admission of persons so

very conspicuous : granting ” (this with a choking effort of magnanimity) “ that here and there you may find one who is well-conducted ? Would you open the door to people who are always acting ;—who can neither dress, nor demean themselves like the rest of the world ? ” Sir and Madam, I would. Aware though I be of the awful importance of your Epithet “ conspicuous,” I cannot admit your objection as reasonably exclusive, till I see it carried out. Your Actor is at least as natural in private as your Man in Law, who lies in wait for discussion at every turn, makes a Court of your dining-room, and a jury of your twelve guests, by his pleas and rejoinders ;—and, if you decline peas, will cross-question you thereupon, ere you can save yourself in spinach. His “ accost ” is no more professional than the Physician’s, whose eye is upon you for symptoms, and whose voice is a carefully-prepared anodyne, and whose hand has a generic tendency to glide from a shake into a *feeling* pressure. Nor do his sock and buskin, his flute or her music-book, peep out more clearly in his talk than do the “ crape and lawn ” of the clerical practitioner, whether it be his humour to awe or to fascinate, or (no irreverence meant) to take the place and predominance due to a Teacher, whose study is Virtue, and whose active life the diffusion of the same ? You would demand of these poor Actors to become not only the most consummate Artists, but the most plausible hypocrites the world has yet seen ;—if you were to claim from them voices as carelessly modulated, attitudes as unstudied, dress as innocent of effect—as belong to those who have no stage to rehearse upon, no pasteboard banks whereon thrice a week they must weep over canvas rivers (undulated by waves hired cheap in the alley—seven for sixpence !) —no footlights to stand behind, looking at a sea of heads and spouting soliloquies ! No man is interesting who does not bear about with him the sign and token of the profession in which his interests and sympathies are embarked. Give him an opportunity of sometimes meeting people as engrossed as himself with their own “ *ations* ” and “ *isms*,” and, if he have a head and a heart, his peculiarities will drop off, unless you encourage them. Confine him to his own class, and his turn of expression will coarsen into cant ; and the seal his daily occupations have set upon him swell into an excrescence and disfigurement. Every *Desdemona* or *Benedict* may not be worth saving : but many may be saved, be their toilet ever so rampant, or their phraseology ever so flowery with “ *What time,* ” “ *Go to,* ” and such-like braveries.

I am assuming that I am writing to a Christmas boxes, pit, and gallery : who do not think the Play-House a chief dependancy of the Gentleman in Black the pit, a bottomless one —and the whole merry rabble, who wring our hearts or make our sides ache, a sanhedrim of imps, with hoofs and horns and tails (*not* property ones) who breathe sulphur, and could not—did the trick draw ever so large a “half-price,”—be got across the threshold of a consecrated building. But, besides these, there is a large and an honest Christmas public, who *do* believe such dismal things implicitly, and who will think themselves the worse for listening for a simple five minutes while Columbine is talked about. Now, what *will* these good souls, belonging to The Reverend Mr. Scrupler’s congregation, say,—when I call their attention to an impropriety worse than the Actress at The Pope’s toe—namely, to Spiritual Pride and Immaculate Purity at the feet of the Actor—that Child of Perdition ! When did ever Hospital Committee, or Doreas Committee, or Committee for making jails as comfortable as private houses, or Committee for raising cheap Prejudice Schools—refuse the proceeds of a “theatrical benefit” as tainted money ?—or send back the ten-pound-note of the Pasta, or the Jenny Lind, because it was “the wages of sin ?” My Mrs. Bell, Sir,—who has much to do with the Charities—has let out such tales of efforts made by zealous and economical ladies to press these iniquitous and to-be-shunned people into “the good cause,” as would make me smile, if they did not make me sick ! sick, at the Pharisaical pretension—sick, at the want of common sense and charity—sick, at Scruple one moment seeking for the strongest magnifier it can find ; and the next blinding its own eyes, that it may not see the mud of the gutter it is stepping over ! I do not know how other people manage to reconcile themselves to it, but to me there is no sight so fearful, as that of Righteousness *cheating* The ——— ! This is not the old monkish view of the matter, Sir, I am aware : but the days of monkery are over—save for the harmless bit of play in which the Pugins and the Puseys must work out *their* dramatic propensities. A St. Senanus would be no longer countenanced for throwing the most persecuting of Ladies into the Lake—Camaldolese Friars make up beds, ’tis true, (beyond their holy precincts) for tired Mrs. Trollopes, who ride on ass-back to see, with their own Tory eyes, what wicked things monasteries can be :—and The Pope has spoken with Columbine !

Let us turn these things in our minds, Sir. There are some

places I have read of, in which it is the pretty custom for people who have quarrelled, to shake hands and make friends on New Year's Day. Surely, Christmas is not the worst time of the year for the reconsideration of old prejudices. At least, don't let us feed them, and clothe them, and fill their wallets for another twelve months' ramble among Men—and Women! And, thus, if any one chooses to take umbrage at the thoughts of Columbine at Court—why, let him stay away from it himself * * And I have only to add——

Mrs. Bell! which of you has drunk up my punch? The glass was three-parts full when I dropped asleep!

Ardwick, November 30th.

JUSTICE.—A REVERIE.

BY WILLIAM THOM.

ANCE wild in woods wi' brither brute,
Men hunted day by day;
An' reive, wi' fell and fierce dispute,
The wolf's half-worried prey.
Then roughest ruggers ruled the fray,
Fouk awn'd nae ither micht;
An' Justice daur'd nocht word to say,
But noo and than "Guid nicht!"
An' sleepit syne.

Bauld man grew bigger and got breeks,
An' haul'd their huts thegither;
Syne cultivated kail an' leeks,
An' ate nae ane anither.
The heart leant brither-like to brither—
Love ruled wi' little fyke;
An' lasses lauchin', tauld their mither
That they "be't do the like,"
An' buckled syne.

Aye, lighter, aye—ilk glimmer threw
A brichter gleam beyon' it;
Frae holes to huts, huts houses grew,
Man shaved an' wore a bonnet!

The gudewife wi' sic power enthronat,
 An' bairnie on her knee;
 Whilk she could either scaul or scone it,
 Just as the case micht be,
 An' daut it syne.

Ane hunder years, an' mair than that,
 Had drousy Justice snor'd;
 Till fouk in very peace grew fat,
 In very easedom smor'd.
 At last an' lang, wi' ae accord,
 Upon a summer night,
 They loudly on the lady roar'd,
 Wha wauken'd in a fright,
 An' wonnert syne.

The dosen'd goddess e'ed the fouk,
 An' fairlied at their fury;
 Glour'd, wi' a face as braid's our clock
 At bonnie Inverury.
 "What would ye noo, ye sons o' muck—
 Wha reive me o' my sleepin'?
 May ha'f the warl's unholy luck
 Fast haud ye in its keepin',
 An' rot ye syne!"

A stark auld man, toom, dour, an' thin,
 Stood talesman by the "vote,"
 His banes stared 'neath his wither'd skin,
 An' time had bored his coat.
 "Our kirk," quoth he, "endures a spot
 Upon her fair repute,
 An' water winna wash the blot,
 Nor Gospel wring it out,
 Its sickar syne."

Our fa'en guides hae rackt an' wrung
 An' pouch'd the slave-won plack;
 In very kernal Conscience flung,
 An' wail'd, "Fie! send it back."
 We'll gie on earth our wealth—our wrack,
 We'll gar our bairns gang duddy;
 Ere we connive wi' heathen Black,
 God send ilk wight a wuddy!
 An' hang 'im syne.

Now merry Justice held her sides
 To keep her ribs frae rackin';
 She leuch until her e'en ran tides,
 Her very saul was shakin'.
 Sae funny were the thoughts that wauken
 To hear the duddy crew—
 "What slave," quo' she, "tholes ha'f sic whackin'
 As whacks dealt down on you,
 Aye silent syne?"

"O seek nae sair for siller's birth,
 Aye pouch—but binna speerin';
 There's nae ae bodle tracks the earth
 That has nae brought a tear in—
 Think ye yon holy house ye'r rearin'
 Will spotless pennies pay it?
 When some are sawin'—some are shearin'—
 Some are makin' hay yet,
 To sell it syne!"

OUR STATUES AND THEIR WARDROBES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

THERE is one dress for the people of the nineteenth century, and another dress for the statues of the people of the nineteenth century. Flesh and blood wear English costumes—stone and bronze, Roman. Coats and trowsers are quite good enough for actual breathing humanity—togas and buskins must be employed to set off its more valuable and honoured effigies. A man is not felt to be degraded by a waistcoat and a standing shirt-collar—a statue is. The statue, being the more exalted thing of the two, claims the greatest cares of the costumier. Anything is good enough for an existing original—hardly anything is good enough for a metallic portraiture. The tailor is thought to be sufficient to clothe the man—the artist must drape the statue. Happy statues—miserable men! Who would not be bronze rather than human,—sculptured by man rather than formed by Nature?

We generally take our notions of the dress and personal appearance of an age from the statues and coins which come down to us. Paper and canvass moulder away while stone and metal remain

The moth may leave nothing of the picture save the frame. Rust is at worst but a metallic cutaneous disease, and bronze bids it defiance. Imagine then, ages after this, when England shall be England, but living England no more—when the tide of civilisation shall have flowed away as it has flowed towards us—when the governing isles of the earth shall be the coral-reared clusters of southern seas—and when the Thames shall flow at midday as silently as the Thames flows at midnight now. Imagine, centuries after some great convulsion of the world's society—when the learned of a thousand years hence shall take to disinterring our past history and habits in antiquarian works on England in the nineteenth century—imagine, I say, the luminous notions they will obtain of our costumes from such of the now existing statues of London as may be dug up from tumuli, or perhaps fished up out of the reedy waters of our river. If our great men, they will say, had little Roman virtue, they, at all events, made up for it by seizing every opportunity of aping Roman attire. Historians have not recorded of George IV. the character of a Cato or a Cincinnatus. But at all events—our antiquarians will urge—he seems, as clearly appears by his statue, to have been made up for either part. It will be infallibly demonstrated—*vide* copies of their counterfeit bronze presentments—that Pitt and Fox and Canning were in the habit of addressing the House of Commons in togas; and as it will not be contended that the great men of a country in the state of civilisation to which we had arrived, would probably have decorated their persons in quite a different style from that adopted by the multitude, the natural presumption will or ought from the guiding statues to be, that the people of England in the nineteenth century wore the dress assumed by the people of Rome some 2,000 years further back still; that the tailors of the banks of the Thames worked by the same patterns as the tailors of the banks of the Tiber; and that the crowd on Lord Mayor's day hurried along, to all appearance, exactly a similar congregation to that which might have greeted a triumphing Cæsar, depositing his spoils in the Capitol.

And yet what have we to do with ancient Rome or ancient Romans? Can we not dress the statues of Englishmen as Englishmen? Cannot we leave memorials of our time and generation as our time and generation existed? We rear the statue—now of a good great man, anon a bad, paltry king—so be it; but give them to us as they were. Let them be not the “brief,” but the

“bronze chronicles of the time”—let posterity have them and know them in their “habits as they lived.” Do not cast metallic falsehoods—do not chisel granite lies. If a statue is worth anything it ought to give an idea of the person represented by it. If it fail in this, it may be a very fine piece of art, yet it is not what it was intended, and what it ought, to be. You erect a monument to a man—a statue of a man. Mark the distinction. Both may commemorate, but one represents, copies, communicates to those who have never seen the original, his appearance in feature and limb. A statue professes to be a portrait—it may be a work of high art also—but if the likeness be wanting, the principal requisition is absent. Now, clothes go very far in making up our notions of a man’s appearance. Let any person who doubts just contemplate his most intimate friend jumping in or out of a bathing machine—I defy recognition at twenty yards. An entire change of costume is just as puzzling as no costume at all. Look at actors on and off the stage. Look at Richard the Third in an omnibus—at Shylock in a fourpenny steamer. Why then proceed, in what, from the very nature of their materials, must be the most long-lived portraits of our public men, to bewilder and mislead, and by an elaborate change of dress prevent the very objects from being fulfilled which a portrait-statue seeks to achieve. Posterity will be much more gratified by a peep at what Brummel’s “fat friend” really was, than by being treated to an effigy which may be a tolerably correct one of George IV., or a tolerably correct one of Julius Cæsar.

I know I shall be answered by an outcry against the unpicturesque style of our dress, and the impossibility of using it for the purposes of art. Why, an ugly man who went to a miniature painter to have his likeness taken, might just as reasonably be turned away with the consolatory assurance that his features were too monstrous for “the purposes of art.” But the monstrosity is the look out of the sitter, not of the artist. His business is to perpetuate on canvass or ivory the copy which nature and its proprietor have set before him. Here is my face, let me have your copy of it. Our sculptors, however, have taken very good care not to reject commissions, because of the ugliness of the costumes in which those commissions ought naturally to be executed. They have adopted what they deem a compromise between the claims of taste and pocket. They do not turn the coated and trowsered man out of doors as an unfit subject for the divinity

which inspires every blow bestowed upon their chisels. No, they strip off the paletot and put on the toga. They sacrifice what all must know to be abstract truth, for what some contend to be beauty. They give you a resemblance of a man, out of which they have been careful to chip out the most salient points of likeness. It is just as if a portrait-painter were to tell a gentleman,—"You are a particularly ugly and repulsive individual—you are lame and crooked—you have only one eye, and no nose at all to speak of. All this is very bad, very unpleasant to look upon—it will not do for art. Art meddles with beauty, not deformity. It soars; it does not stoop. I shall, therefore, paint you as an Apollo Belvidere."

Now this absurdity is committed every day in sculpture. "A coat and trowsers," says the artist, "are ugly vulgar things, destitute of all grace and beauty. I shall, therefore, represent you in a toga and buskins." But it is not beauty or ideality we look for in statues of men, but truth. We want to see good portraits in stone or bronze. I should laugh at a Cromwell tricked out as might be a Centurion of the Fifth Legion. I want him as he lived and was seen by his contemporaries. I want him as he led his Iron Sides, or dictated to John Milton—jack boots on his legs, and a wart on his nose.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not disparage the ideal. I only want to keep the ideal from trespassing on the truthful. I quarrel not with fancy; but in cases where the mixture of fancy with fact would tend to mislead. I want to keep fancy distinct from fact. Both are good, but one may spoil the other.

Erect a monument to a man, and idealise as much as you please—erect, if you are incurably toga-mad, a statue of a Roman, dedicated to an English hero; but if your design be to cut or mould the statue of an Englishman, let him be clothed as an Englishman. Copy his costume as you copy his features. You have no more right to take liberties with the one than with the other.

The Romans did not clothe their statues with the dress of the Etrurians or the Egyptians; they left us the effigies of their statesmen and their warriors as they harangued in the senate, or conquered in the field. Let us do likewise. What is good enough for ourselves ought to be good enough for statues of ourselves. If the eye be offended by our unpicturesque costume cut in marble, why is the eye not equally offended at it cut in broad cloth? The admitted fact of the national dress not being remarkable for its

display of the line of beauty, may or may not be a very good argument for changing the national dress, and putting the whole population into the costumes of Patricians, Equites, and Plebeians; but it is no argument at all for changing the offending habiliments merely in a few statues. Taste is none the gainer, and truth is all the loser by the arrangement.

I can only imagine one thing more utterly ludicrous and preposterous than the fashion of putting female statues of the present day into mediæval, and male statues into Roman costumes—and it is the converse of the arrangement. Just fancy Cato in a registered paletot, a figured shirt, and a winner of the Derby handkerchief; and Joan of Arc adorned with a *jupon de crinoline*, and a polka jacket!

At present most of our statues seem to be nothing more or less than blocks for the display of “Old Clo!”

DIVINITY FROM RAGS.

“HUMPH! only this metal tea-spoon, two combs, this pewter pot (vich, mum, I’ve dodged round a corner for a precious hour), a twopenny coral necklace, and this—*this* bit o’ bacon,” enumerated Togg, touching each article with the bowl of a small black pipe just taken from the mouth, and leering upon three or four miserable little urchins who had deposited these matters on the filthy, rickety table for inspection: “yer precious, ain’t ye, for yer edication?”

“Well, mums, I could do no more,” spoke the most precocious of the four, drawing back from the table to avoid an expected blow. “Peoples is uncommon wide awake now to their wittles, and don’t lit a nothing out o’ the shadder o’ their noses, that I’s knows, as was a-dodging for four hours for a chickun; and win jist as I’s got it in grab, the missis took it in her own hed—that was pretty clear—to have a precious tit-bit for her own supper, and off she walks, and lit them as catch it as would.” Togg moved uneasily in her dilapidated arm-chair, gave her head and its filthy tattered cap a shake, and, leering viciously on her precious pupils, aimed a furious blow, which, as is very often the case in human affairs,

didn't fall where it was intended, but on the weakest and most miserable of the party.

"Come there, don't yer be jist a gitting on that way, or else yer shall sing for a fire this precious night," said a little, old, weazened creature, in face a man of thirty, in stature a boy of twelve, who, seated on the heaped and filthy hearth, was feeding the few sparks of fire in the grate with bits of wood and coal from a wet hempen bag that lay between his knees. "Yis, if yer 'd lit 'em come in my line, there 'd be a sumfen; for mud ain't like daylight—it don't tell nothink; and so don't yer be a doing that, for it was Sammy's fourpence as sint yer to bed winking last night." So saying, the little old fellow heaped more wood upon the fire, till it crackled and roared perilously up the wide and dusky chimney. As all had slunk from within her reach except the fire-mender—Duckling as he was called—and a girl crouched in the chimney corner with an apron cast over her head, Togg proceeded to count up the value of the before-mentioned articles on the table; and as it presently appeared to exceed her expectations, and the fire now threw a glowing warmth around, she lighted her pipe with an air of leering complacency at the short thick candle that stood on the table in a blacking-bottle. Just then, as she was about to do her duty to society by some pretty little lesson for the morrow, to her four most diminutive pupils, already in a corner abstracted in the ethics of pitch-and-toss with shillings and sixpences that had never seen the inside of her blessed Majesty's Mint, the room door was quickly thrust back, and a boy of perhaps fourteen, though a mere dwarf for that age, came in, followed by another much younger, and in a stride or two was beside the table, and had placed on it an uncut Stilton cheese. His dilated eyes and upheaving chest told the whole peril and history of the theft.

"My eye! Bella! Bella! if Tummy ain't sparked up at last," roared Togg with vehement glee, as she gave her cap an ecstatic twirl, and turned round to the slipshod sleeper.

"Oh, ay" exclaimed the thief's gaping little satellite, twisting his fists with vicious precocity, "it vos jolly—sich a precious prig; la! la! Tummy can come out strong, that jist he can;" and Tom looked round and gloried in his popularity, with such wifid eyes and face of intellect, that Togg's vision had already raised up in the place of the cheese a heap of precious gold. What she was about to say in the extremity of exultation was lost by the entrance of Slimps, who, from possessing a threadbare

coat and being tall, was usually considered the Apollo of the Togg establishment; and he, seeing the state of affairs at a glance (for the thief of men's good has his pretty little points of ambition as much as has the thief of political rights), lost no time in producing a very fat turkey from underneath the before-mentioned coat; but, as this did not make any immediate sensation, there followed a string of sausages, a bottle of preserved cherries, and so on—all the fruit of the same gentlemanly, and leisurely, and supper-contemplating marauder; and, combined, Togg majesty was propitiated, for she immediately exclaimed, "Well there, git yer pipes; it shall be a roast and a quartern all round." As the Duckling was considered the out-and-out cook of the establishment, turkey-roasting responsibility was his, and, as his damp and dreary life amidst the sewers made him peculiarly relish the warmth and light of a fire, it was soon re-fed with the choicest morsels from his bag, and costly morsels too, that had perhaps their own dark mystery of crime and theft, though blanched and rotted in the sewerage many a year; the turkey set to twirl, the gin sent for, and such small juveniles as were not yet elected to nobler things in the Togg establishment were sent immediately to prowl for butter for the basting, and pepper for the peppering, and any other little thing that might come conveniently to hand.

Tom—he had no other name—though not glorious in a coat like Slimps (for his whole wardrobe was thus:—a wristbandless shirt, a bracer of twine, and an extraordinary pair of corduroy trowsers, that in their pristine day had clearly served an agriculturist—medal-worth Mr. John Bull), was, in spite of the turkey and appendages, the hero of the night, and high in Togg favour. Clearly the boy was drunk with crime, for, revelling in the story of his guilt, he told it with matchless wit and humour; his very eyes dropped merriment; and smoking his pipe, and quaffing his gin, and leering on the girl at his side, made even Togg majesty cry "What a boy!" and the cook time his laughter with the continuous basting of the turkey.

By the time the bird was done, the sausages fried, and the great potful of potatoes piled in an earthen pan, other slipshod girls had crept in, and other urchins, prematurely old in festered crime and guilt; but, as their miserable earnings did not raise them to flavours so aristocratic as turkey, some slunk away to the rear to eat their filched scraps unheeded and uncared for; others toasted bread and meat before the fire; others begged the me-

turkey-bones from the Togg table, and, as the gin went round, this room, eight feet by ten, beneath which in the stillness of the night the gurgling of the monstrous sewer was heard from its far depths below, where too crept loathsome vermin on their greedy track, yet not half so loathsome or so vile as the squalid guiltiness above, festering in the heart of the society and civilisation that disregarded it, held such a scene of debauch, and misery, and crime, that even I, who laugh outright at cant, whether be-wigged or be-ragged, lay down my Hogarth pencil, and leave a * *

Fortunately for human nature, sensuality has an exhaustive character ; and the revel died out as the midnight passed away. But true to nature again, not the exultation of the boy-thief ; who, amidst that huddled mass of humanity and rags, gloried in his new step to the gallows, and laughed in his very heart at the society that called him vile. He laughed rightly in the potency of that intellect that society chose to disregard, and yet call vile ! Falsely and unjustly ; for the society that quibbles on a dogma, and neglects to teach, breeds vice ; the society that builds prisons instead of school-houses, fosters vice ; the society that erects the gallows for the throne and altar of that vice it has, through its neglect, bred and fostered, falsely calls it vice, and most unjustly ; and let advance cry forth this truth !

It was some nights after. A keen cold winter's night, and the snow quite untrodden, in a dull and old, though reputable city street ; reputable because very rich men were known to live and deal in it, and other rich men come to and fro, and dive into its dark fastnesses of merchandise and gold. The gas-light from the lamps scintillated in broad patches, leaving little pathways of comparative darkness here and there, especially before one very old house, so far up and lofty, that many of its old windows were lost to sight amidst the heavy brickwork. It had a very old-fashioned shop frontage, with the window panes thick begrimed with a compound of soot and smoke, of so very permanent a character, that it was only rubbed off here and there, in zigzag slips and lines, like a snail's sign of travel on a garden wall, by huge soft packages on porters' shoulders, and umbrellas of family-covering capacity. Beneath these panes were thick rusty iron gratings, that might once have looked down into areas, wide and long, but were now so choked up with filth and rubbish, that sagacious and sharp-nosed dogs had been known on divers occasions to recover a dropped bone, a clerk his warehouse key, and one old gentleman

on a very rainy day, the ferule of his umbrella. Into this shadow crept Tom the thief, before the shop was shuttered, or the hour was late, for a glimmering feeble light came through the before-mentioned small pathways, showing that old and costly books were the merchandise within, piled up, the buried sepulchres of human thought and feeling. Great God that in the world these fountains of the truth should be so deep and exhaustless ; and yet so few, by reason of darkness, know how to taste and charm away the curse and leprosy of cant, by drinking deep and well. But we *shall* yet taste, and we *shall* yet drink, and in the fulness of masculine joy, for few have yet the untiring and the iron lip needed for the perpetual draught of the perfect knowledge of the perfect laws of nature, in their perfect and most harmonious divineness !

The rusty iron handle of the door was turned, the door pushed back, the boy in, and closed again ; the acutest ear could not have heard. The shop was extraordinarily large and high and gloomy ; books were crowded round in presses to the very ceiling, and piled up in great mounds from the floor. The light that was shed was from two old oil-lamps, the one above a desk in the rear of the shop, at which sat an old man, somewhat stout, and clothed in rusty black. He was reading a large vellum book, that lay before him like a ledger, and the thief-boy, as he stole a glance at his face, though he had peeped at it for many weeks through the before-mentioned little pathways in the window-panes, was awed by its unrelenting and severe expression. However, books were not the articles for thief-hero glory, but something tangible and weighty that should astonish the Togg establishment, and cast the Stilton cheese and Slimps quite into the shade. With these glories full in view, Tom turned the latch of a very dark old wainscot door, which had been the chief point of his hundred peepings, for it led into the interior of the house. Breathlessly, and with beating heart, he crept round, closed it, and, after some few steps, not feeling walls on either side, he found he stood at the top of a flight of wide stairs, that led downwards to the basement of the house. Lighting a slip of candle with the matches he had brought, he crept down, and found the large dreary kitchens to which this staircase led wholly unoccupied. They had been, seemingly, uninhabited and neglected for years, though full of furniture, now begrimed with dust and moulder. In one, and what was very extraordinary, seemed what had once been preparations for some festive dinner or supper, suddenly left, and never again touched. The saucepans on the fire

were dark with rust and soot ; cinders were heaped up in the huge grate ; fragments of meat and bones still clinging to the rusty spit, told they had been left there to moulder and decay ; dishes once filled with delicate pastry were heaped upon the dressers, though the rats had long since feasted and left them empty ; bottles still stood uncorked, flimsy spiders' webs weaving their tall dusty necks together ; greenery to deck the feast lay withered around ; and the very hand of the old Dutch clock seemed there to have stopped, and having made that hour, long past, its grave, had died and had no ear for the thousand after hours tolled by the voice of time. But all these were nothing towards that shape of glory that was to astound the Togg establishment, and make the bravado of the gallows a precious certainty. So creeping once more into the gloomy hall, and up another flight of wide old dusty stairs, he opened doors into rooms, some furnished, and others piled up with countless multitudes of books, grey coated with thick dust, that even with the thief's cautious step hung in a cloud around the feeble flickering candle-light, and made the dull atmosphere more marish with moulder and decay. One room was locked. Close opening beside it was another, in which burned a dull fire ; near this was drawn a little table, a high-backed chair, and in one corner a low uncovered truckle-bed. As this was probably the region for tangible-thief-hero-glory, the boy's quick eyes, absolutely lustrous with that intellectual exultation, that society is pleased to sneer at, to disregard, to call vile, aided by his feeble candle, was taking a pretty accurate survey, when footsteps came up the stairs. They were the old man's footsteps, for they were feeble and slow. He had time, however, to finish his survey, and he assured that nothing of value lay within sight, blew out his piece of candle, and creep into a large closet at the foot of the truckle-bed, and before the footsteps came within the room. It was probable that the shop was now closed for the night, for the fire was roused up, a candle lighted, the old easy chair moved a pace or two till it ticked against the fender, and the old man (for Tom by the low short cough knew that it was he) settled for the night hour, to gather perhaps anew the garnered flowers of some quaint story ; though that they were sad and shadowed by earth's bitterness, a listening ear, that knew these things, would have told ; for a sigh, sometimes, was the only symphony played forth by the hidden nature of that lone solitary heart. A faint streak like an amber thread was all the light that came within the closet, though,

as it flickered on the opposite wall, it at last settled on a little knob of brass, and made the thousand scintillations that in a moment attracted the thief's keen gaze. Before he had scarcely dared to breathe, but now, the peril forgotten in the intenser curiosity, his eager hand was stretched upwards to a broad old shelf; and there, much to the renewing of Togg-anticipated-glory, he found it was a small square oaken box, strongly clasped and riveted with brass. To know that this was within his grasp, to feel it, to touch it, to find that it was heavy, to be assured that it held enough of gold to pave the way for the very proudest triumph to the gallows, renewed all his patience and temerity, and crouching down within the darkest corner to wait till the old man should go to bed, that huddled mass of humanity in rags gave neither sign of life nor breath, excepting when the lambent eyes turning upwards to the tangibility of Togg-glory glowed with the matchless intellect that society vilified and cursed. By and by, however, and luckily for the thief no candle was brought, the old man fetched forth this very box; and now was Tom assured more than ever that it was a money-box, and that it was to be still further enriched with that day's gains. Its lock ticked well and loud, though no sound of the jinking gold followed; yet, nevertheless this only made it more a mystery-box, full, for this reason, to the very brim with tangibility for Togg-glory. In the course of some long time, the lock ticked once more, the flickering thread of light faded quite away, and the old man went to rest, not without some words in blessing on that perished bitterness, that had perhaps played falsely on the divine chords of human love. So at last, when sleep was sure, the thief crept forth. A few cinders were still alight in the grate, and by these he could just see the old man's sleeping face, and the box that stood on a low chair beside his pillow. His watch was on it, but this thief-ambition scorned. With some ado (for the door-latch was old and rusty) he got safely from the room, and into the dreary shop below. Here, however, to his dismay, he found all so stoutly barred and locked, that after a full hour's vain attempt, and the burning out of his bit of candle, he was obliged to take refuge behind the nearest mound of books, and wait till in the re-opening of the shop he might creep forth undetected. Other doors there were into a gloomy yard in the rear, but these, his night's perambulations had shown him, had been fastened up so long, that the locks and bolts were covered thick with rust, and would require a giant's power to lift or move them

backward. He next thought to open the box, and conceal the contents about him,—he had not dared to risk discovery by searching for the key,—but it was too stout and strong to be opened without some instrument. Thus left again to his own thoughts, and the box safe beside him, it was not strange perhaps that the fostered intellect of crime should stray into a new and strange channel, and the causation was a natural one. The gas-light from the street, struggling through the topmost chinks of the shutters, fell in broad patches down the mounds of books, only fading into nothingness upon the dusky trodden floor. As his restless hand opened some old volumes that lay strewn around, this light settled on the paper, and, broadening out, flickered gracefully round the type and signs of beautiful and imperishable thought, garnered for the service and exaltation of the human mind. The divine spark of a divine and better nature was touched; the bending down of evil before the loftiness of good made its first sign; and even he, the felon, the outcast, the vagabond, wondered what this spiritual power could be, that lived in these old books to be so revered and adored!

But my tale waits. At seven o'clock or thereabouts, in that dull street only yet gray dawn, the old man came down, unlocked the shop-door, and admitted another old red-nosed man, who, proceeding to work, brought in the shutters one by one. It was evident the box had not yet been missed. Watching the second shutter to its place in the rear of the shop, the thief safe with his prize got clear into the street, and dived down the first court-way. There he picked up the fragment of a door-mat, that, wound about the box, concealed it from observation; then making his way by obscure streets, to some disused mews in the vicinity of the Togg establishment, he brought forth from behind the rafters an old file, rived the lock, and cleared the mystery. But nothing for thief hero-glory; nothing but what would make the whole Togg establishment roar with laughter, and Slimps once more the presiding Apollo! A strange old book, and a few fragments of womanly apparel, were all it held. And for these he had borne cold and hunger through so many winter nights! Depressed by hunger and vexation, for he had not tasted food for many hours, he crouched down amidst some mouldy straw; and for the first time, perhaps since his miserable childhood, fairly cried himself to sleep. It was dark drear night again, when he awoke benumbed and almost lifeless with the cold. As the comforts of the Togg

establishment, were only open to such as could give in return some pretty practical tangibility, thus merely imitating the larger world which by no means recognises glory of any abstract kind, the thief, after hiding the box, set forth to the house of a Jew named Cripps, whose dealings with Mrs. Togg, for forty years, had varied between the scale of a rusty key, and a gold snuff-box.

"Books don't even come up to vipes, as you should know, Tummy," said the Jew with a leer, as snuffing the guttering candle with his bony fingers, he looked round upon the group of thief-customers gathered in all attitudes round the little counter—"thems isn't painted at the top of Moll's katy-kism, my love. Oh! dear no!"

"But, but," said the boy eagerly, his face so keen with intellect that the eyes of the Jew drooped beneath his look, "it was taken precious care of in a brass-bound box."

"Ah! ah!" and the Jew, who had already commenced business with a fresh customer, laid his hand eagerly upon the book, and drawing it quickly towards him, said in a whisper, "Well, a shilling, my love." That which had struck Cripps in a moment was made apparent to the thief; there must be some intrinsic value in a thing so carefully preserved. He snatched the book from the Jew's now grasping hand, and made his way to the door, without looking back upon the old man, who, eagerly bent across the counter, was crying out with his cracked squeaking voice—"Stop the boy, two shillings, three shillings, my love. Oh dear, stop the boy!"

Even had the Togg supper been, on this particular night, a free-will affair, the thief could not face the old woman or the girl; for he had dropped hints of coming glory, and to fall short of this was a degradation too low even for humanity in rags. So creeping back to the mews he found the girl Bella waiting for him.

"You ain't a coming that dodge over Togg," she asked, with something like contempt, as she watched the thief draw the precious volume from beneath his miserable shirt; "bless you, I shall have a firm foot with yer all the way to the gallows, Tummy, but I sha'n't be good enough, if yer come to *that*. So put it by, Tummy; them as is made by grand people to live like bats and owls, ha' got nothink so precious in natar as to prig and snatch when they can; so Tummy, flout the horn-book, and be a hero!" This advice, added to certain information of Slimp's progress, so darkened all again the beautiful young light of

natural good, that on the production of a few pence, the book was carefully hidden, and the dimness of the squalid chamber changed in a few minutes for the warmth and gorgeousness of the nearest gin-shop. Some privileged customer was just at that instant opening one of the evening papers, and as his literary courage had been lately fortified with a glass, he immediately read, for the edification of the few around him, an advertisement that met his eye on the first page:—"£20 Reward and a Free Pardon. Stolen from the shop of David Brandle, Bookseller, Street, Cheapside, last night, or early this morning, a brass-bound box, containing a book." The thief stopped to hear no more, but placing back upon the counter the untouched glass of gin, wistfully looked round to see if the girl had heard or observed; but as she was at a distance, amidst the struggling crowd of that death-sea, he glided into the street, and kept on with a swift step. All the visions of Togg glory shone again; and as all that were his friends were too ignorant to solve the mystery that lay between this advertisement and Cripps's sudden eagerness, he determined, with one of those impulses that sometimes seem to be angel-wise promptings of our more spiritual nature, to understand and find the clue himself. There was a newly opened school in that neighbourhood, where crime and squalor, as he had often heard told with blasphemous lips in the roar of Togg glory, met with kindly ministration; and so the next threshold stepped on from the gin-shop was that of the ragged school. The heart of brazen guilt was courageous till this last step was made; and then, with the abject and the coward fear of guiltiness, it stooped lowly, in meek confession of its abjectness, before the beaming light of good. But taking courage at last, he passed in with vacillating step, and full of shame at the abjectness of his rags, yet to be kindly hailed, as one boasting the form of the Divine; that hand that had been stretched forth to thieve on the foregone night, now held the horn-book, and the wondering and the thirsty ear heard as it were the silver noted music of a heaven not even fashioned forth in the hopefulest of dreams!

Of course, the motive was yet towards that vision of Togg glory. When he could read, and tell what was within the book, what a sum he might sell it for! So mingled the evil and the good, as the thief crouched back into the straw that night—to dream, however, more of the horn-book than the halter, and waking in the morning to find that the poor Duckling had been

there, and left some food. The act for the first time fell like dew upon the coarse hard nature of neglect and crime !

Yet, though the purpose still leant towards the furtherance of Togg glory, it was wonderful with what rapidity the poor thief learnt. Weeks did for him, what only months for others ! He was the wondrous prodigy of the school, and this knowledge grew from day to day ; the vision of Togg glory dimmed, the petty theft scarcely supplied the exigencies of hunger, and, not only scouted at by Togg and her crew, he all at once found himself opposed to the bitter malice of the Jew, who had not forgotten the prize his fingers had clutched. Driven by this from his miserable lodging, he had to find shelter as he might, sometimes beneath bridge-arches, or dank blind court-ways, and even with the Duckling in his lonely sewer ; for the little shrivelled creature had lately fallen ill, and of course all the glories of the Togg establishment were closed in the absence of some sort of tangibility. It was Tom's turn now to be the friend. When he could no longer thief—when the paralysis of crime passed into the iron nerve and strenuous force of growing knowledge—when the last theft hung like a shadow on his spirit—he gathered together the refuse of markets, earned a few pence at wharves and stables, and when not, starved with his drooping friend. Wonderful often too was the Rembrandt picture of light and shade in the lonely sewer. Beside the narrow fire, sparkling up fitfully towards the dank roof, he told the pallid wretch of that inner life that is linked to divineness of good, or read scraps of newspapers picked up in the streets, or went over the marvellous one-page stuck like tempting fruit in some shop window ; and so at last, even in this nursery of vileness, the intellectual nature of the outcast worshipped in spirit and truth. Now came the glorious night, when he could read well enough to open the bookseller's quaint treasure, beside the Duckling's fire. Now no longer was it the curiosity of guilt—but the curiosity of good. It was a volume of ancient madrigals, with appropriate music ; and “ Daisy Brandle ” was the name written on the fly-leaf. It opened everywhere, where the music and the poetry were twin in gracefulness. Now it was certain that here was no Togg treasury, but some old memory of an earth-sorrow ; and the matter before thought of, was now resolved upon ; and so, in a few days, (God bless thee, Tom !) with *an honest earned shilling*, though fearfully hungered for, the lock *was mended*, the book and the few things replaced with a reverent

hand, and having made up the Duckling's fire, and placed his fragment of blanket around him, Tom, with the box beneath his arm, and naked as of old, took his way to Brandle's shop; and, bless thee outcast! not a bit of hesitation now; so different is the principle of evil and that of good; but going right in, placed the box upon the book the old man was reading. He turned deadly pale, looked fiercely up into the thief's face, and then, moving rapidly off his stool, griped the wretch's naked arm. But fear was past. Looking with eyes that never flinched or wavered before the old man's searching gaze, Tom told the whole truth, yet never asked one word of pity. One by one the fingers relaxed, as the gaunt face of famine betrayed the misery of endurance, and when the tale was done, the old man said merely—"Humph! well see if you can put up the shutters, there they are:"—and when, with glad alacrity, the boy had moved away, that old hand fell upon the box, and the tears gushed forth like summer rain. Well, when the shop was closed, and Tom was especially handy, the old man merely saying—"You're hungry, I see;" beckoned him upstairs, roused up the fire in that same little room, placed bread and a scrap of meat before him, and sinking into the old arm-chair, fell into a sort of dreaming reverie, looking up, however, from time to time, to ask the name of the schoolmaster, and to note it down; and when at last hunger was satisfied, and the best morsel saved for the Duckling, the boy rose and thanked the old man, who then said—"Well, I'll light you down; but come again to-morrow at noon. I'll see what can be done for you."

It was a glorious night that, of hope and fear. When he went, punctual to the time, at noon, he found that the old man had been already to the schoolmaster, and the report had been so favourable, that he, Tom, the outcast, the vagabond, found himself in some five minutes appointed to the office of shop-shutter, sweeper, and sole attendant on the old bookseller, the once-named red-nosed individual having recently died. In few words, the old man told him that he led a very lonely life; that one condition of their intercourse was that of little speech; that in the kitchen below he might make his home, and do there as he liked, that coals were in abundance for his use, that though for himself he sternly refused all comforts, having merely his food from a neighbouring cook-shop, yet that he, Tom, should have a little weekly sum to do with as he pleased, and that some old clothes were in a chest upstairs that he might have.

Life's contrasts make the poetry of life. Truth's poetry of hope and gratefulness was there that night, when a fire burnt high and clear in the long-neglected grate of the strange kitchen; when the scissors, in the John-Bull-trowsers-of-capacity, fashioned forth a smaller pair; when there was a rub at the old Dutch clock, and a new voice drawn from that long perished hour; when there was a dipping into one of the dusty volumes; and just a toast at the cheese, and a warm to the beer. Oh! blessed poetry of cheerfulness and joy!

Weeks of this happiness soon rolled by, and never was the truth better shown, that all great natural intellect, true to the great laws of nature of which it forms a part, falls, with its own perfecting power, upon the lowliest, as the highest things. The trowsers of once terrible capacity fitted fairly; the coat outshone Slimps' very best; the saucepans bright, the dressers reflected back the glowing fire; the fire itself was so cheerful, that the long moped crickets came in joy; the music of the Dutch clock went fairly on; the old man's food, though he knew it not, was warmer than of old; his hearth secretly cleaned; last and best too, with leave, the vast heterogeneous mass of books, in the neglected rooms upstairs, was begun to be sorted and arranged: and when, one night, a pile of thousands of spelling-books and grammars reared itself up, *that* intellect which society had disregarded and called vile, thought within "every one of these *shall* be a light upon miserable Togg darkness;" and thus, and thus, began to be fashioned *that great spiritual divinity which SHALL come forth from rags.*

Another joy, too! One day, from some questions asked, Tom took courage to tell the taciturn old man the history of the wretched Duckling perishing in a sewer. In a moment; in a word or so of brief mercy, that supposed hard old man said, "Well, let him come and be by your fire below." And so that very night, in an ancient sedan, lent by a smiling beadle (what a wonder!) who lived in the neighbourhood and had retired from sedan keeping, the dying creature was brought, and laid tenderly by Tom himself, for he had wasted to a shadow, upon a little bed made upon three chairs beside the glowing fire. And though the little shrimped-up starveling was alone almost all day, with no other company than the ticking melody of the hours, and the chirping crickets, there was night, when Tom could sit beside and read, and strew with flowers the sinking pathway to the grave. Though still taciturn, the old man seemed to take pleasure in the com-

pany of the boy. One night, after having observed a little tobacco-box on a shelf, Tom bought a pipe and some delicate tobacco, and laid it filled beside the old man. He shook his head, said something about his not having smoked for many years; yet, nevertheless, laid it reverently beside him on the mantel piece. As these privileges of intercourse increased, Tom found, that often after night-fall, the old man had a visitor; a little flute-shaped weazened old gentleman, named Webbe, who kept a small music shop in a street hard by; and as the strange story of the old man's daughter "Daisy Brandle" oozed out bit by bit from the said cheerful beadle, Tom began to take great interest in his coming, as often, on such occasions, a voice was given to the music of those old madrigals. This Webbe had been music-master to the girl, who, besides being very beautiful, had been gifted with a wonderful voice, and possessing somewhat her father's quaint taste, had loved such music and such words. Much mystery hung about the foregone time; but on the very noon she was to have married a cousin, who dearly loved her, and who managed the old man's then extensive business, she departed with some princely vagabond, whom she had by accident met with at Webbe's. Little had been known of her from that hour; the business dwindled away, and the cousin dying broken hearted, the old man had sunk into the sort of dreary life I tell off, and only once a year, on the anniversary of her departure, opened that old chamber that had been hers, and in its moulder and decay, was whispered to be just as she had left it; Master Webbe being on that night always a guest. From hints, dropped by the before-mentioned predecessor of Tom, the beadle had gathered, that Daisy had returned of late years to England, with a young child, and earned a precarious living as an itinerant player. This was all that was known.

It was curious that, as the summer waned, the Duckling still lingering fitfully on, some little errand took the boy one night to old Webbe's shop. The musician was in his little back parlour, rummaging amongst some old music for a customer, who, seated in the shop, was worthily representing those gods of Parnassus, Sternhold and Hopkins, by scraping his throat, and looking solemn, whenever he laid aside an heretic song from the quaint L.M.'s and S.M.'s he was looking at.

"A pretty thing this, sir," said Tom, as he took up some song he had heard old Webbe sing.

"Profane, profane," hem'd Sternholdism. "Yet even

cometh it forth from the mouth of babes and sucklings, for no longer ago than last Monday a little vagabond was a-sitting a-singing it in *my* churchyard, and what made it badder, under *my* very desk winder. He—m, but I s'e soon had her off, for like Moses I smote with a rod, 'specially as it was a little vagabond, as our blessed wicar o' Goldencorn is going to law with the neighbouring wicar of Butter-cum-Bacon, 'cause the mother, a tramping cretur, died on extraparochial ground, and each parish says it won't maintain, and so * * * * " With glistening eyes, and heart divining all, Tom stopped him here to ask the name. " Well, some scrap of paper, with Brandle written on it, was found in the mother's pocket, and * * * * " This was enough, the boy waited not for his errand, but posted off to his friend the smiling beadle ; and that very night Tom asked his master for a holiday, which was granted.

It was a glorious autumn noon some days after, that the once outcast and the vagabond made some inquiries at a cottage door in a little village amidst the Surrey hills. " The child that these parsons are a-making a noise about ! Well, as Gruntpipe's gathering his apples, and 's safe, she, poor cretur, has crept into the churchyard I daresay, it is her only home." And so, breathlessly, Tom crossed the rustic stile, and with hushed step, went on towards the shadow of the church. In a corner, assigned to pauper burial, for the grass was rank and long, sat a little child some seven years old, bending like a crushed flower down-trodden to the earth. Starting with terror, even at the boy's light step, she rose, little flower as she was, and stood before him, the image of the old man. " Daisy," and at that word spoken lowly by divinity from rags, the trusting nature of childhood recognised in the outcast a friend, and, folded in his arms, the ministering angel of Pity wept above the tears of overflowing gladness. He bore her swiftly from the churchyard in his arms, to the top of the lane where the coach passed by, waited for it, and with her then journeyed on to town. Reaching home by night-fall, he bore her into the house unseen by the old man ; and the slowly-dying creature, who at times wandered in intellect, said often through the night as she slept beside the fire, nursed by Tom, " Don't look at her hard, she is too like those pure-winged things you read of, Tom."

The morrow night, as the divinity-forth-from-rags had reckoned, was the anniversary when the locked chamber was opened. Tom

had never entered it ; but when he knew old Webbe was come, and after listening with little tiptoed Daisy on the landing to some of those old songs, quickly recognised by the child, for they had been sung by her mother, he took courage and went in. It was a bed chamber, strewn with apparel, just as the girl had left it ; and the two old men were seated by the instrument she had so often played. The one had played sorrowfully, the other had listened droopingly, and they heard not the boy and the child enter ; to them the past was visible and sentient ; the present dead.

" Please, sir," said Tom, at last laying his hand respectfully on that of the old bookseller, " do not now let these songs make you longer sorrowful ; here is a living spirit that will sing them cheerfully ; cheerfully because music is the glad voice of God himself. This is your little grandchild." The power of anger was all gone ; and the old man forgot his years of sorrow, in the living image and voice of the child. And if at last one was more subdued than the rest, it was the once outcast, the vagabond, the thief, who had by act made the baptism of sin, and recognised by each the beautiful power which good in its nature has over evil !

The pipe was four times filled that night ; a rare supper came from the Drum and Trumpet opposite, and whilst Daisy sung on the old man's knee to the ravished ear of Webbe, Tom listened reverently and lovingly ! * * * *

And now, whilst I write, Tom Brandle, as he is called, is a proper fighting dragon in the matter of crime and education, and the dogmatic, self-satisfied British Lion, with all his roaring, is like to have the worst of it ; for, besides being a bookseller, and concoctor of " aiming-high " spelling books, and a diver into every haunt of crime and wretchedness, he has turned the once gloomy warehouses into a great Ragged School, where is fought, every night, a glorious and triumphant battle with Ignorance and Superstition. That sweet harmonies of our divine nature may not be absent. Daisy has been trained to sing oftentimes therein ; and the little flute-shaped man has become an enthusiastic teacher. And Mr. Slimps, from an Apollo of thievery, has become a dispenser of Brandle spelling-books through the country, and he often tells of the poor Duckling's happy death, and Tom's great friendship. And old Brandle smokes extraordinary pipes, over his Burton's and his Fuller's, thinking much of a wedding ring Tom may bye-and-bye give to Daisy, with as much reverence for the human flower,

as did he, the Poet, when he raised up the one of the summer air crushed beneath his mountain plough,

Therefore the divine metaphysic principle of Truth is this: *Evil is not a necessity to man, but a contingent of ignorance, that will fall as humanity progresses towards the great principle of good, which is that of Nature.*

SILVERPEN.

TO GOVERNESSES.

“THE BOSOM OF A FAMILY.”

AMONG the Advertisements in one of the morning papers, there appeared the other day the following exquisite *morceau* :—

“TO GOVERNESSES AND OTHERS.—WANTED, by an English family, living in seclusion in a healthy and warm part of the North of Scotland, some distance from towns, an active, cheerful, and obliging YOUNG LADY, who is competent to take the charge of education, and otherwise, of three children, all under six years of age ; also make herself generally useful in domestic matters. This is required in return for her board, lodging, washing, &c., but if on all other points an applicant should suit, a small salary would not be refused, if particularly wanted. As the advertiser and her mother have the children constantly with them, the governess will necessarily live in the bosom of the family : lady-like manners and address are therefore indispensable. French, music (vocal and instrumental), drawing, dancing, needlework, English, &c., will gradually be required. The situation is likely to be permanent, and certainly comfortable and advantageous. Most unexceptionable references will be given and required. Apply personally,” &c.

This is, we think, without any exception, the most *naïve* and altogether perfect expression of rapacity and intense selfishness we have ever met with—the most elaborate, and at the same time the most natural and unconscious. The words come evidently out of the fulness of the writer’s heart. Curiously precise as the address is throughout, coolly and deliberately as the fair composer (for it is a woman, as we see, who is not ashamed to make this insolent, insulting proposition, to educated womanhood), proceeds in laying down her rules and requirements—piling line upon line, and pre-

cept upon precept, with almost the anxious particularity of an Act of Parliament—the tone of quiet self-possession is yet such as no mere audacity could supply. Nothing could inspire it short of a conviction of being in the right, from which all doubt was banished. It is clearly a case of genuine, however mistaken, enthusiasm. This provident mother, who comes before the world with such an ingenious scheme for getting her three children taken charge of, “education and otherwise,” all for nothing, is, in her own conceit, a philanthropist, a professed lover and benefactor of the species. She believes herself to be holding out “to Governesses and others,” (as she comprehensively puts it,) an offer which only labours under the disadvantage of being too tempting. She only dreads the number of applications that there will be for a situation so “likely to be permanent,” so “certainly comfortable and advantageous.” The active, cheerful, obliging, and all-accomplished young ladies, whom she invites to hie them to the warm latitudes of the North of Scotland, there to devote themselves to her and her children, and to make themselves “generally useful in domestic matters,” are expressly warned that “most unexceptionable references” will be required, to give them a chance of securing so enviable a promotion. Only personal applications, too, are to be permitted, with the hope of further diminishing the number; and, besides, the presence or absence of the “lady like manners and address,” which are declared to be indispensable for the children’s maid and general domestic drudge without wages, may in this way be detected at once. It must be confessed, indeed, that some of the attractions of the appointment are very seducing. In the first place, the fortunate individual who obtains it, although she will be in reality only a servant of all work, is to be styled a young lady. Then, think of the charming prospect—especially at this season of the year—of going to “live in seclusion, in a healthy and warm part of the North of Scotland.” The hyperborean paradise, too, has the further recommendation of being “some distance from towns,”—which are so apt to distract the ideas of young ladies occupied with the cares of the nursery, and the general domesticities. Most localities in the northern parts of Scotland, indeed, are fortunate in being tolerably remote from the gaieties of town life. We come next to the unlimited nature of the recompense the young lady is to receive for her multifarious services; she is to receive no salary indeed, —unless, as it is facetiously subjoined, it should be “particularly

wanted," in which case, a small one would not be refused :—that is to say, the alms would be thrown to the beggar if it were sued for with sufficient humility or importunity; but she is to get her "board, lodging, washing, &c." If this be somewhat mysteriously expressed, it is yet well calculated to excite the youthful imagination. What is, or are, we would ask, a young lady's &c.? Something above and beyond her board, her lodging, and her washing, at any rate. Last, not least, of all, she is to live "in the bosom of the family." It is really too good, too rich. Live in their bosom! It ought to be, she will starve, and pine away, and die there. Or, if she did live, would it be either much to be marvelled at, or much to be lamented, would it be other than retributive justice, if she were some day to turn upon and sting the bosom that had afforded her such a shelter?

DEATH'S EQUALITY.

MOONLIGHT on all! still and inseparate,
 The lucid rays diffuse their gentle glow
 Where Death dominion holds, and where his mate,
 The sinuous worm, has revelry below.
 Moonlight on all! no ray apart to shine
 O'er sculptured sepulchre, or storied worth;
 No single beam to mark the flattering line,
 Or show the record of the poor man's birth.
 Turf-laden and distinct, each simple mound
 That tells the peasant's lowly place of rest
 The silvery softness feels,—'tis hallow'd ground,
 Where tomb and grave alike by Heaven are blest.
 Moonlight on all! the world for once forgot—
 Equality is here a common lot.

W. BRAILSFORD.

New Books.

CAMP AND BARRACK-ROOM; OR, THE BRITISH ARMY AS IT IS. Post 8vo.
London: Chapman & Hall.

THE horrors of war are supposed to consist alone in carnage, rapine, and destruction of all kinds: the abandonment of all domestic happiness, and the perpetual retardation of civilisation. But whoever peruses this book will find that the evils of war do not consist alone in the miseries occasioned by its violent movement through the unhappy land it visits. That it is not alone the habitations its merciless engines sweep down; it is not alone the blood it sheds with its sabres and bayonets; it is not alone the furious unbridled lusts and cruelties its followers gratify and perpetrate in the hour of battle and triumph that occasion so much woe to mankind. This little book (small in comparison to the magnitude of the subject) will show that even to its own members the following of war as a profession must necessarily be degrading; that an army is an ignorant mob, kept from open violation of the law by the most brutal treatment; but containing within itself the most frightful amount of fraud, servility, and licentiousness that can be imagined. The one hundred thousand men thus banded together without any of the domesticities that soften, and to a certain extent humanise the coarsest peasant, are only educated to a false standard of morality. Cringing servility, or in other words implicit obedience to the commands of a superior they cannot respect, is the one great cardinal virtue of a soldier. If the men commanding them were philanthropists and Solomons it would be bad enough for human nature even then to be nothing more than a machine, and the unreasoning and unresisting tool of another. But when it is known that the officers of the army generally comprise (we will grant there are honourable exceptions) the silliest weakest fops of aristocratic and rich families, we may easily suppose that they have no other idea than that the men placed under their command are the *matériel* wherewith they are to win laurels and honours, and so ladies' hearts. There seems to be no real kindly feeling in the army (and we have read many military works) from the officers towards the men—not so much as a huntsman has to his hounds, nor a man of ordinary feeling towards his horses: indeed, it would seem as if any such feeling would be deemed derogatory, as mingling too much the two classes—officers and men—who are divided by an impassable gulph. It is a perfect system of physical force; and when any loftier kind of human feeling or human nature at all breaks forth, it is in the hour of the greatest excitement,

when false and unmeaning watchwords are used, and we must say basely because empirically used, to stimulate men to a disregard of life.

This book, written in a plain, and it may be said unconscious style, will reveal to the reflective reader more arguments against military proceedings, and raise more doubts as to the lawfulness and necessity of war than many others written for the purpose of exposing and denouncing the military system.

The author seems to be what he states, "A Late Staff Serjeant of the 13th Light Infantry," and one who, being desirous of travelling, adopted enlistment as the only mode in which he could gratify the vagrant feeling. He tells a "round unvarnished tale," and certainly has less of the habit of "bragging and telling fantastical lies" than from time immemorial has been ascribed to the soldier story-teller. The charm and utility of his book is that he narrates what he knows of his own knowledge with plain good sense, and with considerable graphic power; and he certainly shows that "the British Army as it is" is not at all what the British Army ought to be. We will give a few sentences from a great number, significant of the state of these shilling-a-day heroes :—

"Arrived at Rochester, I remained at a public-house, agreeably to the instructions of the old staff-sergeant, until he came up with the other recruits, when we proceeded together to the barracks, and being there duly handed over by him to the proper authorities, were marched to the receiving-house. The number of recruits already there was upwards of two hundred, the larger part of whom were in no way distinguished for orderly conduct, while many of them had vice and ruffianism stamped indelibly on their faces.

"It was, however, only natural to expect that characters of this description should be met with in a place where the very offscourings of several of the principal cities of the United Kingdom were congregated. Rogues and scoundrels were jumbled together *en masse*; and these, despite their relationship, agreed in no one respect, save in fleecing their more simple companions, by means of cards, pitch and toss, &c., to the utmost extent of their knavish abilities, and in utter contempt of Her Majesty's regulations touching gambling. They likewise indulged without restraint in the use of the most foul and abominable language, and I certainly felt considerable pain of mind as I asked myself, are these to be my future companions? Hard fare I little cared for, and it mattered not to me how rough my bed might be; privations of this nature are inseparable from a soldier's lot; but the prospect of mingling for any lengthened period with some of the individuals I saw in the receiving-house, was, I must acknowledge, excessively disheartening. I was not then aware what a surprising alteration for the better in many respects, subjection to a strict and uniform discipline would effect in them in a little time.

"All recruits on their first arrival at Chatham are sent to the receiving-house; hence its name; and are obliged to remain there until they pass the garrison doctor, and are finally approved of by the lieutenant-colonel of the provisional battalion; when they receive their uniforms, and are sent to their several depôts. The sleeping accommodations in this place were anything

but of the best; no one being allowed sheets, because they are said to be retentive of a certain contagious disease, of a most disagreeable though not very dangerous character; and as to the beds, they were, as one of my companions facetiously expressed it, like the continent of Asia, thickly peopled with black, brown, and white inhabitants. The origin and perpetuation of this nuisance may in part be ascribed to the uncleanly habits of some prior to enlistment."

So much has lately been said on flogging, that we shall pass over the many examples given of the detestable mode of brutalising the soldier; nor need we, unfortunately, crave for examples of this special outrage to excite attention to the subject. The following sample of the conduct of the Non-commissioned Officers will give further insight to the *morale* of the Army.

"There was also another cause tending to the same object,—the harshness with which recruits were treated, in numberless instances, by non-commissioned officers, who tyrannised over them with the greatest impunity. These having sufficient art to veil their true character from their superiors, whose favour they procured by officiousness and servility, adopted out of very wantonness a system of domineering towards new comers, sheltering themselves in the ignorance of the latter as to military laws and usages. I have frequently heard it stated since by every class of soldiers, and my own experience leads me to be of the same opinion, that the generality of the non-commissioned staff at Chatham are morally the lowest and most contemptible of their grade in the service. It is a fact, of the truth of which I have myself been often a witness, that some of them are perfect adepts in every species of fraud, and the larger part are of the most depraved habits otherwise the necessary result of laxity of principle, and protracted stay in a vicious neighbourhood; for they would move heaven and earth were it possible, sooner than join their regiments (whose colours they had mostly never seen) on foreign stations.

"On my joining, I was made to pay for clothing, which I should have got gratis: at the time of my discharge I compelled the sergeant who paid the *dépôt* then, and who is now pay and colour sergeant with the regiment, to refund the money he cheated me out of, by threatening to claim it before the board about to assemble for the purpose of recording my services, conduct, and cause of discharge. Others were treated in the same way who enlisted with me, but those died or volunteered in India, or were ignorant of what they were entitled to: at all events no claim but mine was ever made.

"It is indeed a curious circumstance, that, under the very eye of the home authorities, the young soldier is perhaps worse treated than in any other part of the British dominions, both as regards his clothing and his food: even his scanty surplus pay is frequently the object of the most scandalous speculation. He being altogether ignorant of what he is entitled to, and therefore obnoxious to every extortion, is plundered by those military blacklegs—the *Majors* Monsoon of the present period—with the greatest ease, and the least possible compunction. Aware of what must be the answer, they listen with indifference to the commandant, as he asks the recruit, when about to embark for India, whether he has any complaints to make. The reply to this question has been almost invariably in the negative.

Indeed, few recruits, were they even aware of their being cheated, possess the ability and information requisite to make a report of a superior with any prospect of success ; and otherwise, they become subject to trial by court-martial for making frivolous complaints."

But it were endless to quote the passages indirectly indicative of the extreme evil attending military life ; we shall conclude with the following :—

"We got our batta the day before the anniversary of Ghuznee, and the canteen was then wisely thrown open without any restrictions, the time affording a plausible pretext for giving the men every indulgence. Any one who wished, was allowed to bring liquor into the barracks, and for three days there was a scene of desperate drunkenness. The sergeant of the canteen assured me that during this period his receipts were upwards of 10,000 rupees (1600*l.* sterling) for liquor. Yet notwithstanding the expenditure of this large sum, there was remitted to the agents in England shortly after, by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the corps, no less a sum than 1500*l.* This proved that more of the batta was made a good than a bad use of, at least at that time ; and had there been a savings bank in the regiment, I am certain that much more would have been laid by."

Whether war and morality are compatible ; whether the man can be elevated without destroying the soldier ; whether the bloodhound can be tamed into the gentle poodle ; are problems which will be solved by the coming age. Whether war is a necessary evil ; whether a determination on the part of every country to defend its own frontier ; whether railroads and copyright acts, and the mutual intercourse of minds and persons, will not do away with war as a profession ; are questions it may now be thought very absurd to ask. But there can be little doubt, we think, that it will be said they can ; and even before the last hour has chimed of this the nineteenth century. There may remain untameable classes, and perhaps nations, who will be looked upon in the same manner as wild beasts are now on the borders of our remoter settlements ; and if they cannot be tamed, they will exhaust themselves by their internal strife, or in being repelled from their attacks on their civilised brothers. That it ought to be the case no one reading this book can doubt, we think, if it were only to get rid of the banding together thousands of men by the mere aid of physical force, and thus planting in various neighbourhoods a moral contagion. Fraud, violence, servility, debauchery, being overlaid by glittering gauds and a superficial varnish which but ill conceal the coarseness and vileness of the original material. No one can doubt, from this book, that the basest mode of existence to which a man can be reduced is that of a common soldier.

FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN AUSTRALIA FELIX : Comprising a Short Account of its Early Settlement and its Present Position, with many Particulars interesting to Interloping Emigrants. By G. H. HAYDON. With Illustrations by HENRY HAINSELIN, from Sketches made on the Spot by the Author. Royal 8vo. London, HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO.

THIS work, which is the product of one, who, by his long errata as well as numerous evidences in the body of the book, is evidently not either a scholar or a scientific man, has a charm and a utility that many travellers, being both, have failed to transmit to their pages. We can well forego the graces of the litterateur who would at least have swelled this volume into two, and are much better pleased to have this plain unadorned account of the author's experiences. He writes to convey information, and thus he does in a methodical and clear mode. His conjectures of the ignorance of others are generally correct, and he concludes very properly that the majority of his readers are ignorant of even the locality of "Australia Felix," and therefore commences his book with the following sentence:—

"The province of Australia Felix, also known as Port Philip, is situated on the south-east coast of New South Wales, between the 141st and 146th degree of east longitude. It is bounded on the south by Bass's Straits, on the west by South Australia, the River Murray in the 36th degree of south latitude forms its northern limit, and the swampy river in the 141st degree of east longitude bounds it to the eastward. It occupies a space of thirty thousand square miles, or twenty millions of acres. The greatest extent from east to west, is two hundred and sixty miles; from north to south, one hundred and sixty miles. It commands a navigable sea-coast of five hundred miles, and abounds with harbours and roadsteads."

It is not our purport to follow Mr. Haydon through every chapter of his interesting work; we can only take a few of the more important topics to introduce to the reader. The following picture is well worthy the contemplation of the philanthropic legislator, and no one can reflect upon it, and recur to our dense and in many places starving population, on whom chill penury sheds her debasing and benumbing influence, without building, not castles, but ships in the air, to convey them to this region, requiring and remunerating wholesome toil.

"As regards the capabilities of the land of Australia Felix and its natural fertility, I cannot do better than quote from the journal of its enterprising discoverer, Major Mitchell. Whilst passing over some of the back country of Australia Felix, Major M. — says, 'Every day we passed over land, which for natural fertility and beauty could scarcely be surpassed; over streams of unfailing abundance, and plains covered with the richest pasturage; stately trees and majestic mountains adorned the ever-varying scenery of this region, the most austral of all Australia and the best.' And again, he says, 'The splendid and extensive scene was different from any thing I had ever before witnessed either in New South Wales or elsewhere, a land so inviting, and still without inhabitants. As I stood, the first intruder on the sublime solitudes of these verdant plains, as yet untouched by flocks and herds, I felt conscious of being the harbinger of mighty changes there, for

our steps would soon be followed by the men and the animals for which it seemed to have been prepared.'

"Again, 'As we proceeded, we found the country had all the appearance of a well kept park, and the rich black earth produced grass in greater luxuriance than I had ever before seen in Australia.' 'We had at length,' he proceeds, 'discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilised man, and fit to become eventually one of the great nations of the earth. Unencumbered with too much wood, yet possessing enough for all purposes, with an exuberant soil, under a temperate climate, bounded by the sea coast and mighty rivers, and watered abundantly by streams from lofty mountains, this highly interesting region lay before me with all its features, new and untouched as they fell from the hands of the Creator.' Much of the country seen by Major Mitchell, and mentioned with so much delight, is now occupied by the flocks and herds of the settlers. Stations have been formed where smiling plenty and a hearty welcome greets the way-worn traveller. The whole face of nature is undergoing a steady, but a sure change, and judging from its progress and its natural advantages, there is little doubt but that the few enterprising Britons who first settled on its shores are really the germ from which, in the lapse of years, a wealthy and powerful people will arise.

"The whole of the back country of Australia is denominated the bush. Beautiful plains with nothing on them but a luxuriant herbage, gentle rises with scarcely a tree, and all that park-like country met with in Australia Felix in such perfection, is included under the general designation of the Bush, and its white inhabitants as Bushmen."

But the settlers must study the book for themselves, and we have never met one bearing on its face a greater appearance of being written with a genuine purpose: most Emigrants' Guides being a prospectus in disguise. It is not, however, the emigrant that alone will find pleasure and profit in its perusal: the naturalist, both he who studies things on two legs as well as four, will find ample matter for consideration. The most curious and entertaining portion is that which treats of the Aborigines, where man is seen "a poor forked animal indeed." Without letters, without inventions of the commonest kind, he seems but one remove from the beasts, and so vegetates from age to age, a divine ray never having penetrated to his benumbed and narrow senses. The contemplation rouses a thousand important reflections, and makes us feel we are indeed but such things as dreams are made of, and a very rough and coarse dream is the life of a native Australian.

"Almost every night a corobbery is held, which is a kind of dramatic dance. 'This strange wild dance of the aborigines of all parts of New Holland, as well as of Van Diemen's Land, is alike used on mystic, festive, and martial occasions. It is usually celebrated in the night, by the light of large fires, which produce a highly wild and picturesque effect.'

"The general form of government appears to be that of chieftainship, obtained by individual bravery, but the chief is generally guided by the elder warriors. When a council is held, the warriors all seat themselves in a circle, and conduct the proceedings with attention and decorum. Some la

exist for regulating the actions of younger men in their relation to the elders of the tribe, the flesh of the emu and kangaroo being prohibited to the former, and marriage interdicted until the performance of a certain ceremony which takes place about the age of thirteen. Their ideas of religion are very limited, and their belief of a future state is, that after death they will *jump up ich to ma*. They believe in a 'great Father,' and in an evil spirit, the latter of which they fear exceedingly. The blacks have some crude notions of a judicial government, as their punishments for certain offences testify; for if a man kill his wife, accidentally or otherwise, he is exposed to the tortures of spearing, with only a small shield to ward off the blows inflicted in rotation by each member of his tribe; if a person kill a dog, the owner of the animal is allowed to give him three blows on the head with a waddy, at discretion either hard or soft, but should he kill the offender during the punishment, he would render himself amenable to the first mentioned law. The men puncture themselves at a certain age, and raise large lumps of flesh as long and large as a man's finger; the women also tattoo themselves about the breast and arms. On particular occasions they paint, and adorn their head with emu or cockatoo feathers; they have no instrument of music, the corrobbery songs being accompanied by the beating of two sticks together, and by the women thumping their opossum rugs. Their only dress consists of rugs made either from the opossum or kangaroo skin, a small bandage round the head, and a quantity of string made from opossum hair twisted, which is wound around the neck in a great number of folds. The women wear a belt of emu feathers to hide the person, and the men a wallaby skin cut into a number of narrow slips for the same purpose. The Gull urn, and some other tribes, knock out the front teeth on attaining to a certain age, but this is not a universal custom, for neither the Boura-rongs or Woeworongs are found to do this."

Of their Cannibalism the author has no doubt.

"It was for some time a matter of doubt whether these people were cannibals, but in consequence of a number of facts which have come under my observation, I am sorry to say, no doubt remains but that they are so. On several occasions I have seen human flesh in their possession, and have been told by them without much scruple that they always make a point of eating certain portions of their enemies killed in battle or by treachery, under feeling of revenge. When two tribes are about having a fair open fight, the head men of each challenge the others in nearly these words: 'Let us fight, we are not afraid, my warriors will kill you all, and eat you up.' The part of the human body valued by them most is the kidney fat, to which they attribute supernatural powers and think it acts as a charm in many cases."

If any one is still attached to Rousseau's theory of the superiority of savage to civilised life, we think the following will destroy the illusion:

"There is another instance of the ignominy their women are subject to, in the manner a young man procures a wife. When he has determined on taking this step, he usually visits a neighbouring tribe, and having seen a woman whose sally charms overcome him, he first asks her to run away with him; if she refuse, when opportunity favours he inflicts a blow on her head with a heavy waddy or club which stuns her, and then carries her off

to his own home, where she spends a life of drudgery and misery, in doing all the hardest of the necessary work, such as fetching wood and water, for which services she is usually rewarded with the part of any food which the husband cannot gormandise ; and should she attempt to escape and be discovered, the probability is that she would be speared or beaten to death for her pains."

This instructive work is illustrated by some very characteristic lithographs, and only wants a map to make it complete.

EARLY MAGNETISM, IN ITS HIGHER RELATIONS TO HUMANITY, as veiled in the Poets and the Prophets. 8vo. London : H. Bailliere.

THE author of this book, whoever he may be, is one of the purifying spirits of the age : asserting the grandeur and immortality of the intellectual, and by the strength and energy of his own spirit lifting the thoughts to contemplations which always place the passions and the appetites in that subordinate position necessary for the purification of the mortal and the preparation of the immortal being. We are not prepared to analyse the work as a philosophical production ; to grant its theory ; to test its logic ; but it has an elevation of argument, a readiness of illustration, and is so informed with a lofty, scholar-like sentiment, that we will pronounce it worthy of the study it requires. It has the fascination which ever belongs to the eternal ; and to the investigation of the unknown vast that on all sides surrounds the earth and life. We take too little heed of these things ; though in all ages and societies some spirits will be found to cultivate this white magic. It is strange, in these times, when so little (for there is still some) opposition is offered to the boldest investigations, that the many should disregard them ; and that formerly, when the fulminations of the Church were hurled against the simplest operations of science, they should have been popular. But science has her superstitions as well as religion.

The spiritual nature of man will ever be to those not totally buried in the flesh, a wondrous, a dark, deeply interesting speculation. And in these pages the study is conducted in accordance with the received notions of religion, and with a deep natural piety which, let us hope, is inseparable from true philosophy. There is a sense of poetry in its sublimest flights, and verses that are touched with its ethereal sounds, that make us at times think the author of that noble and wonderful poem, "Festus," may have written or contributed to it. Whoever is its author, he has the copiousness, comprehension, and vigour of utterance that so eminently distinguish the writers of the olden time, who wrote from the fulness of their souls and the irrepressible energy of their spirits. His tastes, too, have been moulded by these models, and the wood-cuts remind us of the illustrations to Quevedo's Visions, and perhaps he partakes also that author's mystic and seraphic vein. But the world to him is not a mere "pestilent congregation of foul vapours," but a part and portion of a universe, and man a part of Deity. The following must induce the reader to look further into the work, frag-

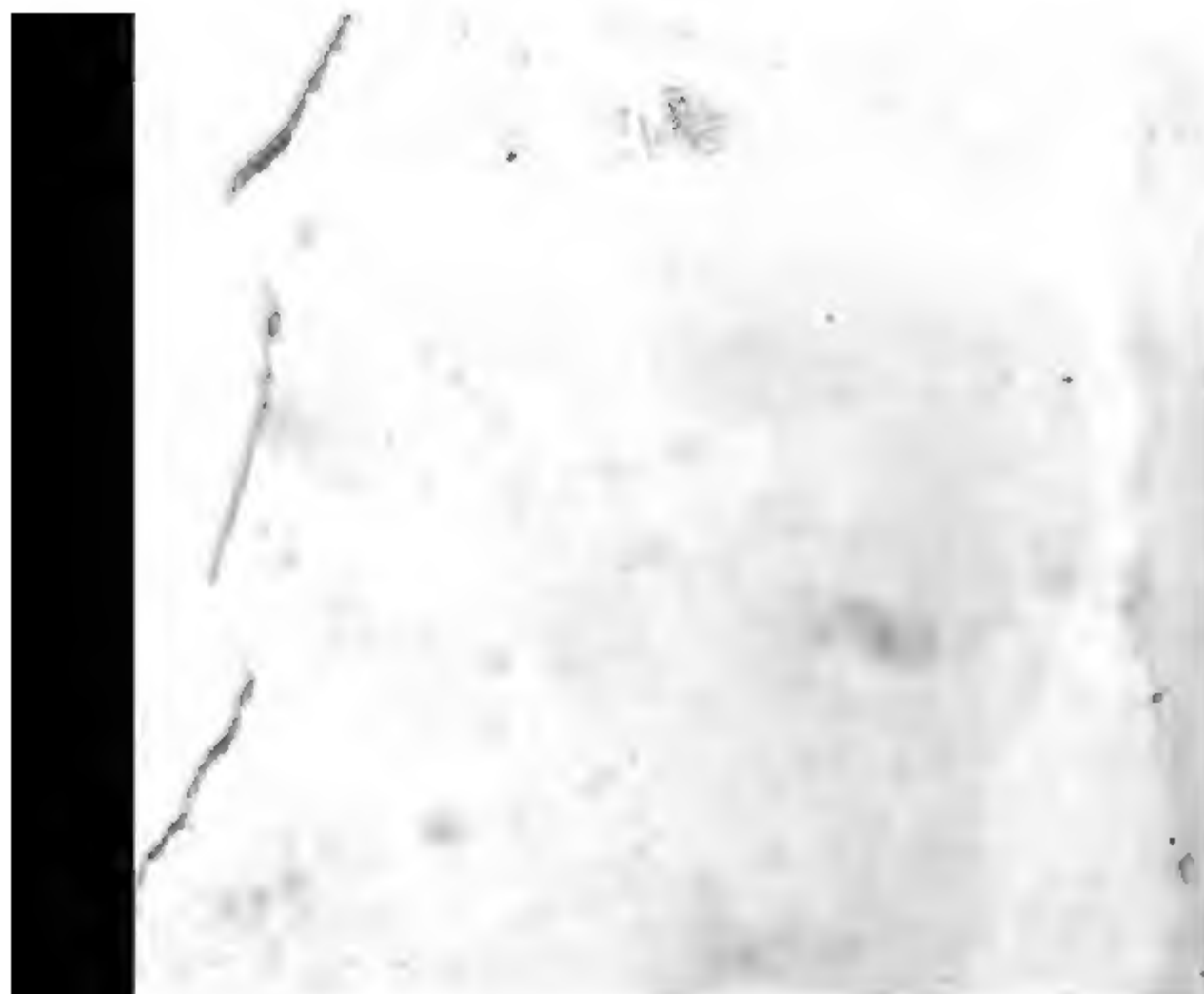
mentary as it here appears, and unjust as it is to read away a small portion of the building as a type of the whole.

"At the present time when all are more or less eagerly engaged in the pursuance of external advantages, and, under penalty of being cast into the fiery furnace of the world's scorn, do fall down and worship that earth-born goddess of temporal utility which opinion has set up, it would be vain enthusiasm to attempt to divert attention, but for a moment, from so favoured an idol, were it not that in the minds of all, even its most degraded votaries, there already exists a most real and bitter sense of its insufficiency and latent deformity ;—and until Wisdom shall have effected that internal renovation which above all things we now need, it is vainly that we seek in externals a harmony and happiness which has not been imaged there. Yet still we linger on in expectation ; and with that abiding patience, which is the test of faith in a good cause, may we continue to seek on, not vaguely as heretofore, for passing excitements, but with steadfast perseverance looking within, until Wisdom reveal to us those higher objects of pursuit and truer attractions which will not suffer the mind aspiring to them to fall into dishonour ; but purifying and corroborating as they draw, will, when at length they are worthily won, unite with and transmute their worshipper into that Harmony and Beauty which, in the dim beholding, be venerated and loved.

'Begin to-day, nor end till evil sink
In its due grave ; and if at once we may not
Declare the greatness of the work we plan,
Be sure at least that ever in our mind
It stands complete before us, as a dome
Of light beyond this gloom, a house of stars,
Encompassing these dusky tents ; a thing
Absolute, close to all, though seldom seen,
Near as our Hearts and perfect as the Heavens ;
Be this our aim and model, and our Hands
Shall not wax faint until the work is done.'

"The Idea of the Good, the Pure, and the True is the alluring object which we all innerly worship—the progeny of Divine Intellect immortal and strong—even Moral Beauty which, though obscurely now, through the mists of sense and selfishness, ever shines attractively our Polar Star :

'When from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
The whole dark pile of human mockeries,
Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth ;
And starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.'



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